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THE GREEN CALDRON

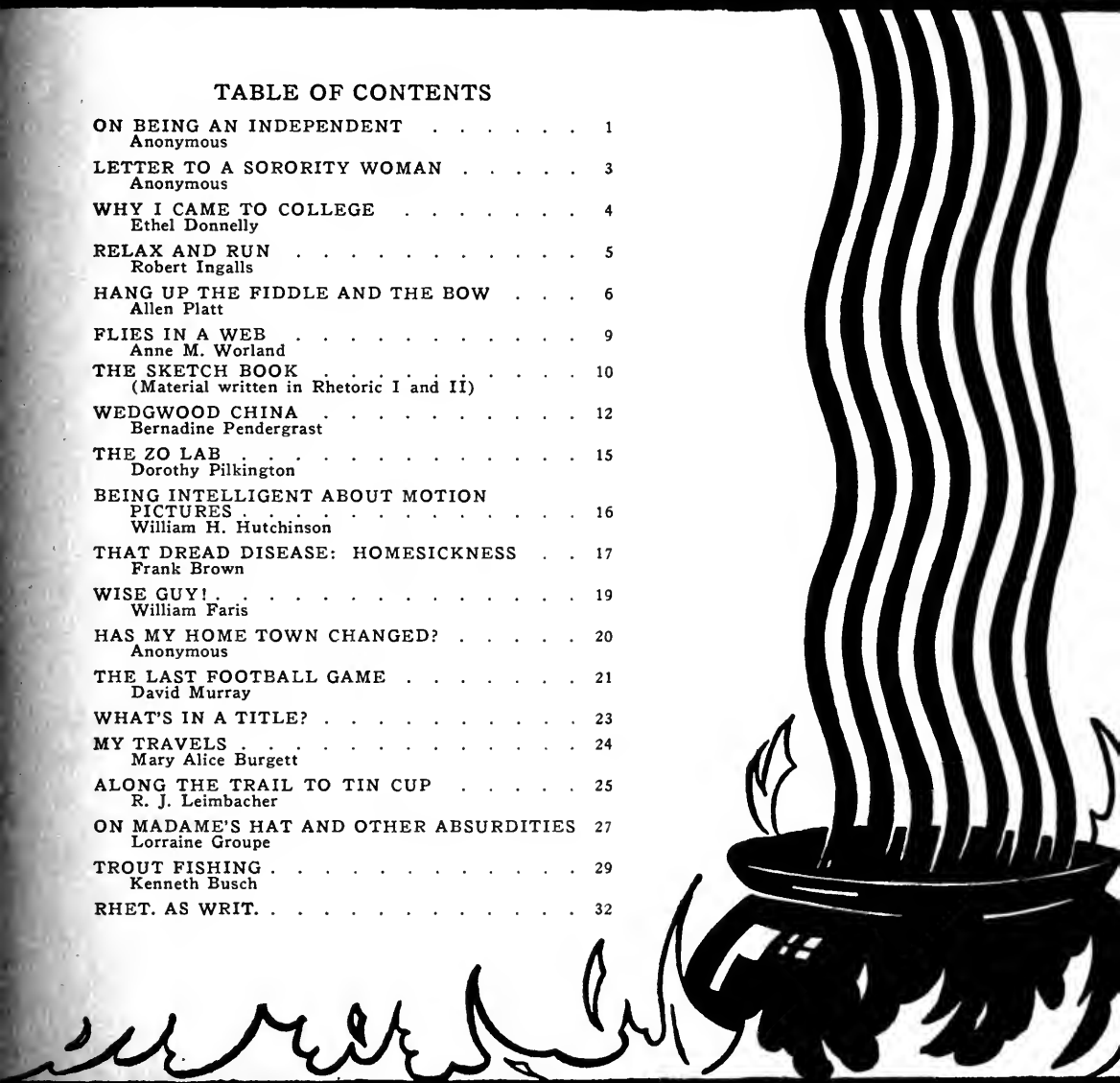
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The committee in charge of this issue of the GREEN CALDRON includes Dr. Robert Blair, Mr. Lee Hughes, Mr. C. W. Roberts, Mr. C. H. Shattuck, Dr. Caroline Washburn, and Dr. R. E. Haswell, chairman.

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On Being An Independent

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 18, 1936-1937

BEING an independent in a university whose women students are divided into two factions, independent and sorority members, is somewhat of a problem. Among the independents who could afford to join a sorority some enjoy their status; others are frankly envious of their more favored sorority schoolmates. Whatever their feeling, the independent women cannot help recognizing the fact that there is a distinct difference between the lives of the members of the two groups.

Entering the University as a freshman, a girl whose experiences illustrate this point attends rushing parties at several sororities. Although she has usually made friends easily enough before, she feels rather strange at these affairs. The forced animation and tenseness produced when rushees and rushers are each striving to make a good impression upon the other seems to engulf her, and she senses that she is not being herself, but rather is presenting a caricature of her real personality. Throughout rush week, this strange feeling persists, so that on the day when pledgings are announced she is not particularly surprised to find that she has not been pledged. No great heartbreak accompanies this discovery, only a slight disillusionment at the way in which college life has begun.

Now her life as an independent really starts. Her first difficulty is finding a room, as all the most desirable living quarters are, by this time, taken. After searching frantically all of one morning and having the panicky fear that she might not have a place to sleep that night,

she finally discovers a room in a house not far from the campus. The location, she soon finds, is one of the few good points about the house. Her room is tiny, over-priced, and not too well furnished. Her roommate, a stranger, shows herself to be interested in one thing only—boys. Her landlady, though she is a harmless, well-meaning woman, grows more and more distasteful as she displays daily her lack of intelligence and refinement. Altogether, the independent appears to have begun her college life very badly.

In spite of these faults in her rooming-house, however, the student finds other girls there who share her interests and prove to be good friends. They are juniors and seniors, for the most part, and have outgrown the childishness which her roommate and some of the other freshmen in the house display. The independent and her new friends eat all their meals at a nearby campus restaurant, and she begins to enjoy her meals there, although she had first feared that she would tire of them. The group of girls get a great deal of amusement out of watching others who eat there, getting acquainted with some of them, knowing the waiters by name, and getting little bits of special service because they are regular customers.

Activities, the freshman finds, are her best substitutes for the advantages of sorority life. They give her the opportunity to make many friends and to do something both interesting and useful in addition to attending classes. Although she feels there is a slight favoritism

toward sorority women in some of these activities, they are, on the whole, handled impartially. Gradually the difference between herself and the others bothers her less and less, and finally it is not especially important any more. In the activities she has chosen she is liked for herself and her work alone, not because of her connection with any group. As she loses her early natural resentment toward sororities, the independent is able to see more clearly the bad as well as the good features of sorority life. She is glad that she is not restricted almost entirely to one group for her friendships, that she does not have to spend all her spare time in the library as her pledge friends do, that she can have dates when and with whom she likes, that she does not have to keep regular hours for eating and sleep-

ing, that she does not have duties to perform for upperclassmen, and that she can be herself and not have to conform to a sorority pattern.

She realizes, however, that sororities are really valuable in numerous ways. They provide backing in activities for their members, give them many chances for social contacts, enrich their lives with pleasant home surroundings, and add to their prestige in college and, later, in the world. The independent has opportunities to join two small sororities, but does not think their ratings or standards are high enough and, consequently, prefers to keep her freedom. She has decided that she will pledge only if she is asked by a house of good standing, because she has found that life can be just as full outside as inside a sorority.

Family Life

1887

In the evening the mother of the family usually sat in a rocking chair close to an old oil lamp and knitted socks, crocheted bed-spreads, or thought of delicious recipes for the family to sample. At this time the children amused themselves with games such as checkers and dominoes. The evening games were often stopped in favor of popping popcorn in the fireplace for the purpose of eating it with delicious apples, which for some reason always seemed to be plentiful in the eighteen-hundreds. The father of the home was usually a very reserved person. He usually tried to read the weekly paper, or talked shop with his wife as she worked by the lamp. His attitude toward these evenings and his family was one filled with pride and contentment. He was well satisfied with what he possessed.

1937

The family in 1937 almost doesn't exist. The women have been set free from their homes and have been shamed into working in a business world that does not want them. They have become part-time file clerks, stenographers, or clerks in department stores Children are not wanted today. They are too much bother. They keep parents home days and up nights If the situation does arise where children are unavoidable, the modern couples soon call in Grandmother, who was trained in the care of babies when babies meant something. It is a fine thing we do have grandmothers or all our babies might die from neglect The man of today leads a miserable life His evenings, instead of being restful, are nightmares that leave him with headaches to be taken to work and suffered. His house is a place where he must be awfully careful not to disfigure the lovely rooms and the beautiful furniture.

—MILTON DAWSON

Letter to a Sorority Woman

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric II Proficiency Examination, 1937-1938

DEAR B———, This will evidently come as a surprise to you, because you have never heard from me before. If you glance at my signature, you will recognize it I am sure, for you are the girl to whom I have been introduced at least sixteen times. The first occasion, I believe, was at your sorority's open house. You came up to me, asked my name, and gave yours. We then proceeded to chat for fifteen minutes—or shall I say you chatted and

followed with a little tidbit about the effective style in which I wore my hair. You told me, I remember, that I looked like Janet Gaynor—only I was dark complexioned. You expressed regret at not having met me before and cordially invited me to dinner at the A—— M—— E—— house, which invitation I gracefully rejected.

I could list each one of those sixteen introductions, with time, place, and allusion to a movie star, but I'm afraid



I listened? I heard all about the merits of your sorority and a few choice, muddy comments on others. We were the best of friends. You thought I looked like Merle Oberon, and I was highly flattered to think that you, a junior and an A—— M—— E——, would pay so much attention to me, an insignificant rushee. We parted amidst fond farewells and promises to "look you up."

The second time I saw you I was still unorganized and still eligible. We met at a fraternity dance, in front of a mirror. A girl I had just met introduced us again, and your opening remark was a compliment on my dress, which you

my patience would wear out. Before I close, however, let me ask you one question—just who do you think you are? Are you laboring under the delusion that the fifteen dollar pin you wear over your heart can make up for the million dollars' worth of pain you have inflicted on me and on others of my ilk? You are undoubtedly the most grossly ignorant creature I have ever had the misfortune of encountering, and on the next occasion we chance to be introduced to each other, I shall flash before your eyes the insignia of G—— G—— D——.

Revengefully,

_____.

Why I Came to College

ETHEL DONNELLY

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1936-1937

COLLEGE is an intriguing word. When I was a child it had a vague meaning—a green campus, gay with life and laughter, or silent in the first hush of early evening, with the cloistered buildings painted stark and beautiful on the pale horizon. But today when I think of college, I think of things that are abstract and indefinable: culture, independence, tolerance, and understanding.

The world in which I live is very small, bounded on all sides by my meagre knowledge, my ignorance and my poverty of thought. I can admire a great book or a painting, but the philosophy and true significance of an artist's work elude my feeble grasp. A black shadow seems to enshroud my mind, and in the faint light of my learning I can only glimpse the beauty of truth and understanding. The sharp clearness of culture would end this miserable groping, and culture can only be found in books and in the teachings of wise men.

I want to be self-reliant, to know that the food which I eat and the house in which I live are mine, earned by my own toil. The degree that I receive upon graduation should not be just an empty title; it should be the key to the gate of my chosen profession. I should stand

upon the threshold of adult life assured, confident of success, secure in my preparedness for my chosen field. But college teaches more than material, business-world independence; it demands an independence of thought and action that were not needed in childhood and early youth.

But most important to me, I shall learn a measure of tolerance and understanding. If youth can be tolerant, it will be the victor. I shall read in history of other peoples, their manner of life, their philosophy, and perhaps in questions of international hate and jealousy I shall understand their viewpoint and be more in sympathy with their ideals. I want to be more tolerant of the opinions of my friends, to master my sudden flashes of anger and to understand that I am not always right and they always wrong.

Culture, independence, tolerance, and understanding—they are not tangible, like the trees that shade the wide campus, or the rough stone of the cloistered buildings, but they are the essence of a college, the foundation on which it is built. I came to college to study the different cultures, to learn independence and appreciate tolerance.

Successful Interview

Reporters on a paper come in contact with notorious people ranging from scientists, society leaders, and reformers to gangsters, movie actresses, and maniacs. There is no twaddling about waiting for introductions or standing on sidewalks yearning for glimpses. The reporter walks boldly in and asks the notorious one all sorts of personal questions, and within fifteen minutes he has a more accurate account of that person's thoughts, ideals, references, ambitions, and past history than an ordinary individual could gather in six months.—PEGGY LAUGHLIN

Relax and Run

ROBERT INGALLS

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1936-1937

NOTHING is more pleasing to the critical athletic eye than to watch a sprinter click over the yards of a straightaway with the action of an express train. His knees are pumping like pistons, and his feet seem barely to touch the ground. There is a natural lean in the upper part of his body, and his head is dropped slightly forward. This athlete appears, with ease, to be pulling with the utmost of his power.

Many newspaper pictures of the finish of a race show a sprinter exerting all of his remaining energy in a last frantic jump across the line. His face is distorted by an expression which shows the strain to which he is unnecessarily taxing his muscles. The tendons leading from the neck to the shoulders are standing out, and in all probability the muscles of the shoulders are hunched with tension. There are other forms of incorrect running, but this is by far the most common.

What is the remedy for this? There is only one answer—relaxation. A sprinter's legs should do the work, not his arms or his head. Jesse Owens, Olympic champion, presents an example of perfect running. Not a ripple nor a sign of tension may be seen in the muscles from his hips to his head, but his legs are pumping straight up and down, and his feet are reaching for more and more ground.

A machine that roars, clatters, and bangs attracts attention and inspires awe at the energy which it is expending, but it does not get the best results. Good results come from the machine that con-

trols its power and quietly darts along. The farther it goes, the more speed it picks up. So it is with a sprinter. One might speak of Jesse Owens as a Zephyr that quietly shoots out ahead of all competition. Pity the poor sprinter who, like the engine that roars, clatters, bangs, and sways, fights his way along the track!

As there is a correct way of running a dash, so there is a correct way of watching it. A dash is much too short to watch just for the pleasure of seeing somebody win. A suitable place from which to view a dash is at either end, preferably the finish, or about three-fourths the distance down the straightaway. Keep your eye on a favorite runner, and watch him from start to finish. Notice how he shoots out of his blocks. He is not lunging like a tiger. Rather, his legs are moving like trip hammers, and his steps are short and choppy. As he gains speed, and his stride lengthens, his trunk will gradually rise from that crouched starting position to a natural lean. As he passes the three-quarter mark, one may see that the distance between him and the rest of the field is slowly lengthening. Here, the momentum of his drive is becoming effective. As he breaks through the finish tape, he may lift his arms slightly, but those legs keep driving until he is well past the finish line.

If you are one who does not enjoy or cannot understand such an athletic accomplishment, even at its best, at least appreciate the smoothness of coordination and relaxation.

Hang Up the Fiddle and the Bow

ALLEN PLATT

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1936-1937

SOMETIMES when the trombones blare, and the trumpets blast, and the bass drum beats on endlessly like a drummer bird on his favorite hollow log, I am troubled for an explanation of the origin of bands, both military and "symphonic." After the din has subsided and the blow-artists have gone home, I can imagine some such scene as this:

PLACE: *The court of* AUGUST, *Prince of Nordbayren*

TIME: *About 1820*

[*Enter the harrassed Kapellmeister, Alfons*]

ALF. "Your Highness—"

AUG. "Yes, Alfons?" [*He lays down his pen and glowers at poor Alfons*]

ALF. "Your Highness, my men, the musicians, are complaining."

AUG. "Indeed, Alfons! And of what do they complain?"

ALF. "They refuse to play for Your Highness' review on the morrow. When I told them it was your wish that they march with the soldiers, why, my string players—Your Highness, I tremble,—all of them declared they would not."

AUG. [*Resuming his affairs*]. "Alfons, why must you bother me with trifles? Compel them, and let there be an end."

ALF. "But, Your Highness, the Grand Duke Dittlesdorf is forming an orchestra. Dare I threaten them? They could go to him."

AUG. "Um—Alfons, perhaps you are right—this once. These musicians! Every year they grow more irresponsible—it is disgraceful!—Alfons, did you say *all* the orchestra refused?"

ALF. "All but the players of blown in-

struments, Your Highness. They are not greatly hindered by walking as they play—a thing, Your Highness, impossible for my string players. And then, too, they have not so much conscience in the matter. I think sometimes they enjoy marching, because there they may blow more loudly."

AUG. "Good, good. Alfons, you shall have only the wind players march. That, I think, will solve everything."

ALF. "But—but, Your Highness, no violins? no 'cellos? Oh, no, Your Highness! I could do without the wind instruments, but not my strings. They are the soul of the orchestra! They—"

AUG. "Silence, Alfons! You have heard my order. Himmel! If violins are the soul of your orchestra, we will have music without a soul."

ALF. "Music, Your Highness—without a soul?"

AUG. "You have heard me, Alfons? Schnell! Prepare your men."

ALF. "Yes, Your Highness." [*Exit slowly, bewildered but convinced.*]

This may explain how bands started. I do not know how they have survived.

.

You must not think that I criticize bands when they are in their proper place. They add life and energy to many occasions. At athletic games when the crowd cheers, and we are in the most boisterous spirits, a stirring march certainly adds to the excitement. Parades and political conventions are nothing without bands. Bands have become linked in our minds with patriotism and more particularly with that type of

patriotism abroad in time of war. It would be interesting to know how many of the soldiers that went to France owed the final bit of persuasion that resulted in enlistment to the music of parading bands. I can not deny they have a place in the scheme of things, but the idea, held particularly by school systems, that bands constitute the highest in musical art and the proper source for a student's musical education seems to me gross error.

Perhaps the most damaging evidence against bands as individual musical groups is their constant striving to be

are at least trying to raise their standards. But why do they continue to be bands if they have higher ideals? If a symphonic band is better than a brass band, is not an orchestra better than either? Yet schools continue to labor over their bands while their orchestras struggle along carelessly managed and poorly equipped.

There is one quarter, however, where a band will not modify its organization to imitate an orchestra. The percussion section—the so-called battery—must be large and mighty. Without these instruments of rhythmic noise the marches



what they are not. For their standard of excellence they choose the orchestra, and they try in their playing to approximate as nearly as possible the tone quality and coloring of an orchestra. When I used to play in a band, our conductor often admonished us to play with a smoother and finer tone in order to make the whole sound more like that of an orchestra. To this end he was making a constant effort to find more clarinet players. After stringed instruments the clarinet has the largest range of tone and expression, and the addition of this instrument, our leader thought, would drown out some of the less agreeable noises.

The fact that bands strive to be like orchestras shows, to be sure, that they

which a band delights to play would lose much of their characteristic vigour. Band leaders esteem the clash of cymbals so highly that they either deputize a special player to the office or provide the bass-drummer with a cymbal fixed upon his drum which he can beat with his left hand while he drums with his right. During the playing of marches particularly you can see an experienced drummer beating his drum with his right hand and on every other beat, or at even more complicated intervals, smiting the cymbal with his left. A drum with all its modern improvements is a formidable instrument!

In contrast to this monotonous use of cymbals consider for a moment what I believe to be a highly artistic use. The

familiar overture to Wagner's opera, *Die Meistersinger*, begins with a broad theme that is used later in the work as a march. This march, however, has not the earmarks of a band march: there is no bass drumming, no cymbal clashing, but rather the full, large tone of the orchestra. The music changes character many times, and then begins to build to the final climax. There have as yet been no cymbals, but on the culminating chord of the climax, at the very peak of excitement, there is one loud cymbal crash, striking out an unforgettable note of finality. Wagner has saved the cymbal through most of the overture for the one place where its use would be significant and artistic.

There is little if any of this kind of music in the literature of bands, because hardly a composer of importance has written music for bands. Verdi, who as a young man composed some things for the municipal band of his native village, is the only one I recall. Could we imagine a Debussy or a Delius inventing delicate strains, or a Beethoven or a Brahms creating deathless symphonies for a band? Most composers would not confine themselves to an instrumental combination of so few and such inferior

effects. Consequently, for their best music bands must look to rearrangements of orchestral scores. This arranging is ruinous to the composer's original conception and kills any subtle effects it might have had. Even bandsmen must realize this, but with band scores in their present state, they are helpless.

Someone might advance the argument that students prefer bands. Perhaps many of them do. Hearing little else but bands, they have not a fair chance of deciding what they prefer. In other phases of study the school program provides that they shall have good to compare with bad whether they like it or not. Schools saw to it that most of us were reading Shakespeare before we actually preferred Shakespeare, and I hardly think the argument that we preferred dime novels would have impressed our teachers.

Yet band music, bearing much the same relation to orchestral music as wild west stories to the Elizabethan drama, does influence school officials. They are so influenced that they encourage clangorous, jarring, sourish musical absurdities to represent their schools and train their students—to the discredit of American good taste.

Street Scenes

Two men sitting on high stools behind their lavish display counter on the sidewalk wrangle with each other. One, insisting that the depression is over, at the same time weighs a pound of prunes for a little girl who is waiting. The other, his mouth jammed with grapes, splutters and chokes, heartily disagreeing.—HARRY GOLDFARB

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Toward the end of the street, standing within a circle of squatting listeners, an old man, his face lighted by a smoky lamp, relates the tale of Passover: how in the remote long ago, Moses led his people from the Egyptian chains of slavery into the land of Palestine, wherein milk and honey flowed as abundantly as water. He makes gestures, which his shadow repeats with absurd exaggeration, and the audience utters cries of admiration.—LEONARD COHEN

Flies in a Web

ANNE M. WORLAND

Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1936-1937

JACOB WASSERMAN'S *World's Illusion* started me thinking about many things. All the characters (and the author included many in his novel) are wrapped up in little worlds of their own, seeking to understand themselves and derive happiness from life. Unfortunately, none of them succeed, and, in the end, those that haven't been murdered, or committed suicide, or died some other horrible death are existing in an atmosphere of loneliness and futility.

The book was originally published in Europe under the title of *Christian Wahnsehoffe*. Christian is a young man of high social standing. He has an unconscious charm that causes all people to love him. I will say that Christian does achieve some ultimate satisfaction from life. But at what a cost! He, who, in his youth, paled at the thought of suffering, hated to think of the past, and shunned all people or places that reminded him of unpleasant incidents, gives up his fabulous wealth, his home, his wonderful collection of art, his racing stable, and his position in society to devote himself to the people in the worst slums of Berlin. He sacrifices himself completely for the sake of humanity.

Each character in the book has a completely distinct personality. The author deals mostly with the mental aspects of each person. One finds oneself struggling, as the characters are struggling, to analyze one's own intellect. It's like battering one's head on a stone wall.

Class conflict plays some part in the novel. Most of the people are either very

rich and striving to obtain the stars out of reach or very poor and deriving what sordid pleasures they can among the lowest types of humanity. The women are either the worst prostitutes on the streets or the most poised and beautiful among the nobility. The men vary just as much.

The book is divided into two volumes: *Eva* and *Ruth*. Eva, one of Christian's mistresses, is a dancer. She is extremely beautiful; every motion of her well-trained body is perfect. Men grovel at her feet. She is the toast of Europe. One admires her beauty but dislikes her for her ambitions. She enthralls the political leaders of many countries and thus holds the fate of nations in her hands. Her perfect body is crushed to bits on the stones when she leaps to her death from the highest tower of the magnificent castle she has built.

Ruth Hofman, a little Jewish girl, is the only really lovable character in the whole eight-hundred pages. She has been born and reared in poverty. All those whom she has held most dear have been separated from her. She, however, remains happy and pure, doing all she can to help the derelicts about her. I really grew very fond of her and was tempted to throw the book aside when she was brutally murdered by a sex maniac.

At the end, as well as at the beginning, one finds a group of people, widely different in hopes and beliefs, thrown together in an impossible entanglement of human lives. It is like flies caught in a spider web.

The Sketch Book

(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)

A Flight Above the Clouds

It was a dull, gloomy, overcast day down below, and the roar of the engine as I climbed toward the gray ceiling sounded sullen and fretful, as though it were matching the mood of the elements.

Soon I was approaching the lower portions of the clouds, with small fragments scooting past, for all the world like frightened teal at the blast of the hunter's gun, and a little higher came what seemed like thin clouds of smoke or haze through which the distant earth showed dim and ghost-like. Another moment and I was swallowed completely in a dark, gray, clinging mass with nothing but the dancing needles on the instrument dials to guide me and tell me whether I was right-side-up or up-side-down; no earth, no sky, no horizon—nothing but a thick, cold, clammy mass that seemed to have no ending. From somewhere out of the vast grayness beyond my vision came the muffled “whroom-whroom” of the engine, and a warm glow of satisfaction and security stole over me as I realized that my faithful old Lycoming was still with me.—GLENN L. BROWN

Red-headed Virtue

Other women look askance and hiss things about “hussy” whenever a redhead passes by. It is absolutely illogical to assume that red hair is a clear indication of immorality; therefore, I conclude that the charge is merely a defense for the less charming blondes and brunettes who cannot hold their men. Beauty is not the redheads' chief means of fascination, for freckles and pale eyelashes are far from alluring, but the noble calibre of the redheads' long-suffering soul instinctively attracts the opposite sex. Thus it is in reality not a fault, but rather a tribute to their virtue that redheads have established the reputation of being bewitching.—PEGGY LAUGHLIN

With Approbation

Swiftly and efficiently she went about doing all the things a girl must do in preparing for a school day, applying carefully a wee amount of powder and a suspicion of lipstick and combing her shining brownish hair until it was smooth. Margaret had neat, regular features, a perfect complexion, and a more than passable figure. She noticed with approbation all these assets as she put the last bobby-pin in her hair and viewed the result.—PEGGY LAUGHLIN

Joe Lewis

He suggests a gorilla or a jungle lion about as much as would an assistant of mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.—H. MAURICE KIRBY

Character Sketch

Tom was a happy-go-lucky fellow with an amazing faculty for keeping the candle burning indefinitely, even though it burned at both ends.—ROBERT KAPLAN

Campus Impression

The gargantuan buildings, the amoebic students.—ROBERT GATEWOOD

Newspaperwoman's Difficulties

A high wall of prejudice confronts women when they enter newspaper work. Unless possessed of unusual ability or a father who is a friend of the editor, women find it difficult to land a job on a large paper. If they have the good fortune to get on the staff, they are given very little to do. For one thing, the editor feels that women are helpless and not very bright; he makes it his business to see that they are given dull and trifling notices to write up so as not to over-tax their feeble brains. Nor is it only kindness that prompts the editor to bestow such insignificant tasks upon the newspaperwoman. Dark suspicions assail his morbid mind, and through his brain glide ominous thoughts of incompetence, unreliability, snoopiness, sulkiness, and resentfulness, which he always associates with a skirt.—PEGGY LAUGHLIN

Parlor

Aunt Emma lived in a high square house in town with shutters for summer heat and storms. There was a parlor where little boys were not allowed, and chairs remained in fixed places, and Great-grandfather glared with righteous indignation from his picture on the wall. There were crystal candlesticks on the mantle. There were rocks and shells on a whatnot and a stereoscope on the table. Aunt Emma's hand-painted wooden shovel and wicker easel stood in the corner.—FREDERICK G. FAUST

Chief Fly-swatter

War had broken out—grim war with its ghastly pranks. England was once again fighting desperately for her life. And all the while she fought in the front lines, a fly kept hovering around her head, lighting on the back of her neck to distract and exasperate. That fly was Turkey. Something had to be done, and T. E. Lawrence was selected as chief fly-swatter.—GROVER HAINES

In the Army

At the trading post for pants, it is a matter of grab and get, coupled with swap and swipe. Occasionally an honest transaction occurs, with both parties feeling the other got the worst of the bargain.—HAROLD MASSIE

Uncertainty

She was in a fog of uncertainty, broken occasionally by bright spurts of confidence and darkened by moments of deepest doubt.—PEGGY LAUGHLIN

Twig

I have no doubt that she considers me a malformed twig which spoils the perfection of the family tree.—HAROLD MORINE

Couple

Susie was a minister's daughter with wild red hair and a dead fish expression. Harry was just a smile between two ears; he wore old football jerseys to school.

—BETTY BETZ

Simile

I came out of the fray with an eye like a plum.—JOHN KAUFMAN

.

Dejected and hopeless as a mass of sodden feathers in the rain.—BETTIE BECKER

.

The only lobby the day laborer has is the ballot-box.—L. E. ELLISON

Wedgwood China

BERNADINE PENDERGRAST

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1936-1937

DURING the life of one man, Josiah Wedgwood, an entire industry was transformed. Perhaps it was the beautiful English countryside which deeply impressed upon his sensitive and observant mind the beauty found in all of nature's gifts. While on his way to grammar school he would pick up tiny shells, delicate ivy leaves, and trailing vines; later, he used these as designs for his pottery, which has never since then been surpassed in either beauty or daintiness.¹

The beauty of the English countryside was not the only influence which started Josiah Wedgwood on a career in which he was later to gain the title, "Prince of Potters." He belonged to a family which had been traditionally associated with the craft of potting for many generations. As he was only nine years old when his father died, it was necessary for him to begin his life's work at a much earlier age than was customary. Consequently, when he was only fourteen years old, he was apprenticed to his brother, with whom he worked for five years. Here he gained a very good foundation for his work which was to follow. To enlarge his experience even more, he apprenticed himself to Daniel Mayer of Stoke for two years, and from him he learned many essential things. After completing these periods of ap-

prenticeship, he entered into a partnership with Thomas Wheldon, whose methods in potting and particularly in the coloring of glazes have caused his work to be prized as the most charming of all English earthenware of the pre-Wedgwood period. Wedgwood, however, was too ambitious for his partner, and so it is not surprising that this partnership was soon dissolved. The dissolving permitted him full range to his individual ideas.

His great advancement in the pottery world is due directly to his "Creamsware." For years before the introduction of this beautifully designed and serviceable ware, England had been forced to use fragile and imperfect imported china. This lovely "Creamware" was made from the whitest clay of Devonshire, mixed with finely ground flint and gowan or cornwall stone to insure perfection. Not only was the quality of his material perfect, but he also extended his perfection to such an extent that every lid was made to fit exactly, every handle was placed in the exact place, and every base was made steady upon its axis. The glazes were soft and very rich, and the designs were very neat. The ivy leaf was the most popular of the designs, and certainly this little leaf held an undisputed first place in the mind of Wedgwood.²

¹Cooper, N., "Creamware of Wedgwood," *House Beautiful*, 67 (June, 1930), 775.

²Hughes, H. S., "My Wedgwood Quest," *House Beautiful*, 65 (May, 1929), 638.

We can easily see how such beautiful designs and serviceable ware, even though an entirely new ware, could be considered the greatest of his achievements. Josiah Wedgwood, however, considered this "Creamware" as only a "means to an end," or an "anchor to windward," for his heart yearned for jasper works. To him, his "Creamware" was only a means of keeping a steady flow of capital into his business, so that he might better accomplish the perfection of ornamental wares in classic style. His ideal was even further stimulated by the discovery of splendid examples of Greek and Roman art at Pompeii and Herculaneum, which gave great impetus to the revival of classic themes in art and which were readily adaptable as designs for jasper ware. The fine-grained and extremely smooth hard surface and the colors with which jasper ware could be tinted rendered it especially suitable for delicate and precise craftsmanship. In fact, it was criticized because it more closely resembled the art of the sculptor or of the gem cutter than the plastic arts.³

Probably Josiah Wedgwood's greatest designer was John Flaxman, a sculptor who was already a man of great eminence. Certainly his work was the best representative of the classical revival in England. His artistic designs are well represented on the jasper vases and on the medallions, on which the portraits of notables were made so exact that even the hairlines were scientifically accurate.

Lady Templeton, the only artist to which Josiah Wedgwood ever gave any

acknowledgment, contributed the most expressive works. Her designs may be immediately recognized by the presence of a girl with a distaff and two children—a very simple depiction but very impressive. Her skill was so great that she could make even classical groups seem alive.

Everyone recognizes the perfect creations of Josiah Wedgwood; yet he was severely criticized by Emil Hanover, Danish connoisseur and writer, who stated that "with a multiplicity of faultlessly wrought but mechanical productions, he has crowded out of the field the work of the more haphazard but more spontaneous and artistic craftsmen."⁴ Perhaps he deserves this criticism from the viewpoint of the less artistic craftsmen, but surely it is unfair to condemn anyone who is able to reach such a state of perfection. The "cool smooth surfaces" and "true-filled lines" with graceful, little, white figures and bright designs have invested in them the sophistication of that century. In fact, Wedgwood came nearer than the poet to the spirit of the age; his vases were wrought cool and impersonal as the aesthetic ideals, instead of like the couplets of the poet, which were often hot with the heart-felt emotion of an unhappy lover.⁵

We can readily see why the name of such a great man is associated with the building of the greatest industry on English soil, an industry which, at any cost, has maintained a steadfast ideal of perfection. His wares were placed upon a level which could be reached by the rich and poor alike; they were highly prized by both. He was an artist of faultless

³Avery, C. L., "Gift of Ornamental Wedgwood," *Metropolitan Museum of Art*, 27 (November, 1932), 238.

⁴*Ibid.*, 238.

⁵Hughes, H. S., *op. cit.*, 637.

taste, of extreme enterprise, and of indefatigable zeal; he combined these qualities with magnanimity, dignity, and kindness.

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Scenes from Childhood

Practice Hour

She sets the alarm clock on top of the piano in the most conspicuous corner, and reluctantly places two pillows upon the piano bench. The cookies, which up to this time have been very carefully concealed beneath her printed apron, are put at the right end of the keyboard. After a few prolonged minutes which she uses in giving an additional pat to the pillows and in searching for the already obvious music—all of this time carefully counted on the practice hour—a few faint, unsure notes become audible. Slowly, up and down the keys her little fingers feel out the notes of the "C" scale. She continues this for perhaps two or three minutes, but with every second her look of boredom is increased. Finally the monotony of the scales ends with a diligent bang, and she eagerly reaches for a cookie, which she eats with such careful mastication that even a doctor would nod his head in approval.

—BERNADINE PENDERGAST

Small Boy's Difficulty

He slowed to a walk, then to a slow, leisurely amble. His animated expression was replaced by one of perplexity, and he carelessly hooked his thumbs in the shoulder straps of his unkempt overalls and kicked some gravel about in the driveway. Restless, he flopped to the ground, almost landing on Snap, his affectionate white pointer, who had softly padded up behind him. Jimmy sat on the grass and gently rubbed behind Snap's ears.

"Aw—heck!" he said, lying back with his head cushioned on his folded arms. "My work's done and I don't know what to do."—CARL E. WATKINS

Pet Pig

He was a very sweet little piglet, scrubbed white except for his snout and hoofs, with a most delicate shade of pink inside his ears. When I first saw him he was wearing a clown hat and a frill around his neck and helping a human clown to amuse a circus crowd. Of course I wanted him, just as I wanted everything I saw, and the adoring but malicious uncle who was treating me bought him for me. My parents were amused and worried when we arrived home; as days passed, the amusement lessened and the worry increased.—LORRAINE STUART

The Zo Lab

DOROTHY PILKINGTON

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1936-1937

ROOM 312 is tucked away modestly in the northwest corner of the Natural History Building. The door opens just behind a dark bend, and you would probably never notice it unless you stopped in the hall to look at the illuminated nature snapshots. Once inside 312 you would be aware that it is a zoology laboratory, for the "wild life" makes itself aggressively known to every visitor. Not that the animals scamper around grunting and squealing—on the contrary, they are quite passive. In fact, those creatures neatly packed in sealed jars in the glass cases on the east wall (next to the soldierly ranks of microscopes) make no disturbance whatever. But the fauna in the three sinks along the south wall would claim your instant attention. Legless frogs and frogless legs, bits of star fish, desolate segments of earthworms, forlorn mussel shells—all blending their indelicate essences with the mal-odor of formaldehyde—you could not ignore them.

But your nose could not long monopolize your senses. When you had recovered sufficiently to look around you, you would think of "Alice-Through-the-Looking-Glass." For a big glass panel separates 312 from the main laboratory to its west, and there are looking-glass beings working and talking in utter silence. The light that enters through the panel and the glass door to its left is very welcome; 312 is rather dim in spite of the few sunbeams that survive the northern shade of the building and

struggle through the windows with their lime-misted aquaria boxes. The valiant sunbeams are aided by the large blue-globed electric lights that dangle low over the laboratory desks. You would see three rows of these desks—each row two desks long and two desks wide. They are black, battered, and varnishless with padlocked drawers for laboratory materials below the desk top and little drawers above in an open frame-work. The open work allows each student to see his neighbor across the desk and chat with him about coelenterata or idiosyncrasies of paramecia. Each row of desks accommodates eight students, who perch on gray-green stools that can be raised and lowered "at will" if the "victim" grips the top firmly, pushes his foot against the braces correctly and breathes the right prayer. If the student is quietly studying, however, the stools are likely to collapse suddenly and without cause.

The north and south walls are lined with blackboards. These are generally covered with complicated diagrams, illustrating the life-cycle of the obelia or the genealogy of the drosopila and the other mysteries of zoology that you could never learn unless you steeped yourself in formaldehyde and "went zoology" for six hours a week.

But even from your first visit you would likely carry away with you an evasive "something" which your friends will wonder at or which will stamp you as a veteran of the Zo lab.

Being Intelligent About Motion Pictures

WILLIAM H. HUTCHINSON

Rhetoric I Proficiency Examination, 1937-1938

AT ONCE, let us be frank with ourselves. There is no such thing as being intelligent about motion pictures. We might as well attempt to be scientific about jig-saw puzzles, aesthetic about fishing worms, or profound about short division. Just as there is nothing in balloons but air, so there is nothing in motion pictures but a few glorified magic-lantern slides that don't stand still and do make a noise.

Let us, however, not confuse ourselves with terms. When we refer to motion pictures, we refer to those we have seen—i.e., Hollywood. That motion pictures will some day rise and take a place to rival even the stage, I don't doubt; but that Hollywood has so far done little more than to accumulate huge quantities of celluloid and money for maldistribution, I claim to be evident.

Since we did set out to be intelligent, though, let's take the axes off the grindstone and look at things. We can at least be *sensible* about motion pictures. Being sensible is going ahead and doing or saying whatever we would have done or said if we hadn't stopped to figure the thing out, in a manner that makes other people believe that we really have stopped to figure the thing out.

Being sensible about pictures involves two questions. Do you go to moving

pictures or don't you? Now don't lie to yourselves; tell the truth. Like George Washington, look yourself right in the eye and say, "Yes, damn it, I do go to moving pictures." It's nothing to be ashamed of; I, myself, go to them. The same effect can be had by taking a good sleeping powder, but that gives you a headache; then too, you can't try to start a conversation with the blonde in the seat alongside you.

The second question: "Do you go to pictures to see the pictures or the stars?" If you go to see the pictures, you're wasting your time. Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset* was the only good work that ever got into the movies, and that must have been because somebody made a mistake. Even *Winterset* had to be doctored before it was filmed. If you go to see the stars, you're a damned idiot, unless you just go to see Luise Rainer as I do. Even then you're not very smart.

While we are yet sensible, we've got to admit that pictures do have their little niche in the scheme of things. They give a lot of ham actors, hack writers, and ex-electricians a new incentive in life; they peddle day-dreams to minds too inadequate to create their own; and they afford a refuge for men in ragged coats when park-benches are snow-frozen. Live, I say, and let live.

Homesickness

The patient may begin to suspect that he is catching the disease if he has a slight hungry feeling that will not be satisfied by food. He may be more sure that he is catching it if scenes of home flash frequently before his mind and cause a tight, lumpy sensation in his throat. When the patient finds one night that he has to sleep upon a damp pillow, he may be certain that he is homesick.—DONALD H. STALEY

That Dread Disease: Homesickness

FRANK BROWN

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1936-1937

WERE you ever homesick? I mean "the real thing," not merely a touch of lonesomeness. In my opinion, homesickness rates as a minor mind disorder and should be regarded as such. It is a disease that passes through several stages, bringing great mental anguish to the infected person.

The symptoms usually appear, in a person who is leaving home, about a half hour after the train pulls out of the station. The excitement of going away hav-

ing him so bored by the program that he turns it off in disgust. The room is very quiet, and as he sits there, head in hands, he runs the gamut of emotions. Suddenly he looks about the room and feels the heavy, oppressive silence beating at his brain. As one in a daze, he quickly gets his hat and coat and runs outside into the refreshing night air, walking as if he never intended to stop. Gradually his mind clears, and he begins to think. "Why am I acting this way? I'm no



ing worn off, he gets a funny little aching sensation in the pit of his stomach. He tries to forget this persistent feeling by attempting to make himself believe he is excited about what the future may have in store for him. This preliminary condition persists until well into the next day. Then comes the longest and most serious phase of the illness.

At this time the person finds that he can think of nothing but home—his family, his friends. He tries to sidetrack his train of thought by studying, but finds his mind wandering back. He turns the radio on, but, after a few minutes,

child. I'm old enough to control myself. Haven't I any pride?" As he returns to a more normal state of mind, he starts walking slowly homeward, thoroughly ashamed of himself.

The patient goes through this involved bit of suffering every day for about a week. Then a gradual change takes place. He finds that his increased obligations give him less time to think of himself, and better yet, he is able to control himself when the feeling of nostalgia does come back. It is not as suffocating or as painful as it was before. When he thinks of his family now, he smiles—a weak,

half-hearted smile, but a smile nevertheless. He is on the road to recovery. An occasional little heart-pang that comes and goes very quickly, and our patient is fully recovered, ready to see life through a perspective not distorted by internal torture.

May I take it upon myself to offer a few suggestions to help bring a cure. I prescribe, not as the doctor or psychoanalyst would, but from personal experience. Seek acquaintances with whom you can talk and unburden yourself. Don't lock yourself up in your room to brood! Take advantage of the opportunities offered by a nearby library or movie and let your thoughts become involved in the troubles of the characters in the book or

on the screen. When you feel nostalgia coming on, take a walk—a long walk. Fresh air acts as a tonic for a troubled mind, and, besides, walking is good exercise.

We might define homesickness as "the state of mind that results when a person has to adjust himself to new surroundings and a new social environment." It is this period of feeling alien to one's environment, then, that brings such an uncomfortable period of strife between emotion and reason. The person, however, who possesses a reasonable degree of adaptability and manages to gain control of himself will find that he is the better for the experience, painful though it may have been.

Items from an Autobiography

Phenomena of Nature

During the period between his eighth and ninth years the boy began to wake up to the phenomena of nature about him—the cold beauty of the large sleet storm that winter, the novelty and tranquillity of the coming of spring, the lengthening of the days, the wet, scent-saturated breezes as they passed over freshly ploughed fields and lingered around cow-barns and pasture lots. The different colors and songs of nature, the smell of a litter of pups, or anything young and breast-fed, the strong animal taste of warm milk fresh from the udder—all things seemed to unfold to him, and stir a physical side in his nature which had been dormant.

Vacation

He spent three months of barefoot freedom close to the breast of the native soil—days when the sun beat down on quiet fields and woods, nights when the silence was broken only by the hoot of an owl or the bay of a hound. A stillness came into the heart of the boy, a solitude of spirit caused by boisterous and yet silent, natural things. It was during that summer of 1926 that a "Peter Pan" spirit stole into the boy's heart, where it remained a constantly recurring upset to the painful process of "growing up."

School Days

His recollections of early days are vague, intangible. Like most children, he was first impressed by school. It made the first indelible mark upon his memory—marching up the stairs while a phonograph scratched tempo from a record, answering stuffy questions in a stuffier classroom, running about the playground during recess, or having the janitor halve an apple with his pocket-knife. But school, at best, was an interruption of life's pleasures, except at Christmas time. Then there were cards and posters to make, and carols to sing. The teacher would read stories that smelled of plum pudding, roast goose, and chestnuts, and echoed with "Merrie Christmas."

—ELDON J. SMITH

Wise Guy!

WILLIAM FARIS

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1936-1937

THE three boys sauntered into Prehn's with a carefully studied sophistication. They leaned nonchalantly against the cigarette counter and indifferently surveyed the crowd of students. The tall blond was named Robert but was known as Ace, a name which, though he brushed it aside casually, was a source of great pride to him. He lit a cigarette and, through the cloud of smoke, spoke to his companions without turning his head or looking at them; he moved his lips as little as possible.

"There's Beachman over there with a rather smooth looking filly. Think I'll ankle over and show our little pledge how it's done."

He swaggered over to young Beachman's table and raised one hand slightly in greeting.

"Hi, pledge," he drawled slowly, and pulling out a chair, he sprawled carelessly in a very good imitation of Noel Coward.

"Oh, hello, Ace. I'd like to have you meet——." Beachman stopped, confused and a little embarrassed because Ace had completely ignored him and was talking to the girl.

"Seems to me I'd recognize you if I'd ever seen you before. Are you visiting?" Ace regarded the girl lazily through a cloud of blue smoke.

"I came down this afternoon from Chicago. I wanted to see the campus and——." The girl leaned back in her chair and ran a hand over her soft blond hair, hoping fervently that she looked a little like Carole Lombard. She lowered her head a little and smiled wanly up at him through her lashes.

"Then how about seeing the campus this evening with me? We could take in Katsinas' and the Park, and if you're here tomorrow night we could go slumming. You'll find me rated among the best as a guide."

"Grand. It sounds like a lot of fun to me. You'll find me at the Delta Gamma house this evening about nine o'clock."

"Be seeing you then." Ace rose lazily, smiled at the girl, and flicked a finger at Beachman.

He joined the boys who had been watching in awe at the cigarette counter.

"Don't know her name, but I've dated her for tonight and tomorrow night. Is Beachman burned up!"

"Not bad!" breathed his public.

That evening at the fraternity house Beachman came up rather timidly.

"Well?" asked Ace coolly.

"I just wanted to thank you for being so nice to my sister, sir."

Masculine Coiffures

His hair looked as if it had been combed with an egg-beater.—MINNIE FAUCETT

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His hair looked as if it had been oiled up for a smooth-running evening.

—DAVID MILLER

Has My Home Town Changed?

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1936-1937

THE old home town isn't quite the place it was less than three months ago. One of us has changed, the town or myself. The streets are just as they have always been; all twenty-six taverns still light up the night with their red neon signs, "Beer." What's more, the sign informing the transient concerning the number of souls our village contains hasn't even recognized my absence, and that really caused a large drop in population for such a small town.

It isn't at all strange that everyone on the street remembers me. It hasn't been so long since I left, and when I was there I caused a lot of disturbance. People don't forget the troublesome things so easily. Some of the citizenry extend a hearty welcome as of old. Others, inclined to be doubtful about the value of higher education, sniff, and snort, and intimate that I ought to be out making my own living. They seem to forget that

going to work before their skulls become hard hasn't done them much good.

The children of the town aren't impressed either favorably or unfavorably by my new status. Because most of them can read, I haven't dared to tell them I'm a football star at Illinois. It's a pity. I've always wanted to impress children.

The neighbors have reacted beautifully to my leaving. Just a few short months ago they sat in their windows, sometimes till dawn, to determine whether or not I would be sober when I got home. Now they go to bed fairly convinced that my step will be uncertain. They have forgotten the fortunate death of the "jazz age" and probably still read that old November, 1924, issue of *College Humor*.

My own home is more beloved than ever, but the home town has dropped a few points in my estimation. Christmas time, I feel very sure, will find it still dropping.

Upon the Dam

Crash! The sound and a blazing fury of white light were upon us at so precisely the same time that the illumination seemed to explode in our very faces. A floating log some twenty feet in length had raised its ponderous weight from the water to be flung over the crest of the spillway. Falling, it seemed to be chewed in the churning waters like some black bone in the white-toothed jaws of a giant. The dam! We were upon the dam! A hundred feet below, we could hear the flood pounding on the besieged rocks. Spume blew in our faces, heavier and wetter than that damnable fog. God! What if the motor failed us now! What if the tank should run dry! Already the top-drag of the current had gripped the canoe; an unseen hand seemed to be pushing us over the spillway. A precious moment was lost in bewildered, absolute fear; then I jammed the tiller left and kicked the throttle to wide open. The motor, choked by the sudden rush of gasoline, coughed, missed fire, then roared madly as it spun the light boat on a pivot that brought the stern within two scant feet of the concrete abutment. Thirty yards farther, I ran the boat full-speed upon the sandy bank, where we half fell, half stumbled out upon the land to lie face down and shivering, too frightened even to thank God for what still seems to me a miraculous escape from death—cold, drowning, shattering death.—HARL E. SON

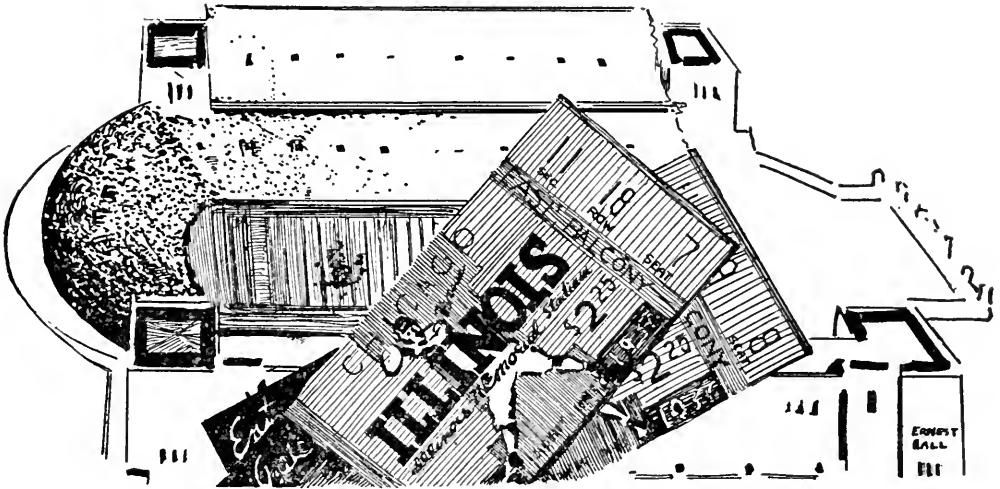
The Last Football Game

DAVID MURRAY

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1936-1937

SINCE Saturday I have been a reformed collegian; before that I was a collegian. I was stuffed to the gills with spirits of loyalty and all of the other laudable emotions. I must have been so before I bought those tickets. There was something that made me buy them; I very rarely shell out four fifty without a reason. Anyway, I am now a reformed

The way I figured it out the number added up to two hundred and seventy-eight, two teams of eleven men each, three men in white suits to run around and blow whistles, two men with two sticks tied together to run up and down the side of the field, the bands, and the fellow who printed the tickets. If no one were cheated in the divy, each one of the



collegian without four fifty and with a head cold, who saw one game and isn't going to see another.

I might have had the wrong attitude about the game to begin with. As soon as I'd paid the price I felt rooked in the buying of those tickets. It bothered me, and I thought of all the other four fifties that came rolling in and wondered where they went. I knew that a good number of people would be working hard that afternoon to see that I had a good time.

lads was due to get a little bit more than one and six-tenths cents of my shell out. That would have been perfectly all right with me; the boys work hard, and there's enough underpaid help here as it is.

But it turns out that the lads never even see the money. It seems that the teams play for a pure love of the game, and the bandsmen strut their complicated meanderings to enlarge further the traditions of old Alma Mater. What I want to know is, who does get that money? If

the three fellows in white suits and the two lads with the sticks got it, I really have been robbed. All that they ever did was to object and make the teams go back to the beginning whenever the action started to pep up. Summed up, it seems that I and a few others paid someone a large sum in order to see a show put on by a good number of hard working, unpaid actors.

Without the finances I still don't like the game. What did the teams do? The ball went in all directions, but the score always stayed the same. Before the game a friend told me to read through the rule book to understand everything; another friend told me that all the rules would be changed next season and not to bother; so I didn't read them and found out that I understood everything about the game with the same degree of intelligence as one who knew the rules.

Then there was this stadium where they had the game. That immense, cold, damp, concrete mausoleum could be better set aside as a place for spiritual meditation. Anything would be better

suiting to its gloomy soul. I feel a little down on the place, because I'm almost positive that it was the big factor in giving me a head cold.

I must mention the cheering too. Everyone else who writes anything about football does. The only thing to do seemed to be to stand up and make a loud noise every time the team went forward, and to yell "HOLD THAT LINE" every time the team went backward. Now it stands to reason that a team knows what it's doing and doesn't need advice from the stands. The logical thing would be for spectators to shut up and let the team concentrate on its problems undisturbed in moments of stress.

I'm all fixed for the next game; I've figured out a system that I think will work nicely. I'm going to the game in someone else's comfortable, radio-equipped car, and when the game starts I'll be right there in that car, listening to the radio, wrapped in a blanket, with a sensibly hot and well-filled thermos bottle beside me. I don't really think that it will be the game that I'll listen to either.

Night Scenes

Night Sailing

Not only do we find more time for mental relaxation in quiet night sailing, but we also easily discover unlooked-for beauty in the night. Our observation becomes finer and very soon we know the meaning of every sound on shore and water. On any night, sailing from the island to the head of the lake, we are as clearly aware of every star in the sky as we are of every fisherman's light flickering along the shore; we distinguish every sound: the plaintive call of the island's whippoorwill, the shrill, excited noise of the killdeer at the water's edge, and the crane's raucous cry breaking a great stillness at the head of the lake.—BARBARA SCHROEDER

Fog and Darkness

Dead, dank air, overlaid with soggy fog, pressed upon our eyes and ears like dirty wool. The night was as dark as the inside of a pocket, and almost as confining. . . . Leaves and branches slapped our faces like wet towels as I steered too close to the channel side of the bank, unable to judge the distance properly through the milky vapor.—HARL E. SON

What's in a Title?

(Titles of themes submitted to the GREEN CALDRON, 1936-1937)

Alliteration

Christmas in the Country	The Dirty Dragon	Asparagus Art
Fountain Pen Folly	Silly Stuff	Music and Me

Anatomy

To Combat Intestinal Toxicity	Red Fingernail Polish	Black Eyes
Finger Wave for a Corpse	I Scalp Henry	That Face!
There Goes My Appendix	Crooked Jaw	

Comparison

All the World Is a Chessboard	Flies in a Web
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Discoveries

Chinese Drama in the United States	Archaeology for Me	Myself
My First Exciting Book	Rhetoric Tricks	
Decline of Sophistication	Pledge Rules	

Fish, Flesh, or Fowl

The Owls of Edwards Gulch	Helping the Stork	Wise Ducks
Donk	Turkey Talk	Muskellunge

Geography

Atlantis	Beneath the Stadium	Oldsters in Eden
At the End of a Path	Down on the Farm	

Irritation

Football Players Are Not Dumb	That Beastly English Climate
Wanted: Relief from Women	I Don't Believe It
Don't Mention Bus to Me!	I Don't Like It!

Paradox

The Romantic Drudge	White Blindness
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Processes

How to Earn the Hatred of a Room-mate	Basketball: New Style	The Pin Hanging
My Cures for Boredom	How to Eat an Apple	Making Beer
	Bumming Cigarettes	

Question

Is Civilization Enough?	Depression?	Is It Fair?
Is Imagination Useful?	Why Not?	

My Travels

MARY ALICE BURGETT

Rhetoric I Proficiency Examination, 1937-1938

THE word *travel* always suggests "magic carpet" to me. When fairies and dwarfs and gnomes were still very real to me, I sometimes imagined myself drifting about on a magic carpet through a sea of whipped-cream clouds and pale, lemon sunshine! Today it is almost as easy to travel as that. Smooth ribbons of concrete lace together these United States of ours. Comfortable, inexpensive automobiles, streamlining these highways, transport us speedily wherever we may wish to go. If I had a magic carpet just this minute, we'd float down to New Orleans. Two years ago I motored from Dallas, Texas to New Orleans—and it is the trip I would choose again. You'd like it too!

We'd follow the Gulf of Mexico closely enough to see the glints on the crested, blue water, to watch the clean-winged gulls veering out to sea, to hear the slap of waves against the piers. We'd cross the Mississippi at Baton Rouge and, while waiting for the ferry, munch a bag of peanuts sold by the "nigger" boys along the water front. From this side you could see the capitol building of Louisiana, built by Huey Long. It's a beautiful building with French windows opening out on the river, and it is composed entirely of Louisiana products. Then from Baton Rouge we'd hop on to New Orleans. Our first meal would be fine, old Creole cooking, and we'd buy a box of pralines just for fun.

The main street in New Orleans is called Canal Street, taking its name from the old French canal running through

the middle of the street. Today it is grass-grown and unclean, but the French built it as a means of sewage disposal. Lake Pontchartrain, named by Indians, would be so warm and salty you could take a floating nap!

But I'd be anxious to go back to the French quarters. There the streets are twisted and narrow, damp and dirty. But if you'd like to poke about some of the curio shops you'd be likely to meet a kindly old lady who would show her patio and court to you. She might even proffer a glass of ripened sherry. The court I glimpsed belonged to Eugene Field. It is just as he saw it as he sat there writing—except the grapevine is a little more gnarled, the cobbles more moss-covered, the tufted grass thicker in the crannies of the wall. The sunlight would lie in the same mottled pattern, warm on the cobblestones. The shadows would have the same picket edges beneath the palms, have the same cool grayness beside the stone steps. The clatter of the street would sound as muffled. The peace inside would be as deep. Wrought iron balconies with Marie de Ponsel's monogram attest the rule of Spain. The French inhabitants attest the rule of France. Today, all strife is over for this belle of the Mississippi. New Orleans rests in the serene possession of the United States. Her traditions, her romance are ours.

If you've enjoyed this magic-carpet view of New Orleans, you can, perhaps, slip down with me on my magic carpet for the Mardi Gras!

Along the Trail to Tin Cup

R. J. LEIMBACHER

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1936-37

IN 1930 I spent two months in southwestern Colorado—wonderful months that will never be forgotten. And as I idly shuffle through the scores of snapshots I took that summer, old memories, joyful scenes, glow warmly. All are but memories now, but memories to cherish and to keep. Once more I picture myself riding along the trail to Tin Cup with Casey and Frank—six days on horseback over rugged Indian trails, through deep tangled underbrush, through soft, beautifully clean snow far above timber line.

I remember the shabby false-fronted saloon at Pitken where we stopped one morning to eat a breakfast of pie and root beer. Our horses were tied to a hitching rail bordering the wooden walk. While we were eating they broke the rail and dragged it with them down the town's only street. How fortunate for the citizens of Pitken that we had not tied them to the town hall!

Next day we wandered off the main trail and followed the mere ghost of a path until it faded into nothing at an abandoned gold mine high in the mountains. There we came across an unmarked grave and the dusty, yellowed and crumbling notebook of some luckless miner. We located the mine shaft and explored it: a dark, damp, vile-smelling hole that had long since been forgotten, the life's work of some old prospector who had staked his life on that hole—and lost. We spent a good part of the night speculating on the life lived by the man buried outside, and we slept in his last home—a crudely fashioned log shack

whose roof had fallen in years before.

We reached Fairview Pass, far above timber line, the next evening just as the sun was sinking. The snow-capped peaks surrounding us took on a pale, pink tint as the last light of dying day fell upon them. The smaller peaks below us stretched in parallel ridges as far as the eye could reach. And somewhere—none of us knew exactly—in the main valley to the north was Tin Cup. We began the descent of the steep, narrow, twisting trail in Indian file. I took the lead, Casey came next, and Frank brought up the rear. The trail was about three feet wide, and to the left there was a sheer drop of some four hundred feet. Casey sighted a wildcat slinking across the rugged slope to the right, and without a word of warning he fired at it. My horse was a spirited, nervous animal, and at the sound of the shot he reared up on his hind legs. I caught a glimpse of the jagged rocks far below, and my heart froze while the horse pawed the air with his forefeet. After a moment which was an eternity to me his feet came back to the trail, but he continued to prance in a most annoying manner along the outer edge of the path. Casey had missed the "cat," and while he was cursing his luck I was damning him. I was too shaky to ride further in the deepening dusk, so we camped for the night at the next level spot. Above us the glorious stars—those stars which exist only in a western sky—twinkled and sparkled, and a quarter moon peeked over the snow-capped mountains, giving them the appearance of silver. I was glad the stars, the moon,

and the mountain peaks were there to keep me company, for, although I was tired, I couldn't sleep. Bare hard rock was never intended for use as a man's bed! And saddles were made to sit on—not to be used as pillows!

Late next afternoon we reached Tin Cup, the dead village. At one time Tin Cup had been a prosperous mining town—a desolate hotel, a tumble-down and rotted wooden depot, and a rusty section of narrow railroad track were monuments to its past prosperity—but now

there was no one living within miles of it. In the depot Casey found a rusty bed spring; he at once appointed himself station agent and slept in comfort that night.

In exploring Tin Cup next day I found a yellowed, frail newspaper in a tin box under the clerk's desk in the hotel and read with much interest an account of a raid made by Villa on a border town in Arizona—the paper was dated May 11, 1913. I still have that paper; it is one of my most highly valued possessions.

Snapshots

Caveman

He grasped a huge piece of slag and raised it above his head and poised, waiting for a chance to throw it. As he stood silhouetted against the rising sun, his thick, squat body tensed and his arms bent, holding the rock, time ran backwards and I saw a paleolithic caveman preparing for the kill.—KELTON M. SCOTT

Frog

Whenever I see him going down the street I am reminded of a frog which has reared up on his hind legs and, by some freak of nature, has been permanently glued in that position.—BETTIE BECKER

Mouse

She was like a mouse in most respects. Her small beady eyes, her small puckered mouth down where her chin should have been, her drab coloring, and even her cheap grey coat contributed to her mouse-like appearance. She sat timidly upright in her corner of the bus with her hands and feet primly folded. Her black eyes darted fearfully about, her bony little hands clutched her pocketbook with desperate intentness. One wondered where the cat was that made the little mouse so wary.

—PEGGY LAUGHLIN

Co-ed

Georgianna entered her French classroom wearing a touching expression that practically said, "Don't hurt me, teacher-weacher, I'll be a dood dirl."

—PEGGY LAUGHLIN

Mr. Quixby

He is a tall, lanky individual, with shoulders slightly stooped, and a walk that greatly resembles the famous German goose-step. This latter impression may be caused by his shoes, which are extremely long, with curious lumps and bulges to accommodate the tortured toes beneath. A small Adam's apple skitters up and down above a stiff white collar, while the long forehead slopes up and back to a shock of snow-white hair which is always neatly combed.—GLENN L. BROWN

On Madame's Hat and Other Absurdities

LORRAINE GROUPE

Rhetoric II Proficiency Examination, 1937-1938

SINCE the time when Adam jeered at Eve for twining hibiscus in her hair, woman and her peculiarities have been a common source of humor to the All-Perfect Male. The most consistently successful radio programs are those in which the woman is the nincompoop, the butt of all jokes. A famous novelist writes a book on the *Influence of Woman and Its Cure*. In motion picture comedies it is generally the woman who is embarrassingly disconcerted at the end. There lurks in the rear of the minds of even the most respectful of men that little maggot—a laughing contempt of the hapless and helpless female. With my attemptedly vitriolic pen, I shall try to tear down a few of the oldest subjects for leering innuendoes—namely, Woman and the Hat, Woman and the Complexion, Woman and Mirrors, and Woman and Gossip.

The acknowledged objective of every woman is to attract and please the male eye. She accomplishes this end by making herself outstanding, different—and what can be more outstandingly different than an extreme hat? After attention has been attracted, interest provoked, the elusive male captured, he then comes to the conclusion that the darling little windmill hat, in which she looked so well, is ridiculous, outlandish. My theory is that the turncoat attitude is prompted solely by jealousy and nothing more. Have you ever watched the wistful expression, the hungry look on a man's face when he gazes at the brightly colored millinery confections for men in *Esquire*? Sometimes a harder

spirit will saunter carelessly into a store to try one on—or, courageous soul, to actually buy one! But, alas, the purchase is worn only until he feels the eye of another man (probably envious) upon his head; and then the short-termed delight is laid aside with the excuse that "it didn't fit anyway." Therefore, the oldest object of ridicule is laid to rest under the tombstone of envy.

The next, woman's concern for her complexion, is easily understandable. But what is underestimated, in fact disregarded entirely, is the male concern over his epidermis. A man who will face an irate automobilist, a mad bull, or a mother-in-law boldly, will flinch when he finds a roughened spot on his face. So he uses a little of his wife's, or sister's cold cream, tissue cream, and skin tonic, and when accused of theft, blames it on evaporation and changes the subject with a long tirade on the money wasted on beauty preparations. Thus, man is not only jealous but deceitful as well.

Thirdly, contrast a woman's careful, but unconcerned survey of herself in a mirror with a man's self-conscious, self-admiring preening. A woman looks into a mirror only to see if she needs any more powder; a man gazes complacently at the handiwork of God, which gives him so much pleasure. I add conceit to the list of male faults.

On the last subject, the one of gossiping, I wax indignant. Man disclaims any part in it, but boldly admits to the bull session, that ruination of any girl's reputation. Speaking as an individual, I would rather have my appearance pur-

ringly commented on by cats than my moral codes, my physical deficiencies, my conversation torn to shreds by tigers.

In surveying the arguments I have described, I find that man is a malicious,

deceitful, conceited, and jealous person who will take every opportunity to provoke the rage of woman, just with the idea of cloaking his own naked faults—but, oh, how we women love it!

Figures of Speech

He lived a moth ball existence.—SISTER MARY MERCEDES CRANE

The cream pie was sprinkled with a sort of glorified excelsior.

—SISTER MARY MERCEDES CRANE

The round dome of the auditorium looked like a huge fruit bowl turned upside down.—LEE ROY HAYS

The observatory like a giant's marble half-hidden among the trees.

—E. H. MUELLER

Construction men like grasshoppers on the stalk of the structure.

—E. H. MUELLER

Static like a crackling brush fire.—E. H. MUELLER

The golf course was as windy as a ride in a roadster.—E. H. MUELLER

The fateful words of the message danced before her eyes like a swarm of torturing gnats.—SISTER IDA MARIE ADAMS

His nose extended into the sea of air like a peninsula.

—SISTER IDA MARIE ADAMS

My desk-lamp eyed my work like a quizzical, long-necked goose.

—SISTER IDA MARIE ADAMS

She wore a pink hat shaped like an inverted dog-dish.—CHARLES J. TAYLOR

The clouds looked like grey, soggy dumplings.—CHARLES J. TAYLOR

Protected by red shin-guards, the catcher's legs looked like those of a lobster.

—CHARLES J. TAYLOR

As proud as the foam on a stein of beer.—JOHN A. SHANEMAN

Trout Fishing

KENNETH BUSCH

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1936-1937

THE NEXT time you see the village weather prophet cock his eye at a cloudless sky, and announce solemnly that it is a "weather-breeder," ask him how he knows. The chances are you'll never find out, for it's a weakness with most men to conceal, if possible, their sources of information, and the manner in which they achieved skill in performing certain tasks.

I too share this weakness for concealment. I take particular care to avoid exposing some of my early experiences. Why, the very first time I set a steel trap, the only thing I caught was my fingers. And my first pair of long pants—I tripped myself publicly by stepping on the cuff while taking a step backwards. Although I have since attained some proficiency in these lines of endeavor, I still take care to keep those early memories buried.

There are, however, a few youthful efforts I don't mind recalling. One, for example, was the first fish I ever caught on a fly.

The family doctor was responsible for this. He was a great fly-fisherman, and, naturally, a true sportsman. He hated to see me growing up and still using worms for fishing. When I was nine, he gave me some flies and a little information about them. It all sounded very well, but I lacked confidence in mere feathers and silk. When I did use the flies, I added a hunk of worm. The results were just what you would expect. But I couldn't bring myself to believe that trout really would be caught on something they couldn't eat. I had heard about its being

done, of course, but I suspected that there was some secret being kept from me.

One afternoon in May, school was dismissed early. It was what local officials proudly called "Clean-up Day." School children were supposed to devote their "free" time to cleaning up their home premises. Prizes were to be awarded to the conscientious urchins who exhibited the cleanest yard as a result of their own labors. Our yard looked like more of a job than I cared to undertake, particularly in view of the fact that the very highest reward offered was an engraved scroll. Besides, it had rained the night before, and the amber waters of Indian Meadow Brook sang a song which I couldn't resist.

On the afternoon of the civic cleanup, I was told at home to rake up the front yard. I did for a while, but the enchanting song of Indian Meadow Brook tinkled in my thoughts. I found it necessary to rake all the way across the pavement, and then I had to go across the street to see how the yard looked from there. And finally, not much to my surprise, I found myself at Indian Meadow Brook. I'd got my rod, a basket, and a can of worms from their hiding place. But, in my haste, I'd lost the worms.

I could, of course, have grubbed around in the woods for more, but that, I felt, would take too long. Besides, worm grubbing would be hard work. I decided to use the two flies the family doctor had given me. Even if I caught nothing I could practice casting, about which I knew almost nothing.

My rod was a hand-me-down, a battered implement which had seen the depths of the dread Hammerton Swamps, and had taken many a fine trout from the gravelly bends of the Farmington East Branch. In an old envelope, I carried the doctor's contributions—a three-foot leader, a Coachman, and a Professor. I soaked the dry leader for a few minutes and then fastened on the Coachman. I trailed the leader in the water, and pulled on it, and gradually it became less like a coiled spring. Then I began to fish in the best imitation of the methods I had heard about.

As the fly slid across the current at the end of a pool, I saw a trout roll up from the depths and lunge at it. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Startled, I jumped, and as I did, the line tightened, and the trout was fast. Somehow I pulled myself together, and played him, with due regard for what seemed to me the criminal smallness of the hook, which was a mere number ten. I used number six or larger for worming. But finally the trout was landed. Still I was unbelieving. How could a trout be caught on an artificial fly?

He was a big fish, as they ran in that stream then—nine and a half inches or so. I was hysterical with joy. It could be done! When I had put the trout into the basket, and turned once more to the water, it was a thrill to realize that I was ready to continue fishing, without pawing around in the bait box for a worm. Just heave the fly, and go to it. It occurred to me that fly fishing had some virtues I had overlooked.

It took something under a minute to learn that fly-fishing was not so easy as I had assumed. A trout rose, mouthed

the fly, spat it out, and swam away. All of them were not going to hook themselves. I was tensely set when the next rise came, and I whipped the fly away before the trout could get anywhere near it. The next ten minutes I spent disentangling the hook from the unyielding upper branches of a hemlock which had crept up behind me. When I finally got the hook free, I shinned down the tree, and fell into the brook.

I wrung out my clothes, and while I dried in the sun, my composure returned. I resumed my operations cautiously. The trout were feeding steadily, and soon, after many misses, I caught another. He was a good one, too. The misses were instructive, for I began to realize the mistakes I was making even though I could not immediately put my new-found wisdom into practice. After a while, I took a third fish, and then caught two on successive casts. This puffed my ego so much that my casting grew careless. The trout, however, were on my side, several of them virtually committing suicide.

When I got home, I had sixteen trout. The largest was ten inches long, and they were all fat and brilliant. I rushed up to the house, having forgot, in my pride, just what I was coming back to. The rake leaned accusingly against the steps, and there stood my parents, looking stern. Just leaving was the Clean-up Day inspection committee—the first selectman, the Congregational minister, and the school principal. One glance satisfied me they weren't pleased.

I crept forward and exhibited my catch.

"Got 'em all on a fly," I said weakly. I thought I detected a gleam of interest in my father's eyes, but his mouth was

grim. I stood meekly, waiting for the lightning to descend.

Just then there was a gentle hiss behind me. I turned to see the doctor driving up in his Stanley Steamer. I felt better—here was an ally.

But I didn't need help. Father came down the steps, took the basket of fish, and held it out for the doctor's inspection.

"How's that for a string?" he asked. "He caught them all on a fly, too!"

The battle was won. Father was a fisherman first, and a stern parent second. The inspection committee was forgot.

And then came the thrill that made me feel suddenly grown up. The doctor looked at the untidy yard, the telltale idle rake. Then he looked at the basket of fish. Turning to me, he winked solemnly.

The Fight

Professional

Baer stands flatfooted, with his great death-dealing fight fist doubled by his side. He swings, and one can almost count three while his fist sails through the air. Louis moves sidewise and back, because he has been taught that if he moves with a blow it can never hurt him. Baer's glove slides up the side of Louis' head harmlessly. He swings again and again, and, carefully and unhurriedly, Louis slips away. Look! Louis is at last going in. A left, a right, and another left in close. Louis has pulled in his head, and, with both arms up before him, he looks like a brown crayfish. All one can see is the twitching of his shoulders. So incredibly fast is he that the blows themselves are almost invisible. His hand cannot possibly be moving more than a few inches. He is literally raining down blows. Baer's nose spurts blood, his lower lip is gashed, and his face is red pulp.—H. MAURICE KIRBY

And Amateur

I foolishly precipitated the clash while mopping in one of the cabins. E——, the chambermaid, was making a bed in the other room of the cabin. R——, the waiter, ambled by in his white coat and trousers. I playfully flicked the water-saturated mop out the door, not really meaning to splash him. It was a foolhardy move, however, for he snarled a curse, stepped into the cabin, and dealt me a lusty slap in the face. I was taken aback. When I realized what had happened, I was thoroughly enraged and threw myself into the battle with vim. We rolled on the floor, hitting wherever, and whenever, we could. I remember seeing, on one of the frequent times when I was underneath him, E—— run out of the cabin, screaming for one of the brothers to come and break up the fight. I vividly recall his face bobbing before me and my lashing out at it. One particularly accurate blow smashed his upper lip and made his nose gush blood. He, however, beat the wind out of me with a superb punch in my solar plexus region, bashed my head against the end of the bed, gave me a "mouse" (black eye), and completely whipped me. I drew one logical conclusion from the combat—the bigger they are, the harder I fall.—WILLIS BALLANCE

Rhet. As Writ.

(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)

Your telephone also brings inconvenience to you by ringing when you are cooking and are near a critical point of being burned or well cooked.

. . . .

I expected to see only seven or eight college buildings and to be placed on a hill or knob away from the town and its business.

. . . .

It was fun for most of them to be able to wear a uniform with shining buttons and have the ladies look up to them.

. . . .

Every seat was filled to capacity.

. . . .

John was in a trench, and on both sides of him were men dressed as he was, with bowl shaped helmets on their heads.

. . . .

Whenever anyone called on the head of the government, the visitor was expected to stand while he sat.

It is a very good experience which he would probably never have had if it had not been for his having to have a summer job.

. . . .

With the Arabian Knights in my arms, I could be whisked merrily away with Ali Baba and his forty henchmen.

. . . .

Peoria's growth in the past has been rapid, but it will be more rapid in the hereafter.

. . . .

The picnics are usually held in forest preserves during the day on Sundays, while the wiennie roasts are held in the evening over an outdoor fire place.

. . . .

When we follow the irrigation ditch, we see many things of interest—common things, such as wood chucks, golfers, and frogs.

. . . .

I will be the butt of no leg-pulling.

Honorable Mention

Lack of space prevents the publishing of excellent themes written by the following students. Some of these themes may be published, in part or in entirety, in future issues.

EDWIN J. BARBER
DAVID EHRENBURG
GEORGE FOSTER
DORIS GOOD
B. E. GORDON
COLLIN HANDLEN
EARL HUMPHREY
ROLLIN A. JOHNSON
ELLIN KUDO
BUCK LOWRY
BETTY McMARRON

PATSY MAXWELL
RANDAL A. MEHLER
SHANNON POWERS
FRANCES PRITCHETT
JOHN E. SICKS
JOSEPH O. STITES
MAXINE STOGSDELL
ROBERT WATERS
M. B. WOLFE
MILTON YANOW



The English Readings

Each year the Department of English sponsors a series of readings from literature. The program for the rest of this semester follows.

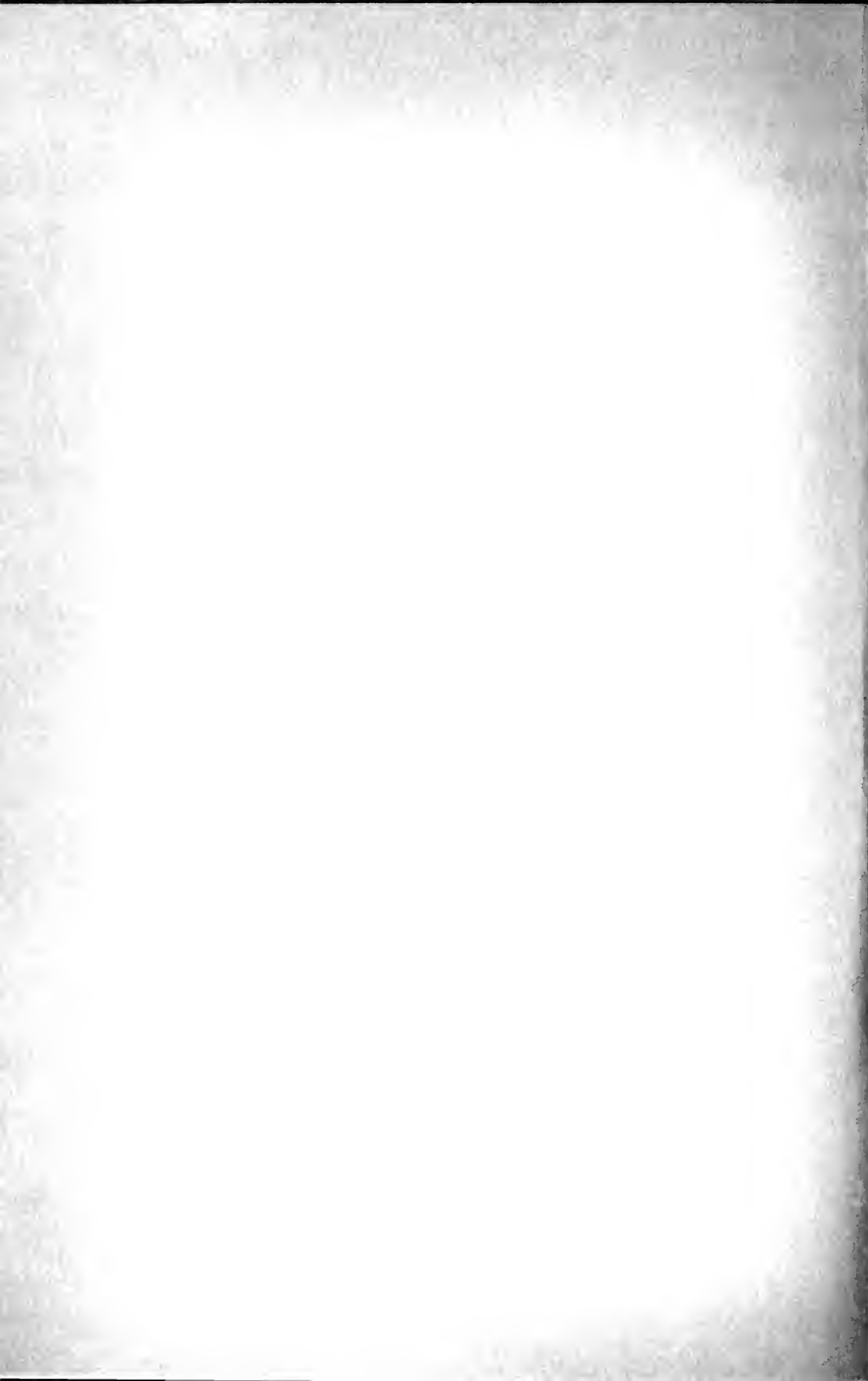
November 2.—*Ben Jonson, Poet and Man* (The Tercentenary of His Death). Professor HAROLD N. HILLEBRAND.

November 16.—From John C. Branner's *The How and Why Stories*. Professor MARVIN T. HERRICK.

December 14.—America's Most Popular Play: *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Mr. WESLEY SWANSON.

January 11.—*Modern Metrical Rhythms*. Professor W. M. PARRISH.

The readings will be held at 228 Natural History Building (at the corner of Green and Mathews), and will begin at 7:15 p.m.



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THE
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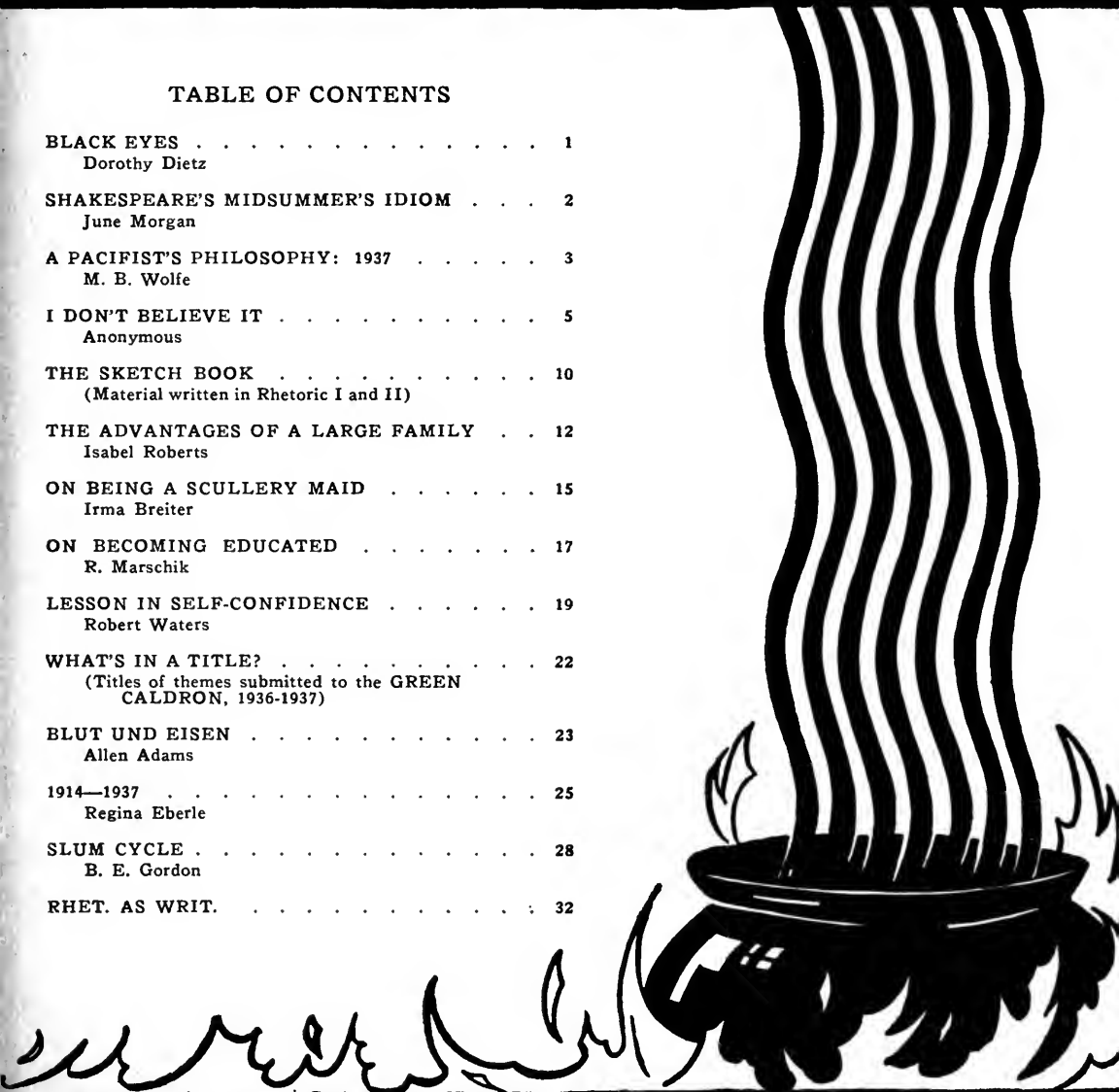
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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff of the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes Dr. Robert Blair, Mr. Gibbon Butler, Mr. Lee Hughes, Dr. Carolyn Washburn, and Dr. R. E. Haswell, Chairman.

THE GREEN CALDRON is for sale in the Information Office, Administration Building, Urbana, Illinois. The price is fifteen cents a copy.

Black Eyes

DOROTHY DIETZ

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1936-1937

IT WAS Christmas Sunday. All was warm and happy and comfortable at home. We finished our dinner, loaded the baskets into the car, and went to call for two of the Sunday School students who were to accompany us.

Each year at Christmas time it had been a family custom to give away a little of what we had; this year I had invited my Sunday School class of thirteen year olds to help me. For weeks before, we had been making over clothes, repairing toys, dressing dolls, and saving for the food and special presents that were to be included in our gifts to a Mexican family of the slum district. It was a great deal of fun; our evenings together were rather festive. The hours we spent together were part of the Christmas season. They had been for years past and would be for many Christmases to come.

Arriving at the grayed, tumble-down, wooden tenement that was the home we were to visit, we managed to scramble out from beneath the baskets and bundles that we had been packed in with, and to find our way up the narrow, dark, worn staircase to the small, cold rooms of the family we were seeking. They were expecting us, and the smallest black-eyed boy shyly escorted us, with our first load of bundles, into the cold dampness of the front room. After laughing with the mother over the big eyes of her nine excited children, we returned to the car for another load. Upon entering this

time, we were received by one little boy who had found his voice enough to say something about Santa Claus. The oldest girl mustered courage enough to peek at a doll whose head was sticking out of a box. Soon all except the very smallest little girl, who was busy with a woolly dog, were chattering happily. After more trips to the car and when everyone seemed happy, we decided to leave. When the others were on their way downstairs and I was saying a last goodbye, the seven-year old, with her black eyes shining and her cold little hand in mine, reached up and kissed me. It was then, very suddenly, then I knew.

We had been wrong, terribly wrong. How dared we! Making a conventionality out of toying with their happiness; gratifying our sense of duty by so "generously" giving of what we did not need—was it not little more than mockery? Behind those black eyes had been love for us; had we looked behind black eyes to see more than just an object for our giving? Had we seen individual personality potentially as rich and beautiful as any on earth, character potentially as fine as we hoped ours might become? It *was* there—and we regarded it much as we regarded the plants we watered and the canaries we fed! Christmas gifts to the poor? Let them rather be Christmas gifts to friends who happen to be poor—because a little girl with shining black eyes kissed me goodbye.

Shakespeare's Midsummer's Idiom

JUNE MORGAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1937-1938

I ABHOR up-lifters. I detest raisers of the popular taste. I loathe givers of beauty to the proletariat. This is my "j'accuse" against those who would force down the already much distended throats of the public a more cultured cinema. Movies are America's Public Relaxation No. 1. They are for the millions who cry for belly laughs, for tears, for cheap songs, for superterrestrial lovely ladies, for men with the best parts of an Apollo and a Tarzan; they are not for the militant Knights Templar of Culchar who will burn the many in the hot oil of blank verse to save them from the devil, bad taste. They cannot see that an auto-da-fe never truly converts anyone.

Let us take for example the much heralded *Midsummer-Night's Dream* which was to retail the Bard to breathless, awe-struck movie-goers from Broadway to Mid-Western whistle stops. Rather than criticize the simpering Shearer, the half-hearted Howard, or the boisterously burping Barrymore, let us go to the spirit in which this juggernaut of refinement was rolled over the bodies of those dumb, unquestioning idolaters who would much rather be seeing the Ritz brothers. It was a sop thrown to women's clubs and school teachers with enough super-colossalism added to bring the hoi-polloi.

In any case Shakespeare in the movies is an anomaly. It is not in Shakespeare's own spirit. The typical movie audience must be much like that which filled the Globe. I dare say few learned churchmen or Oxford dons found their way to

Southwark. The ribboned gallants who "strutted and fretted" to their stools on the stage, the ladies in vizards in curtained boxes, the fishwives, the costermongers—these were his audiences. And they loved these plays. They were in their idiom; they had the spirit of the time; the language which so confuses us now was their language. Shakespeare is now archaic. He has been deified by those who love him; and those who study him understand him far more than those Tudor Londoners out for good times across the Thames. The point of all this is that Shakespeare in his time was extremely popular—and yet all his works are artistic. He is not popular in the movies—and not very artistic. The movies putter about attempting to make a popular art of Shakespeare, of the great novels, of historical events without even considering that the movie public must have a new idiom, one that is of the moment, appealing to all—popular, yet artistic.

Let us remember that the audience which sat enthralled on the hard stone benches watching the masked actors perform a tragedy of Sophocles were not a group of Walter Paters or Matthew Arnolds—they were mere citizens of Athens. Shakespeare's audience was on the whole less esthetic than the Pi Phi's and Sig. Nu's who sing with Ray Turner Saturday night at the Rialto. The common movie-goers are asking for masterpieces that are in their spirit—for the all, not the few—for immortal drama which can be played by Alice Faye.

A Pacifist's Philosophy: 1937

M. B. WOLFE

Rhetoric I, Theme 1, 1937-1938

PACIFISTS can orate, present facts and figures, give unanswerable arguments, but they have little effect upon the stark realism of war, for pacifism has one all-powerful enemy, mob hysteria.

A few thousand people go to a theater. They are so many individual, rational, sane beings. A notice is flashed on the screen. It reads, "In case of fire, this theater can be emptied in three minutes. *Walk*, do not run to the nearest exit." The theater-goers read it, understand it, realize that the theater can be emptied most quickly if the people leave in an orderly fashion. Thus, when a fire *does* break out, they file quietly toward their respective exits, kindly assist the aged and the children to safety, and all escape unharmed? Like H—I they do! They cease to become individuals. They become one solid, screaming, clawing, beastlike mass scrambling roughly over those too weak to fight their way out. Many people are needlessly killed. These once-sane people have not suddenly gone crazy, they are only responding to mob hysteria. Their reasoning is gone. They have come a *monstrum horrendum* with one, and only one idea—to get out, quickly.

This is basic, and illustrates the force of the emotion which grips people at the beginning of a war. There are other factors existing today which discourage the pacifist—jingoistic nationalism, dictators seeking to keep their subjects' minds off their empty stomachs, Zaharoffs, Krupps, and Du Ponts who sell

munitions and need markets, and the tragic results of the last war. These all help to provide the spark and tinder which start the devastating bonfire.

Also it is said that warfare is in our blood, that war will last as long as mankind does. The best answer I have seen to this dogmatic argument was a cartoon in the *New York Times* last year. On one side of the cartoon is shown a group of missing links disporting themselves in the trees. On the ground is an enterprising youngster who is attempting the dangerous experiment of standing on only two of his legs. The others are laughing and saying, "The fool! We have always walked on four legs and we always will." The other side of the cartoon shows people filing toward a peace forum. A sceptic in the foreground comments that such things are useless, since war, like the poor, will always be with us.

Pacifist organizations are not convinced that war is inevitable. World Peaceways, the American League against War and Fascism, and the various student leagues are doing splendid work. All history, however, seems to indicate that their efforts are useless. All over the world, in the last war, groups who had stood out most strongly against war were among the first to enter the battle lines. Even the radical organizations fell in line. It is easy enough to say that these groups were fickle and hypocritical, but that is not true. They were an intelligent, honest-minded class, but they were swept along in the tidal wave of national-

istic emotion which deluged their respective countries at the outbreak of the war.

Yes, it is easy enough to be a pacifist after the fighting is over; it is easy enough to assert that no such thing can happen today. Do we really believe that? Or do we have a well-grounded fear

that when we hear the bands playing and see the flags flying and are urged to go out and make heroes of ourselves we will enthusiastically kill our fellow creatures in order to make something safe for something?

We don't dare to believe anything. We only hope.

As the Movies See Them

Small Town

Movies concerning small town life invariably open with scenes showing peaceful Main Street with dusty stores ranged in an undeviating line on both sides, or a lovely village residence of white frame surrounded by a picket fence and beautiful elms, or the citizens just getting out of church and giving and receiving pleasant gossip. Then something happens to disrupt the calm village life. Perhaps Theodora goes wild—writes a novel about the wicked city and the sinful people living there. Immediately there is life in the little town. The village paper starts to work as it never worked before, the village gossips start to work as they never worked before, and all in all the whole town enters into a lively dispute. Is Theodora right or wrong to have taken to such a career? Everyone in town except the worldly newspaper editor is against careers for women—at any rate such a one as Theo's. However, the reading of Theodora's books goes on stealthily and extensively. After Theodora has proved that her innate rectitude can neutralize the bad effects of any career that she may wish to undertake, the townspeople finally remove their hypocritic disguise. The picture fades with the town back in its calm serenity. The people are still going calmly to church and unhurriedly to market.

Big City

City life in the movies is a picture of unceasing activity. If the poor working girl is not hurrying down to work via the congested subway, the wealthy daughter of a bank president is rushing from one cocktail party to the next in search of excitement, true love, or a husband. If I can believe half of what I see, New York is a city in which live very poor people who must either honestly or dishonestly gain food, clothing, and shelter for themselves and their little ones, and very rich people whose only problem in life is how to avoid ennui. The latter class searches for adventure in making love, getting married and divorced and married again as did the couple in "Private Lives," who were spasmodically making love to and throwing chinaware at each other. Even becoming involved in a murder seems to be a not uncommon remedy. Between drinks and hangovers, the wealthy couple in "The Thin Man" was absorbed in a real murder mystery. Neither Mr. Charles, retired detective, nor Mrs. Charles seemed to have any great interest in life except their dog; luck was with us when we were allowed to see them during this exciting moment. Of course, the great detective ferreted out the criminal as a movie detective never fails to do. Wouldn't Scotland Yard be pleased if it had a Sherlock Holmes like Nick Charles, who never failed to solve a mystery he undertook?—JEAN MCJOHNSTON

I Don't Believe It

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1936-1937

IS MY personality at the mercy of a group of ductless glands? The modern scientific trend would have it that way. One writer says that tall thin men with an over-supply of some hormone are destined to be of a melancholy nature; to play solitaire, dote on funerals, read radical literature, and seek to reform the world. Plump men, on the other hand, who have the gland working smoothly, even too smoothly for their appearance's sake, are found to play poker, enjoy weddings, read P. G. Wodehouse, and shout Bravo! to the world's ways. However, that my joy or anxiety, fear or ecstasy, or the way I think and the thoughts I have are all created by, and responsible to, a few bulbs of tissue hidden away inside of me is more than I can accept, even from our intelligentsia. The thought inspires a sense of futility. A hundred million guinea pigs have been wasted on that score, at least so far as I am concerned.

The intangible perfection of thought cannot be approached by so gross a thing as flesh. The two do not speak the same language. Their difference is that which exists between the corpse and the coroner. One is shapen clay; the other, clay made alive by thought. What are the glands doing in the corpse? Can't they make it walk? The misled physiologist who seeks to control and create thought by working on the glands reminds one of the equally misled chemist who tries to build life from atoms—tries to make a dog out of a dog-house, since atoms are merely the housing of thought.

"I'll remove a gland," says the scientist, "and then you may witness the change in mental state as well as in physical."

"Very well Mr. So and So. I'll remove your arm, and then you witness the change in your mental state as well as your physical. But even so, I don't make any claims concerning the arm's power over the creation and control or choice of thought, at least no farther control than all external circumstances have on personality."

I'm not a Christian Scientist declaring the power of thought over matter. Need I be, to have the preceding beliefs? There are certain things that need only to be seen to be self-evident, and to me, the improbability of this modern scientific theory is one of them. The glands and the mind have a relationship, no doubt, but it isn't the former's creation of the mind's products. The mind acts through the glands, I believe, and consequently the glands can alter the action, but only so far as is given them to do so by the mind itself. To explain more fully what I mean, I will re-tell an experience I once had that seems to mirror the idea well.

I was then ten, and the place was in the hills of my father's cattle ranch in Colorado. I rode with a companion, a lean, bronzed man known to the rest of us as Fritz. The foreman, he was a man capable of severe exactions when necessary, but also possessing a remarkable softness and understanding on certain occasions. The season being spring, we were starting the round-up for calf-

branding. Our morning ride had taken us twelve miles from the ranch, deep into a pasture-land of abrupt hills with green meadows winding aimlessly between. We ate lunch on a flat rock directly in the rays of the sun, and then continued our hunt for cows and calves.

About mid-afternoon we came upon the object of our search. Rounding the crown of a small hill we found below us, relaxed on the short green grass and chewing their cud, fifty or so mothers with their immaculate youngsters frisking about them. Mastering the herd was a giant Hereford bull of about ten summers. His head was obscured in a mass of curly white wool from which protruded a set of thick, battle-scarred horns. His shoulder-breadth was immense, even for a range bull of his breed, and there was an atmosphere of solidity about him that I felt and saw even at a quarter mile distance.

The group as a whole, together with the natural setting, formed such a delightful picture that Fritz suggested we dismount and watch them while he had a smoke. To eliminate the danger of becoming "hung up" in the saddle leather should my pony decide to stage an act, I was, on my father's orders, riding bareback. As a result, the abused portions of my anatomy welcomed a rest there on the warm hillside. I slid off in a jiffy, but Fritz was more dignified in his dismounting. We reclined on our elbows and hips while the foreman took out his beloved "makin's." Soon the odor of Bull Durham was floating about, mingled with the scent of pine needles and fresh-growing grass. For a time we were silent, sopping up the caressing sunshine. Then we began to converse in low tones. There is a quality about the silent open spaces that frustrates sophistication and the pretensions of security that men

ordinarily wrap themselves in. Because of that, our conversation led into things that would have seemed childish back at the ranch. We were attacked by that embarrassment that accompanies the confessions of one's inmost ideas and beliefs; but we continued, because the pressure of the big silence about us had awakened a loneliness and an insecurity that we sought to stave off with the exchange of intimate thoughts.

While thus engaged, we noticed the big bull had become restless. After watching him for a moment, Fritz declared that another bull was somewhere in the vicinity. Sensing a delightful conflict, I looked eagerly about. Sure enough, another bull was coming, coming at a lope around the skirt of the hill directly across the meadow. He held his head high, and his nostrils were dilated with quick breathing. He sensed a conflict also. As he moved more plainly into view, it was evident he was a younger bull by several summers. His hide was slick and his muscles were rhythmic. Where the old bull showed staunchness and ruggedness, the new-comer showed energy and liveness, and his coming across the meadow toward the herd was a picture of dashing confidence and determination.

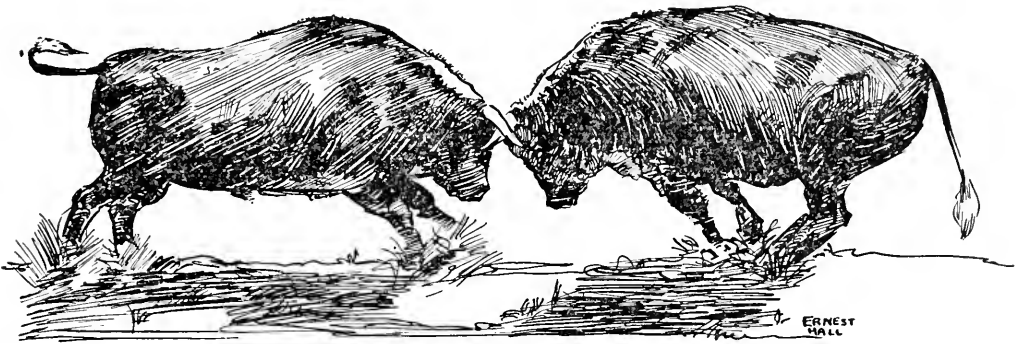
"He's from the early spring crop the year we had so much snow. Remember?" Fritz remarked. "That big fella' is his father. It looks like the prodigal son has returned with a purpose. There's gonna' be a fight that's really a fight."

It was a real fight. When within a hundred yards of the herd, the stranger lapsed into a walk for caution's sake. The father, head held low, massive neck muscles rippling, walked confidently from the herd and approached the antagonist. He paused every few yards to gouge up great hunks of turf with his

foreleg and send it whipping into the air above him, meanwhile emitting a low bellowing from his cavernous throat. The son disregarded these customary preliminaries and, when a few yards away, broke into a speedy trot again.

"When an irresistible force meets an immovable object, what happens," I wondered. For standing the weight and strength of the father against the speed and agility of the son, the fighting wisdom of the elder against the lasting ability of the younger, I could not predict the outcome.

gaining momentum for a short time he suddenly gathered his muscles and, pushing the unwary stranger's head suddenly to one side, lunged directly into his shiny side, riding him across the ground in a shower of clods and grass. The victim finally righted himself and got clear. Cautioned by this setback, he changed tactics, drawing the older bull into innumerable false rushes, escaping from each with superior speed. He explored the older bull's wind and found it poor. Finally, standing his ground, but refusing to carry the fight to the aggressor,



"I'll take the old fella'," Fritz voiced excitedly.

"Then I'll take the stranger," I countered; but on watching the veteran's confidence and business-like approach, I was secretly swayed in his favor also. "He really deserves to win," I thought. "He is only trying to protect his rights. Down with the aggressor!"

They met with a terrific impact—a steadily moving ton against a fast-moving three-quarters. There followed a moment of checking and straining in equilibrium. Head to head and shoulder braced against shoulder, they cut a battle-statue in the clear air. Then weight began to triumph. The father moved the son steadily backwards. After

the father stood panting and bellowing. Judging it the proper time, the son met the father again head to head. There was the same shock and checking, the same straining, but this time the father had lost his vitality. Slowly he was pushed back. It is not the first lunging, side-hooking, and dodging that decides the winner in a bull fight. Rather it is the last steady pushing that convinces the loser of his opponent's superiority. Slowly the son pushed the father back, gathering momentum and his muscles. When the time was ripe, he pushed the tired head suddenly aside and launched himself full into the old bull's side. There was not the necessary agility there. The defeated monarch stumbled, and the still-

potent rush of the younger bull spent itself on a foreleg. The bone snapped and the victim dropped to the ground. Sensing the battle completed, the new master trotted over to inspect his herd.

In a cowboy's eyes the source of tears is early dried up by the winds and heat he must deal with eternally. But Fritz had a lump in his throat. I knew by his failure to speak at the finish of the fight. I had to draw my handkerchief hastily and make a general bluster with it to camouflage my emotions; but the awkward silence that followed spoke the feelings of both of us.

The old bull rose unsteadily to his three good legs, the fourth dangling from the shoulder. He gazed for a moment at the herd, but a low bellow warned him to begone. He turned and slowly hobbled around the skirt of the hill.

"I'm sorry I haven't my rifle here," Fritz said at length.

"You wouldn't shoot him?" I queried.

"He'll be dead before morning," came the reply. "The coyotes and wolves will ham-string him and clean his bones before morning."

My last look at the wounded animal disappearing around the hill brought back that same creeping loneliness I had felt earlier in the afternoon. But this time it was augmented by a more serious factor than the spaces round about. It hurt to see the old fellow, proud even in defeat, hobbling around the base of the hill, not knowing of, nor expecting, such a thing as the comfort human beings give to one another under similar circumstances. An animal's world is a cold, uninviting world, I thought. That the son had unknowingly killed his father, that knowing one another was a thing unthought of in animal life, set a fresh value on the loveliness of human relations for me.

There had passed before us in the space of an afternoon the drama of "continual life."

"What is life?" I asked myself, "and why should it be of one kind in man and another in beasts?" Five years before, the young bull had come into the world as a portion of the older one's life. He had been protected and looked after until he was old enough to go away on his own. After a few years he had felt his strength and come back to kill his father. Life had been given from life, and then it slew its source.

My mind pored over the question and the vivid events of the day until loneliness changed to anxiety, for there were no answers forthcoming. "One thing is certain—man isn't an animal," I reasoned. That had been clearly shown.

"But what is life?" came forcefully to my attention again. A vague tingling sensation arose at the base of my spine and spread into a wave enveloping my entire body. My throat became full and uncomfortable; my eyes filled. I was made vitally aware of some physical action going on within me.

"What is——?" I started to ask my companion, but the syllables froze into silence and dropped from the edge of my tongue. Then my emotion changed to fear, not of the terror-kind, but the cold, relentless fear that comes of vital questions unanswered. I turned to speak to Fritz, but he was half way down to the herd. I mounted in a jiffy and trotted ahead, eager for the comfort of companionship.

Today as I remember the happenings of that afternoon, it isn't that I questioned the how's and wherefore's of existence that is significant in connection with my ideas of modern gland theories. Rather, it is the fact that the events of that specific time created, or caused me

to think, a certain set of thoughts. Because they were thoughts of a vital nature, they caused a general excitement in the various glands of the body. The gland action, in turn, was felt as emotion, actual physically perceptible emotion. To get at the mind's bidding, and to reduce thought to a physical entity is the role of those sensitive little bulbs or leaves of flesh. That is the relationship they bear to the personality.

This view I choose in preference to the one that would have it that upon that

certain day and in that place, from no other cause than the over-supply or under-supply of some hormone, my glands decided to stage an exhibition of their power; and that as a result, the significance of the fight having nothing to do with it, my metabolism was stepped up to a point where those disturbing thoughts resulted.

But I distinctly remember that it was the thought that came first, before the emotions, and I am confident it was the thought that created the rest.

Touring

The tourist prides himself on the five hundred or six hundred miles that he can make in one day. He gets up before daybreak, eats a hasty breakfast, has a hot dog for lunch, and arrives long after dark, tired and hungry. During that day, what has he accomplished beyond traveling a distance of five hundred miles? He has not really seen the country that he has traveled through. His goal was a city five hundred miles away. Somewhere off in the distance was a big attraction that he had to see at once. He would never think of turning off and exploring an interesting old dirt side road, just to see where it led to. He would think it a waste of time to stop and enjoy the beauty of an old bridge over an interesting little stream. When he stopped for lunch, he worried about the time lost, and thought of how far down the road he could have been if he had not stopped. He is haunted by the figures on his speedometer, and as a result knows nothing about the country leading up to his far off and not so important goal. . . .

In Yellowstone Park this mad rush of the tourists is at its highest. I know, because two years ago I was among them. At one of the geysers close to the road the tourist would stop, get out of his car, and after a hasty inspection of his surroundings, get back in and drive on to the next geyser. We happened to turn off the main road onto a little used dirt side road which, according to our map, would return to the main road a few miles farther on. We spent over an hour on this bumpy, dusty side road, but it was well worth the time and trouble. We came across many little hot springs and geysers. Finally we came to a geyser which was many feet in width and made of a great number of smaller geysers. It would have been a wonderful sight, but we could not wait there for two hours until it was to go off. We were cursed with the curse of all tourists—lack of time. Later on, we came upon two of the most beautiful pools in the park—Opal and Sapphire. One was a clear green, and we could look far down into its depths. The other was beautiful milky blue, and little ripples went across its surface. They are far more beautiful than the far-famed Morning Glory Pool, yet few visitors to the park saw them. Morning Glory, surrounded by a little fence and spoiled by trash, is a few steps from the main road. Opal and Sapphire, as pure and clean as they were before anyone visited the park, are separated from the main road by the Firehole River, and the visitor must walk across a little plateau covered with a quarter of an inch of overflow water from another pool in order to reach them.—CHARLES J. TAYLOR

The Sketch Book

(Material Written in Rhetoric I and II)

The Last Hour

That hour was misery for me. My hands were covered with burning callouses and blisters which pained me like hot pins driven into my hands, but they helped distract me from the aching of my back, which seemed to fold in the middle. My blood was hot, and my head seemed to swell with each heart beat. My clothes clung uncomfortably to me like a sticky, slimy second skin. Dust from the hay had collected on my arms and matted in the hair on my arms. Sweat cut its way through the dirt until definite little streams coursed their way down to my hands. My feet seemed weighted, and I had difficulty in dragging them back and forth across the tangled surface of the mow. Often they tangled in the hay, and I would reel to catch my balance, grit my teeth, and start out again towards the baler. What was worse, the level of the hay had sunk until now we had to lift the hay up into the baler instead of just letting it fall into the machine. I became so fatigued that I thought I would rather admit defeat than exhaust myself completely.—CHARLES L. NORTON

Revivalist

He squirmed impatiently in his pulpit chair before the cracked choir-loft paneling and raised his eyes from the green-squared carpet to the watery pink and blue windows. He gazed at the congregation encouragingly, as if to say: "Sinners, you *too* may be saved." Being announced, he sprang upon his feet and with one breath said what a blessing it was to be there, and what a blessed worshipful day it was, and what a fine introduction the blessed young preacher had given him, and would everyone please turn to hymn number nine and raise his voice in blessed praise.

With a happy smile and a dainty circular flourish of the hand, "Sunlight, sunlight, in my soul today—" Ah! it was good. He smacked his lips faintly and began the next verse. By dint of much hand-waving and a series of little curtsies he carried us through to the end. On the word *heaven* he pointed to the very peak of the discolored ceiling, and, pausing until all realized the great truth that heaven was indeed in a generally upward direction, he smiled indulgently and began to shout.

—ALLEN PLATT

Distance Runner

He is a distance runner. With head erect and chest arched forward he seems to drift around the course. There is in his action no laboring, desperate effort but only a rhythmic repetition of the successive movements dictated by proper form. He strides lightly, the ball of the foot striking first, followed by a light touch of the heel as the other leg swings past on its forward reach. The muscles in his back seem all in play; they, not the arms, seem to furnish the balance for the upper part of the body.—W. B. YARCHO

Darkness

Soon, as I trudged along, the tall pillars of dusk fell across the land, sunset changed to evening star, and darkness covered the valley. Occasionally I stumbled, for I had nothing but the moon to guide my footsteps. Tall cliffs frowned down upon the trail, a little bit beautiful, perhaps, but a little bit fearsome, too. Moonbeams, sifting through the limbs of the gnarled trees, checkered the floor of the path with strangely silhouetted shadow patterns of the leaves.—WENDELL SHARP

Peace and Comfort

The highest compliment to a modern room is a sensation of comfort experienced upon entering. One might, sincerely, give this compliment to our living room at home. It is a high-ceilinged room with golden-oak casings. Afternoon sunlight, filtering through chintz drapes, lends a mellow grace to its capacious proportions and lights the squares on the green carpet like glowing cathedral windows, bright with many tapers. The wing-backed chair in bird's-eye maple, the comfortable studio couch, the cane-seated rocker, the red hassock before the radio mean not only a living room, but a livable room. The book case, four-cornered and wooden pegged, must be fifty years old, but it is a useful antique; it is filled with books—classics and contemporary. And within reaching distance are magazines and papers. When the curtains are drawn against the night there are good lamps to soften the shadows and trace filigree upon the ivy growing from the white swan's back, afloat upon the glassy sea of a coffee-table top. Perhaps it is because this is my living room, for one's personal possessions have an added beauty, but to me this is a lovely room where charm, and grace, and the goodness of peace and comfort reside.

—MARY ALICE BURGETT

And Sat on the Lid

The quickest landing of a muskellunge that I have ever heard of—and a very efficient one, too—took place one summer in Georgian Bay, Canada. Two ladies riding in a motor boat discovered a heavy line and plug in the bottom of the boat. More for the pleasure of watching the plug swish through the water than with the idea of ever getting a strike, they threw it in. There is a law against trolling with a motor on a small lake, but it is permissible on a larger body of water. Suddenly there was a jerk, and the trailing line drew taut. Although frightened and bewildered, the two ladies realized the value of speeding up the motor of the boat. Away they went! But this time the boat was pulling the musky. Between the two of them, the ladies dragged him into the boat—he was either drowned or had not realized his predicament—put him in a large tool chest, and sat on the lid until they had reached home with their prize.—ROBERT INGALLS

Settled for a Long Stay

Faintly we heard a pair of dice rattling on the planking behind our relaxed bodies. Lefty quizzically revolved his head to see what was causing the disturbance. With a startled gasp he stiffened, and following his line of sight, I saw a small coil of brown resting on the decomposing boards. The dice were on its tail. Our tramping and talking had disturbed a rattler who had taken possession of the abandoned building and had crawled out to investigate the noise. Now he was between us and our freedom. We were prisoners.

For several minutes neither of us spoke. Then Lefty turned a white face towards me and whispered, "What're we gonna do?"

"I dunno," I whispered back.

We looked at the snake for what seemed hours, hoping he would slip away. But no, he had settled himself for a long stay.—CHARLES B. GREEN

Lost Train Ticket

My last and only hope! They must accept a check. At any rate they could not hold me for not being willing, and able, to pay my fare. Taking the freshly written check, I strutted down the aisle to the place where the agent was draining a peaked paper cup of its contents. Determined to be as sarcastic as possible, I presented that despicable individual with the check, saying, "I trust this will do."

Smugly grinning, he looked at me benevolently and said, "Keep it. Buy yourself a pair of stockings for Christmas with it."—ANN JUNE STASTRY

The Advantages of a Large Family

ISABEL ROBERTS

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, Summer Session, 1937

"HE IS a lucky boy," they say. "Being an only child, he will have all the encouragement and opportunities that his parents can give him." But is he so lucky? Are the encouragement and opportunities given an only child compensation for the brothers and sisters he has been deprived of? I have always considered myself a lucky person—being one of six children.

A new-born babe is as helpless as a young animal. All he can do is eat and sleep, but as he grows and develops, he becomes interested in this queer world of which he finds himself a part. Children are born little animals, but become human beings by association. The children in a large family have a greater advantage than a single child because they have a wider and more varied contact with many individuals. It is only natural that they will develop quicker, both mentally and physically, because of their relations with a group.

A young child struggles to sit up, and then crawl, and then walk. He watches his older brothers and sisters, and is encouraged by them. Grown-ups are so old and wise that they don't know what a great risk it is to walk from one chair to the other. But he can watch his little playmates, not many years older than he, and compare himself with them. "If they can walk across that huge, bare space, I can too," he thinks. And so he does. He is proud of himself, and begins imitating all the things he sees his older brothers and sisters do. They are a part of his world, from which he excludes the adults.

When a child has brothers and sisters with whom he may play, he learns to be congenial and tolerant. He plays their games as well as his own. He waits his turn to be scrubbed behind the ears, and he eats his spinach along with the rest. So, when he enters school, he naturally falls in with the other children. It is merely an expansion of his old life with new worlds to conquer, more children to play with, and different things to learn. He isn't thrown into a completely new atmosphere as is the child who has had to spend most of his time by himself or with adults.

Through the contacts with his brothers and sisters, he may meet a great number of children of various ages. Gradually, he becomes interested in community life. He exchanges ideas with the other children and is attracted by their interests and hobbies. His mind begins to expand and absorb all these new ideas. An only child is inclined to be self-centered. All his actions, his interests, and his thoughts revolve around himself, whereas the child in a large family is drawn into association with other children. He realizes that they are just as important as he, and he is willing to give to them just as much as he takes from them.

Often there is hostility among children toward one who is an only child. Sometimes it is apt to make him over-aggressive or create an inferiority complex. Any tendency toward either of these failings is immediately "squelched" in a large family. If the person becomes a little over-bearing or too sure of his good looks, he is jokingly informed that

there are other people who are better looking than he, and also, that he has nothing so outstanding in his accomplishments that he can assume such a superior attitude toward the rest of the world. If he feels himself inferior to the people with whom he comes in contact, he is encouraged and bolstered up until he becomes sure-footed and self-confident.

One of the most trying times of life is adolescence. The individual becomes restless and, likely as not, irritable. There is no place for him in the world. He is too mature to be a child, and yet he lacks the experience and wisdom of an adult. His restlessness leads to an over-emphasis of his independence, and his lack of experience leaves him quaking and frightened. And as a result, he resorts to loud words and bluffing to hide his inadequacy. The parents, in the eyes of an adolescent, are complete strangers to him. Where the only child relies on his own judgment, weak as it may be, the adolescent in a large family has his brothers and sisters to fall back on. He feels free to discuss his weighty problems with them, when ordinarily he would labor through these troublesome circumstances rather than discuss them with his parents.

The open forum of books and newspapers held in the home leads him into another new and broad channel of his education. He reads books above the level of the average adolescent so that he can enter into these forums. He makes the acquaintance of many people in his tours and excursions into the world outside his home, and upon the approval or disapproval of his family, he learns to sort the acquaintances and cultivate those whom he wants for his friends. In this way he soon becomes an accurate judge of character and gains a sense of security and well-being. He has

confidence in his ability to make friends and thereby gains independence.

There is always someone among his family who is available and willing to listen to his schemes and plans for his life, who will help him to tame down the wild plans so many adolescents are inspired by. He thereby learns moderation. Gradually, through his close family life, his congenial friends, and his feeling of rightness with the world, he is equipping himself with a strong, bullet-proof armor with which to battle the business world.

When he enters the business world, he relies completely on himself for the first time. But he has a solid foundation to stand on. He has an appreciation of others' needs and feelings; he is used to spending most of his time with people, so that he is congenial and easy to work with; he can employ the strategic methods he used in handling his family in handling his co-workers. Because he misses the exchanging of ideas with his family, he immediately makes friends with the people around him and is stimulated by their ideas and attitudes toward life. Nine times out of ten, a man from a large family will make a successful business man, not only from the standpoint of the money he earns, but also in the esteem the public has for him.

When he passes the peak of his success, when he becomes tired of "bucking" the business world, when he longs for a place where he can do exactly as he pleases—where he has no established precedent to live up to—he again has his family to fall back on. If by some odd chance, he has not become a success in life, he still has the love and interest of his family. Then too, there is his great number of friends for him to enjoy, now that he has some leisure time.

When a man grows old, if he has no

interests, he is apt to become senile, a little slovenly in his appearance, and careless in his manners. His family is close enough to him to rebuke him for these careless mannerisms and encourage him in keeping up with the world. He has his other brothers and sisters and

their families to help, so he keeps in tune with the changing conditions and enjoys the life that goes on about him, although he is unable to take 'an active part in it. He has passed through his span of years, enjoyable and well-lived, and is a happy and satisfied old man.

Writing a Theme

Patience and Endurance

Writing a theme is like unravelling a ball of tangled yarn—one doesn't know how to start. The student comes into the room, throws his books heavily on his desk and begins to think. After a few minutes cogitation on that all-important "subject," the writer jerks out a pen and some theme paper and begins scratching away. One hour—two—two and one-half hours elapse, and we take another glimpse at the would-be essayist. Ah, there he is—still sitting—still thinking—still scratching. But something is lacking; yes, it is the happy-go-lucky air of the writer, which has now changed to a perturbed, worried look, for Mr. Student is in the clutches of that strange phenomenon known as a "brain lapse." But don't worry about him; as papers continue to litter the floor in ever-increasing quantities and as his face assumes more and more that look of a pleading, desperate child, ideas are forming in his brain. When we look back on him after the short (?) space of an hour, his face is beaming like that of Old Sol on a June morning. In reward for patience and endurance, he has had wonderful, soul-stirring ideas brought to the tip of his pen, and he is confident that when he hands in his theme a big "A" will be forthcoming.—LUTHER E. ELLISON

Inspiration

When Leni writes a theme for her English composition class, she herself is more entertaining than her theme. She drags a chair over to her study table, the toe of her shoe hooked around the leg of the chair. She plops herself down in a carefree manner and, before settling down over the waiting sheet of paper, pulls and pushes herself and the chair around and back and forth until she is able to make up her mind that she is comfortable. She props her chin on her elbow and heaves an enormous sigh which informs her silent observer that she is assuring herself, "If I don't get to work now, I'll never even start." With her right hand, Leni rolls her pen across the table, over her paper, and catches it nimbly with her left hand. She lifts the pencil over the first line on the theme paper. "What *will* I write about today?" she invariably asks, but always receiving no answer—and, indeed, expecting none—she announces the given subject with a groan. "Ink! What is there to say about ink that no one knows already?" Receiving no answer, she sucks the top of her pen for a long minute. A smile interrupts the bewilderment in her face, and inspiration shines through every feature. For five, ten, fifteen minutes Leni's hand races back and forth over the surface of the theme paper, trying to keep up with the speed of Leni's thoughts. It is like trying to accomplish the impossible; for in the process, Leni's pen jabs impatiently into the paper, leaving a hole to blot a word or two. At last Leni expels a war whoop and drops her pen onto the table; with one hand she sweeps up her paper, folds it unevenly, and pushes it between the already mistreated pages of her book. "I'm through, kid!" she exclaims gleefully. "No more themes for another day! I don't know whether I'll survive or not."—BEATRICE WIDGER

On Being a Scullery Maid

IRMA BREITER

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1936-1937

A SCULLERY is a place where kitchen utensils are cleaned and kept. Since cleaning pots and pans is one of the functions of the restaurant kitchen in which I work, it is not taxing the word unduly to bring the entire room under its motherly wing, steam table and stove and all. But if the steam table and stove are in the scullery, the cook needs must work in the scullery. And if the cook works in the scullery, surely her helper toils hard beside her. This helper, girl of all work, maid of the scullery—just what is her purpose in life? Does she hew at chunks of meat, and scrape endlessly on earthy potatoes? Not this scullery maid. My collar is white, or very nearly so, although I do scrape carrots and peel onions and clean celery intermittently with my other work.

But it is not so easy a task to scrape carrots as one might think. To get the greatest efficiency, I grasp the carrot in my left hand and hold it firmly with the butt aimed menacingly at my abdomen. Then, knife in right hand, I begin to work on the patient, shaving from the halfway mark toward the thick end, stripping the carrot of dirty orange, and leaving it naked and clean. The shavings spatter delicately on the not so delicately grease-spotted orange of my apron. When I stroke away from the body, toward the root, I throw decorum to the winds and scrape with abandon, for every little bit of skin is taken off without concentration on my part.

Likewise, I strive after proficiency with onions, hardening my heart and

shedding not a tear as I peel them. And the celery—I fairly quiver with desire as I brush the crisp tender stalks and break them into smaller lengths. If celery makes me tremble, conceive of the tight rein I must keep upon my appetite when I pare apples. All my life, to see an apple has been to eat it, and to eat one has been to eat another, and so on *ad infinitum*. Only to think of delicious red peelings, so near, so tempting, flung into the garbage with my very hands, traitorous implements—it fair scunnors me. But that is not all. When I cut up all manner of juicy fruits to make a salad, the boys who wash the dishes and pots and pans sidle over to me, one by one, and gently, ever so gently and innocently, reach around me and pick out a choice morsel for greedy consumption. My smile is feeble, my mouth is dry, and my breath comes in gasps. A slice of peach is between my fingers. Dare I have a taste, just one slice? They will not care; they will not miss it. But no, I cannot. My breathing subsides and I relax to comparative sanity, only to be aroused again by the next pilfering knave.

I start from my task as the calm of the kitchen—a medley of bantered words from the boys at the sink, clatter of pots and pans, and loud whirring from the electric dishwasher and the fan—is rudely shattered by heads popping in and out the steam table window and shouting in rapid succession, “Swiss steak regular with spinach and carrots, no potatoes,” “Meat loaf special with hominy,”

"Tomato juice on the upstairs, with veal steak and spinach." There is a tooth-paste ad smile from Rex as he sings in melody all his own, "Small hot mince." The cook gets into action, while I fill a glass with tomato juice and cut a piece of mince pie. I then help with the plates, fixing the salads and trying to aid in remembering which vegetable goes with which meat and whether it is regular or special or upstairs. We put the orders up as best we remember, once in a while being chided with, "I said 'No potatoes.'" But it is not sufficient merely to put up the order correctly. It must be done swiftly and neatly, with no vagrant droplets decorating the edge of the plate.

When the confusion has been somewhat dispelled I fix a few more salads on the three remaining plates, taking delight in calling "More plates, Bill?" and watching the boys bustle in quick response with a cheerful, "O. K., Cookie." I return to my task at the table, only to be summoned back to the window in eagerness by a cry of "Peaches" from a devilishly grinning Joe. I fall back chagrined as I realize what he wants and put up a dish of peaches, proffering it with a tight smile.

When the orders begin to come in at greater intervals the cook spends more time in the preparation of food for the morrow, and I "ret" up. It is no mean task, "retting" up. The idea is to transfer the food from steam table jars and pots and pans into lined cans, set them away in the large icebox, and clean up

the work tables and the steam table. I grab the huge hot jars, lift them dripping from the steaming water, and hazardously pour the food into cans. I generously take the empty jars and pans to the sink board for the boys to wash and return to clean up the tables.

In the midst of my work, Milton goes into contortions to accommodate his height to that of the window and pokes his head in, saying, "Beef san'." In response to the cook's "Will you take it, kiddo?" I dash to the sink to wash my greasy hands, jumping a foot and squeaking even before Al tells me kindly, "It's hot." Back again, I butter the bread which was placed in the window for me, put a leaf of lettuce on one side, and mess around in the pan of roasted meats until I find the sirloin of beef, from which I cut a few ragged slices. I slap these sorry looking pieces on top the lettuce, cover the whole with the other slice of bread, and cut the sandwich from corner to corner. I ting the bell for Milton to come and get it, for it is getting nigh onto closing time. At a little after seven, I help the cook carry the cans of food from the stove to the large icebox and finish "retting" up the table while she puts the cans away.

As I change into street clothes in the back room, the cook comes in to get her coat, sighing with a little laugh as she dons it, "Well, another day." We walk together through the deserted scullery and take a last look to see that everything is "set" for the next day. All is quiet and peaceful, and I turn away satisfied.

Co-Education

All the mischief is supposed to have begun about one hundred years ago at some small college in Ohio. There be-whiskered pedagogues experimented and permitted four women to sip of higher education. It seems quite apparent that these four coeds liked the taste of it. By 1930 the women's feet were on the rail and they were elbowing the men for room.—DOUGLAS MORSE

On Becoming Educated

R. MARSCHIK

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1937-1938

AGATHA HAYCOX was the typical country girl. I say was, because she isn't so anymore. Four years of university life have created a change within her—a most positive change. Once she was pleasingly plump. Now she is smoothly slender. Once she had thick, chestnut-brown hair. Today she is a

couldn't be college! Why college was different, altogether different, a serious and sober institution in whose environment you labored diligently, striving for an education. Had it been misrepresented? Was this really college?

Two weeks later she joined a sorority. Of course, it was a good sorority. They



beauteous blonde—after surviving four hennas. Yes, Agatha Haycox has changed. Four years ago she was the smartest girl in Hillvale High School. Her friends looked up to her. Her teachers were lavish with compliments. She was pointed out as “the girl” to all visitors. Someday this same attractive country lass would amount to something. Yes, Agatha Haycox would someday be a household name.

And then she went to the university. The first week on the campus proved to be most disillusioning, and almost unbearable. Surely these laughingly gay young people who so rudely pushed her aside were not college students? There really must be some mistake. This

all are. And of course it was only natural that an organization of this type should influence her in her education. She hadn't wanted it to become the real source of education, however; but then, how was she to know?

A month passed, thirty days of almost total bewilderment. Now came her first college date—a blind date—an unforgettable evening. Although Agatha didn't fully realize it, here was the turning point in her desire for education. Studies took a back seat. Followed a series of these unforgettable evenings, each creating a definite change within the country girl. Somehow, she found less time for study and more time for the consideration of her complexion, hair,

and form. Where formerly a faint trace of rouge revealed itself, now a vivid dab of red flamed. Lips were further enhanced by a thick smear of vermilion. Eyebrows assumed the arch of the ancient Goths. Daily applications of peroxide upon the hair did their required work. The diet was limited, and the silk of the form-fitting dress clung closely where the gingham had only lain. Fingernails harmonized with the individual dress. Letters home ended with ". . . and could you please increase my monthly allowance. I do need so many new things." And so ended her freshman year.

The second year came and went, with but one important forward step in Agatha's education. No more freshman or sophomore dates! It was now either a senior or nothing. Somehow they were different, more experienced. They knew when and how to do things. Besides, your friends were more impressed by the dignified senior than by the lowly underclassman.

The junior season passed without incident. Perhaps it should be mentioned, however, that during this period Agatha Haycox became Gail Cox. No, she didn't marry. She merely changed her name. After all, Gail Cox was a more sophisticated name, and therefore a more appropriate name for a lady of her type. Perhaps it should also be mentioned that during this period her studies were more neglected than ever. Let it be understood, however, that the deep desire for education still existed. Miss Gail Cox would some day be somebody.

In the final year, she changed again. No longer were freshmen excluded from her dates. On the contrary, they were warmly encouraged. Somehow they were so refreshing, so naïve, and apt to be so impulsive. Besides, the change was really good for her. Didn't someone say once that a wise man changes his mind, a fool never does? Well, Agatha Haycox was wise. She was always changing her mind. She was becoming educated!

Editing the High-School Paper

Being of a rather fiery temperament, I was constantly being called on the carpet by some caustic remark I had put in the paper. I think I shall never forget the time I criticized the school basketball team after they had lost in the city semi-finals. The team coach was "out for gore," and when he finally caught me he dressed me down for one solid hour before the assembled study body. (The next issue I devoted a seven hundred word theme to the inadequacy of the school coaches; and the day the issue went on sale I went home to spend a two-week Christmas vacation out of the reach of homicidal maniacs and basketball coaches.) Another time I wrote an article telling that a certain teacher was going to spend the summer traveling, when in reality she was trying to assemble a summer school class. This last episode was rather awful; I was nearly dropped from the staff.

But these incidents, I think, did me more good than harm. I acquired a thick enough skin to take stoically any and all criticism, and I learned the necessity of accuracy in print. I found that where I was right, as in the case of the basketball coach, and in a rather caustic analysis of a certain B. M. O. C., there were no reverberations from the main office. But where I was wrong, as in a thoroughly inaccurate criticism of the book-supply system and the aforementioned summer story, the punishment was swift and sure.—JOSEPH W. GALEHER

Lesson in Self-confidence

ROBERT WATERS

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1936-1937

I JOINED the ranks of the employed immediately after graduation from high school. All my life I had been hearing glowing tales of the steel mill. Now at last I was to become a part of America's most romantic industry. I got the job by means of the well known "drag" method. Dad, having worked in the mill some twenty years or more, had no trouble getting me in.

After an extensive training period, I was placed in a blooming mill, or what is commonly referred to as a rolling mill. Here in one or two minutes ponderous rolls reduce steel ingots to bars having a cross section of only a few inches. My job was to be sure the ingots were heated hot enough to facilitate easy and rapid rolling. When a heat was to be rolled, I would have to check the temperature of the steel before it was drawn from the pits. Eight or nine ingots generally constitute a heat, and the brick lined furnaces are called pits. I had very little to do with the rolling of steel. Most of my efforts were concentrated on heating it before it was rolled. However, to work my job successfully I had to have a general knowledge of the entire mill, rolling included.

It seems the natural thing for old timers to treat new hands roughly. The pit heater with whom I had to work was a classic example of a bear. He was positively the largest boned Swede I have ever seen. I felt like a dwarf whenever I stood beside him. His hands were like hams, and he walked with a slow deliberate stride that suggested a wealth of power and strength in his huge body. He was appropriately named Big Ed. No-

body trifled with Big Ed's humor. He heated his pits the way he wanted to. Woe be to the man who dared criticize! One of the favorite stories about him relates how he chased the mill superintendent out of the mill with a crowbar when the superintendent told him he was using too much gas.

When I was introduced to Big Ed, he glowered from beneath his thick shaggy eyebrows and snorted contemptuously. He made no friendly gesture of any kind, he just turned on his heel and stalked away. Big Ed, I thought, was the sourest, most ill-tempered individual I'd ever had the misfortune to meet. Time, however, proved me a poor judge of character. Ed gradually lost his hostile attitude and he and I became good friends. He never showed to the outside world his friendly actions; that would ruin the illusion the steel workers held concerning him. Ed had to be tough. The only way to get anyone to do anything around the mill is to swear and holler until it is done. Working man's "French" is the only understandable language. If Ed asked someone to do something in his quaint way, and the poor individual neglected to do it, Ed would curl his hair with a burst of profanity. He meant no insult, of course; it was just his way of expressing displeasure.

The responsibility of my job worried me a great deal. I felt uneasy and uncertain after every decision I made. Not having confidence in myself was my worst fault, and later on it proved to be my undoing.

Stainless steel is to the steel manu-

facturer what gold is to the goldsmith. More precautions are taken in the making of this expensive steel than in any other phase of the industry. Just at the time I was placed in the mill, extensive research was being carried out concerning the rolling practice of "25-12," an alloy high in nickel and chromium. The high percentage of chromium in this steel made it extremely hard and expensive to make. The conditions for processing had to be just right. We pyrometer men, named so because of the instrument we used, hated the stuff. We had to check the temperature of this steel every hour while it was in the pits. The whole responsibility of heating rested on our shoulders. If we found the heater was heating the steel too fast, it was up to us to make him cut down. As a general rule the heaters acted surly when told to slow down, and at such times I appreciated Ed's friendship.

I was working the night turn when I got my first dose of stainless steel. The steel came to the mill accompanied with special instructions for me. Underlined in red pencil was the very important fact that the steel was not to be rolled until it reached a certain temperature. That red line scared me to death. I imagined all sorts of dire things that would happen to me if the steel was rolled at the wrong temperature.

As the time drew near to roll the steel, I was a nervous wreck. Everything had gone wrong. The heater complained of bad gas. The foreman kept nagging me, bouncing in every few minutes demanding to know if the heating was progressing all right. The arrival of mill officials added to my consternation. They always seemed to stick their noses in at the wrong moment. The plant superintendent asked me if the steel was ready.

I mumbled something about not being sure and grabbed my pyrometer and dashed out for a last minute check. Ed was anxious to get the steel out of the pits. He tried to keep me from reading it by assuring me in his most sincere manner that it was all right. This alone should have warned me that the steel probably was not hot enough. I insisted upon reading the temperature and he grudgingly opened the pit door. I took a quick reading and moaned aloud. "Too low, too low. You can't let them roll this, Ed," I said. "It will crack to pieces. It's too cold." Ed immediately lost his temper and started to shout at the top of his voice. The officials overheard the commotion and came over to see what was causing the delay. The vainness and stupidity of these stiff shirts angered me beyond words. Why wasn't the steel hot? Did we know what we were doing? What in hell were we paid for? They kept pounding at Ed and myself with these foolish queries until Ed silenced them with a bull like roar. "Get the hell out of here, you !* !* !** before I break this bar over the back of your thick skulls." The men scurried away like rats from a cat. They stood away at a safe distance and jabbered and gesticulated among themselves like a pack of excited sparrows. They made no threatening motions you can be sure. To do so they knew would bring down the full power of Ed's fury. I would have thought it funny if Ed had confined his anger to these men. But no, he told me I was crazy. "The steel's all right," he boomed. "Do I have to wait all night while this damned kid makes up his mind?"

I read that pit a hundred times if I read it once. Ed heaped a torrent of abuse on me after every reading that

indicated his steel was not hot enough. Finally I could stand no more. I threw up my hands in despair and told him to go ahead and let them roll it. Instantly I regretted what I had done. I *knew* that steel was not ready to roll.

At Ed's sign the machinery of the mill swung into motion. The giant crane moved slowly towards the pit. The pit cover rolled smoothly back. Great tongues of yellow flame billowed up to the roof, illuminating the mill with a weird light. The jaws of the crane firmly grasped an ingot and drew it majestically from the pit. I scanned the glowing steel eagerly, looking for cold spots. To my dismay I saw several dark areas near the bottom of the ingot. "Cold bottoms," I groaned. A bad sign. Cold bottom meant an uneven heat which inevitably resulted in poor rolling. It was too late to stop the rolling now. It wouldn't have done any good to have tried. The officials gathered around the rolls to watch. Nothing would escape their eyes. I had a sinking sensation in my stomach as I watched the ingot move slowly towards the rolls. The steel hit the rolls with a jarring thud. Relentlessly the ingot was squeezed through with crushing force. The first few passes went all right without mishap. The ingot was now longer. It had been reduced to a bloom eleven inches wide and twelve feet long. The crucial moment had arrived. Unless the steel was hot enough it could not be reduced any farther without cracking to pieces. The roller flipped the controls and the bloom moved once more towards the rolls. The bar was halfway through when a crash that jarred my back teeth resounded through the mill. Along with this came a

rending tearing shriek that announced the ripping of steel from steel. My heart was in my mouth as I ran wildly to the rolls. The roller shut down the mill and came tearing down out of the control room like a man possessed. "If you have cracked my rolls with your cold steel, I'll have all your jobs," he roared to nobody in particular. The once symmetrical steel bar was now a broken crushed shapeless mass. Stainless, because of its composition, flies to pieces if it is rolled too cold. The bar was wrecked beyond redemption. In addition to this, the rolls were cracked, just as the roller feared. This is what caused the first terrible crash. Cracked rolls meant shutting down for eight hours and a loss of about ten thousand dollars to the company.

The resulting confusion is only vague in my mind. I slunk back to my office. I couldn't think of anything but that it was my fault. If I had only insisted on letting the steel heat for another hour.

A few days later a report of the accident was circulated around the plant. It was with great relief that I read that report. The accident was blamed on the mill as a whole. General lack of cooperation between employees was the chief cause listed. We all received minor deductions from our pay checks. I considered myself lucky in view of the fact that if I had refused to allow them to roll the steel it never would have happened. Right then and there I resolved to use my best judgment in all things regardless of opinions of others. Ed learned his lesson too. He held my pyrometer in higher regard after that.

Ed and I made a great team from then on. You can be sure that no steel left the pits unless it was *hot*.

What's in a Title?

(Titles of themes submitted to the GREEN CALDRON, 1936-1937)

Advice

Leave Your Coffee Grounds	Don't Ever Marry a Waiter	Relax and Run
Make 'Em See It Your Way	Walk for Health	Laugh

Characters

Memories of an Old Bum	My Brother and I	Freshmen
Napoleon and Roosevelt	A Poet I Know	Smokers
The Romantic Drudge	Joe College	

Difficulties

My Difficulty with Grammar	A Freshman's Budget	My Pet Problems
My Struggle for Existence	Sleeping on a Train	This Is My Job
How I Learned to Dance	Working My Way	Girl Trouble

Evaluations

An Education Outside the Classroom	A Get-Rich-Quick Scheme
In Defense of a Sane Hell Week	An Example of Progress
We Fashionables	A Wasted Vacation

Exclamation

Yea, Verily!	Wise Guy!	Taxi!
Move Over!	Going Up!	

Food

Sophisticated Mudpies	Hard Tack	Stewed Tomatoes
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Moods

Life: or Forty-nine Days in a Rabbit Hutch	Well, That's That Disillusionment	Sweet Misery
Just Philosophizing	Rainy Weather	Spellbound
		Lonesome

Mystery

A Phantom World	In a Fog
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Pride

How I Learned to Dance	I Didn't Join the Navy	My Name Is Johnson
And So They Flunked Me	Reading Interests Me	An Original Idea

On—

On Being a Doctor's Daughter	On Theme Writing	On Dance Halls
On Starting a Model T Ford	On Family Traits	

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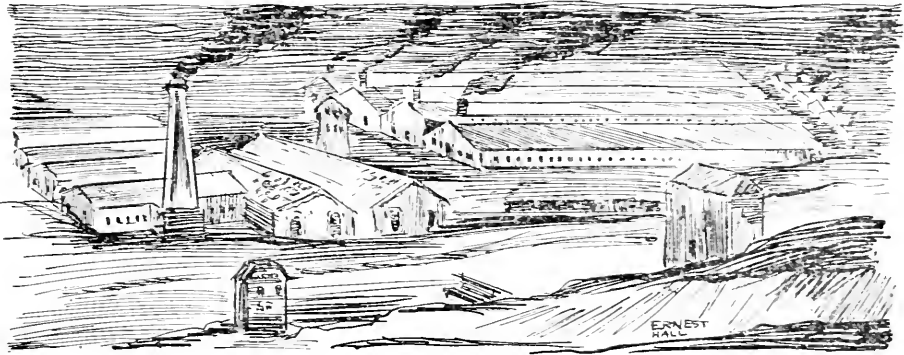
ALLEN ADAMS

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1937-1938

BACK in the eighties, when the steel industry existed as independent, unorganized, wildcat enterprises conceived by financial plungers to float huge issues of watered stock, technical methods of making steel were very inefficient and wasteful. A large percent of the ore was discarded because of poorly heated smelt-

and bare. Many men had been caught and ground to pulp in the heavy machinery, or had fallen into a ladle or an open hearth full of shimmering, glowing steel. Steel made in those days had a high content of human blood. Blood and Iron were truly partners.

This partnership, however, existed in



ers, while the steel that resulted from these reduction smelters was of poor quality and unable to stand any great stress or strain.

In those early days of American industry, the mills were long, dark, low-roofed buildings, painted slate gray and blackened by the sulfurous smoke that belched from many chimneys. The night saw the flares of the smelters reflected in green, brackish ponds that were laden with slag and acid residues. Inside the mills, the workers had no protection from the poisonous fumes that resulted from ore reduction. The huge furnaces and smelters were not furnished with railings, while machinery was also open

another way. Often the mill hands were bitter toward their employer, whom they held responsible for the high death rate and the low wages. The land of steel has run red many times from battles between workers and the Pinkerton detectives or Coal and Iron Police. Equipment was destroyed, plants were burned, and men on both sides were killed. Both camps committed horrible atrocities in those steel wars, atrocities not soon forgotten. None benefited from any of these affairs, and both sides were really injured, as the history of the Homestead strike bears out in graphic, merciless detail.

Let us now come down to the present day. Technical methods in almost every

field of the steel industry have advanced greatly from the processes of yesterday. A large variety of strong, firm, acid-resisting steels is turned out yearly with the help of practically no human lives. New alloys for special industrial and engineering uses come from the mills one after another. Our technical knowledge in steel is rapidly leading to great efficiency and perfection.

Then, too, the plants are long, tall buildings with huge windows and adequate artificial light. All machinery is fully protected; the furnaces, which were so dangerous, are now operated mechanically by a man who sits sixty feet away at a switchboard. Poisonous fumes no longer endanger the workers but are carried off and are treated chemically, as is the smoke. Mills are operated without frequent accidents. Blood and Iron have been separated in manufacturing.

The strikes, however, claim a few lives each year. During the last big steel strike, the C. I. O. had merely to threaten to call away the workers from the mills of the United States Steel Corporation, to get Melvin Traylor to invite Mr.

Lewis to lunch at an exclusive New York club. Then the basic negotiations were made for settling the differences between labor and capital in America's first billion dollar corporation. No strike was needed. Then when Little Steel came along and decided to make industrial America safe for Fascism, trouble came fast and furious. The green-eyed monster of strikes again raised its fearful head, but he had grown senile with the years. Some violence occurred, particularly in Chicago, but it was mild in comparison with the riots at Homestead. The strike was finally settled, with Little Steel's profit dipping ninety per cent and United States Steel rolling up a sixty-seven million dollar net profit for the first six months. A few lives were lost, but the old-time massacres were avoided.

I have briefly traced a metamorphosis in an industry. As technical methods and working conditions have been improved and higher wages paid, less violence and strike deaths have occurred. Men in both of the two opposing camps are happier than before. Blood and Iron have been divorced.

Baling Hay

Resuming my duty was painful. My muscles, unaccustomed to such strenuous work, had stiffened during the noon hour, and every movement I made was an effort. The work was monotonous. First I would look for a likely spot where the hay appeared loose. Then I would stick my fork, take a firm grasp on the smooth, hard handle of the fork, spread my legs to give myself a good foundation, throw my weight backward to over-balance the resistance of the hay, and hope that the hay would yield. After the hay tore loose (if it did), I would carry the forkful over to the edge of the mow and drop it into the mouth of the rhythmically gulping baler. I stopped once to watch the machine in action. Each time the driving wheels made a revolution, the arm which pushed the hay into the compressing chamber was retracted just in time to evade a terrific blow which the plunger delivered to the hay in the chamber. It reminded me of a cow lazily chewing her cud, only this thing had to be fed. The foreman's cry of "block 'er" (meaning a block of wood should be inserted into the chamber to separate the bales) brought me out of my daze, and I trudged back across the mow to find another forkful of hay which I could dislodge with the least effort.—CHARLES L. NORTON

1914—1937

REGINA EBERLE

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1936-1937

IF the newspapers and periodicals of 1937 were published without any date, anyone with a knowledge of the sort of things published in 1914 would be justified in believing he was reading a newspaper or magazine of that fateful year. The situations in which the nations of the world have now entangled themselves and those that resulted in the World War are practically identical. The same atmosphere of sharp, unrelenting vigilance, the same feverish excitement hang like a pall over the capitols of the world. Everywhere there is suspicion; everywhere there is watchful waiting.

Today we are experiencing a long awaited splurge of prosperity. Industry is picking up. Prices are rising and the stock market is booming. The prices of wheat and metals are soaring. Thoughtful men recall another time wheat and metals brought record prices—it was in 1914. They know that a rise in the price of metals is an almost infallible harbinger of war. Since 1776 inflation has always preceded a war, and today we find ourselves in the midst of America's fifth great inflationary movement.

A rise in the price of steel and an arms race go hand in hand. Every nation in the world is participating in an unprecedented race to accumulate huge stores of munitions. The budget of every nation is being expanded to the breaking point to allow for the purchase of more instruments of war. Staggering sums are being expended for the latest and most modern machines of death. In 1914 every nation was more heavily armed than at any

other period in history. Today the armaments accumulated by the world powers are double what they were in 1914. And these nations are by no means satisfied. They do not intend to be outraced by their neighbors.

The most peculiar thing about the whole procedure is that all nations solemnly deny that they are preparing for war. They are merely bolstering up their lines of defense. They are merely being "prepared." I say that it is peculiar because one would think that statesmen, after they have used the same "line" so many times before, would adopt another method of camouflaging their true purposes.

In 1914 the public was informed about the efforts that were being made by many nations to make themselves self-sufficient—independent of imports from outside sources. Today we know that the same program is being followed. Germany is the country that comes to mind first because her efforts towards conservation of food products and materials that could be utilized in the manufacture of war implements are so concentrated.

One of the most startling aspects of this similarity between 1914 and 1937 is the unchanged attitude of the nations of the world toward each other. The relations between nations are quite as strained in 1937 as they were in 1914, and their distrust of one another has been prompted by practically the same reasons as before. I quote a passage from the *Literary Digest* of September, 1914: "The real roots of the conflict are

to be found in France's irreconcilable attitude over the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, in German's imperial aspirations, in England's desire to remain commercially and industrially supreme, and in Russia's hostility towards Austria's influence and aspirations in the Balkans." If war should be declared tomorrow, this same passage could be reprinted, with perhaps a few additions. The French are still obsessed with their hatred for Germany. Germany is getting out of hand because of her anxiety to recover her colonies. Russia is alarmed because Germany has been casting an avaricious eye toward the Ukraine, which has the ample oil supply that Germany needs but lacks. To Italy, the thought of Germany invading Brenner Pass is a nightmare. Nor could Italy afford a Sovietized France and perhaps a Sovietized Spain for neighbors. Japan is very definitely pro-German. England presents a real problem when it comes to forecasting with which side she would ally herself. For the fight would again be between Germany and her allies and France and her allies. Popular feeling, curiously enough, is definitely pro-German and anti-French. But the powerful political influences in England would probably succeed in aligning England with France as in 1914. And America, who in 1914 was educated to hate anything German, in 1937 is being educated to hate everything that is "Fascist." Propaganda has proved a powerful and invaluable weapon in producing the desired American attitude toward the Hitler and Mussolini regimes. The figures of these two gentlemen decorate the cartoon of 1937, occupying the place of honor reserved in 1914 for the Kaiser.

In the *Review of Reviews* for January, 1914, the first fourteen articles were devoted to various suggestions for a more adequate defense program. They

all chided us on our lack of "preparedness." Today, the American people are again the victims of a vigorous, pointed barrage of propaganda in which our attention is directed toward the ease with which this country could be attacked. We know now that certain factions knew long beforehand that the United States was going to enter the war. We know that all the talk about being "prepared" was merely a blind behind which our war machine could be set in action. I quote a paragraph from the *Review of Reviews* for March, 1914, (mark that the war wasn't declared until August, 1914) that seems to be significant. It discusses a "plan for the establishment of a summer camp where military instruction and training are given to young men of the higher education institutions." It goes on to say that "the object of these camps is to afford educated young men the opportunity to spend a portion of their vacation in a profitable and novel manner. They can mingle and become acquainted with the students of other colleges and institutions, learn something from them, and secure a wider range of vision generally. They receive inestimable physical benefits from a life in the open and sleeping in tents in a healthful climate. They will acquire increased business efficiency, learn self-control and accustom themselves to a discipline that is conceded to be a good thing for every youth just entering manhood. . . . These camps are not to inculcate ideas of military aggrandizement, but to encourage methods of preventing war by more thorough preparation and equipment." The last sentence is the key to the purpose of the plan.

Surely we are not going to be fooled again by the same type of propaganda that led us into the horrible holocaust of 1914. We must not be blinded by it, but

we must probe into it and discover its true purpose. We must realize that "preparedness" will not prevent war but merely precipitate war. We didn't gain anything from the World War. We can prevent the repetition of such a futile orgy of destruction if we will but realize where the policies of the governments of the world are leading us. It is not yet too late.

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Figures of Speech

Ferry

The ferry is an insignificant, patient water-bug, pushing off with a groan from one side of the narrow river, coasting in with a bang at the other. Then it scuttles backward—it really doesn't have bow or stern, though—to the American side.

—JOHN PADDOCK

Sergeant

He turns red in the face and puffs up like a stuffed toad.—N. E. VAN FUSSAN

Dickens and Belloc

I do not mean that "*On*" should be compared with books by such authors as, say, Dickens, or even Lewis or Dreiser, any more than meat should be compared with dessert. Where Dickens supplies beef, solid, substantial, and filling, Belloc supplies cake, light, spicy, and frosted.—PHILIP BREWER

Golf Ball

The gleaming number six iron, after a moment's hesitation at the top of its upward swing, started its downward sweep. Faster and faster the head came down. With a rubbery smack that would thrill any golf enthusiast, the ball was driven cleanly off the tee. The small white pellet rose like a frightened humming bird.

—FORREST H. MADES

Brother and Sister

One brother was undeniably elephantine; when he walked he rippled, and I had the impression that should he sit down suddenly, he'd splash. He had a good-looking daughter, but she gazed at me in a calm and detached manner as if I were a train she didn't have to catch.—WILLIS BALLANCE

Dizzy Dean

The long right arm of Dizzy Dean rose slowly in a half arc and then shot out like a striking snake. The ball, a small white blur, sped with incredible swiftness toward the plate. The batter swung viciously, but instead of the sharp crack of wood meeting leather, there was only a dull thud as the ball sank into the catcher's mitt.—CARL PHIL

Coed

Trying to persuade a girl to return to a "spinster factory" after she has tasted coed life is like persuading a kitten to return to milk after she has tasted catnip.

—DOUGLAS MORSE

Slum Cycle

B. E. GORDON

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1936-1937

A SEARING pain, like a white-hot iron thrust into his back, passed through him. He plunged forward into a sea of blackness; suddenly it parted.

"Arthur, mein boy, get up. Already it's six o'clock." Hot anger surged through him; anger at this nagging voice which disturbed his sleep.

"Get outta here," he mumbled, pulling the blanket more tightly around. But, the voice would not be shaken off.

"If you come late again, the boss will take another hour off from your pay." She spoke wearily, with a heavy Yiddish accent.

"Okay, okay, I'm up," and with that he lethargically rose and began to dress. His mother, knowing from years of experience when it was safe to leave, waited until he had put on his shoes before she returned to the kitchen. Arthur, now fully dressed, paused before the yellowed sink in the corner of the room, shrugged his shoulders, and walked out into the kitchen, unwashed.

His mother was bending over a battered pot, from which came the sweet, rich odor of boiling oatmeal. The dingy kitchen seemed bare, occupied as it was by a sink, a tiny stove, a table, and two chairs. The rough wooden floor was a menace to bare feet. Yet, the room was kept surprisingly clean, for Mrs. Cohen took pride in her only worldly possessions. On the table lay a brown package, his lunch. Without a word he picked it up and turned to leave. His mother suddenly hearing him, turned, and seeing that he was about to leave, asked anxiously:

"Ain't you eating the oatmeal what I made?"

"Naw," he said irritably, "I ain't hungry."

"But look, it's nice and fresh. Please."

"Aw, eat it yerself," he snapped, and hurried out the door. She stared after him, sighed hopelessly, and returned to her work.

The morning was grey and dismal, the high tenement houses effectively blocking the first rays of a rising sun. Arthur noticed nothing of this; his mind had not yet awakened. He hurried down to the subway entrance, paid his nickel, and managed to slip through the closing doors of a downtown express. Throwing a quick glance around, he saw that all the seats were filled. He sighed, thinking of the long ride. Gripping a strap, he settled down to his usual day-dreaming. Now he was a hero; now a philanthropist; now a financial magnate. Because he had little in the real world, he had given himself over to the fanciful world so wholeheartedly that, to his mind, there was no line of demarcation between the two. Thus his imagined conquests had become real, and he turned vain. A most unprepossessing sight is a tall, thin, pimply-faced youth who is vain.

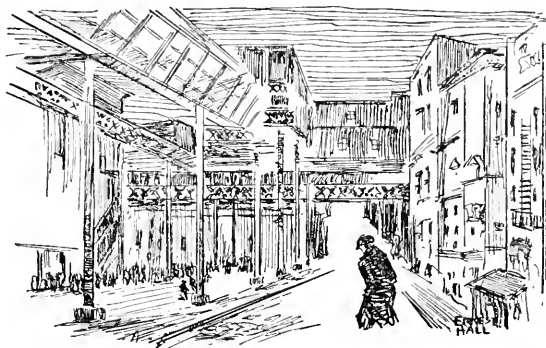
With a start, he heard the name of his station called. Springing toward the door, he hustled out with the leaving crowd. He arrived at the mill in a few minutes, and ascended in the lethargic elevator. Hurrying into the huge loft where lay great stacks of freshly cut lumber, he tossed his cap onto a nail, took up a broom, and began to sweep.

Here in this other world, he was the lowest of the low. His job was to help all; to do everyone's bidding; to make obeisance before one and all. And, by that token, one and all bullied, browbeat, and cursed him savagely. For they vented upon him all the anger and fury they felt toward their employer, who bullied, browbeat, and cursed them just as savagely. Arthur, on the other hand, was at the end of the line. He had only one upon whom to vent his pent-up hate—his mother.

Freddie, also a helper in the shop, was

men discussed the two things of which they were aware—work and women. They were essentially physical beings; all that was abstract or tenuous was outside of their realm. Only that which made an impression on any of their five senses aroused in them any semblance of thought.

He eagerly did the men's bidding, bringing them water, a newspaper, or anything else they wanted. They represented his goal. Imagine! Some day *he* might become a machine worker or a carpenter. Some day he would have



working at the other end of the loft. Perceiving Arthur he called loudly:

"Hey, Arthur, come over here. I got some woik for yuh."

"Aw, I'm doin' somep'n over here," replied Arthur weakly.

"Come over here, you —" mouthed Freddie foully. Still protesting, Arthur went. His weak will had been further weakened by Freddie's bludgeoning fists in the first month of his employment. The morning dragged. Finally, the hoarse whistle announced lunch. Arthur was the first to quit for lunch, and the first to begin eating. He seated himself by the older men, trying to join in their spirit of comradeship. This gathering was the social hour of the day, and the

inferiors to browbeat, to curse, and to vilify. He swelled at the thought. Like the men, he, too, was purely physical, but unlike them, he was forced to compensate for his low status by developing a perverted imagination, one which was based only on desire. The men talked. Arthur hung on to their words, devouring every detail, yearning to be as nonchalantly experienced as they.

Lunch over, they returned to work. Arthur was put to a back-breaking job, hauling 150 pound beams from one end of the loft to the other. He stole rests whenever he could but they were few and far between. Promptly at 5:30 he dropped his work, grabbed his cap, and hurried out of the shop, eager to attack

the hot, tasty meal which he knew was ready for him. Springing into the opening door of the subway, he managed to slip ahead of an elderly woman into the last vacant seat. Ignoring the disgusted glance of the woman, he sank again into his self-induced stupor, rousing only when a pair of pretty ankles or a shapely figure crossed his line of vision. The ride, like all others, was uneventful.

He walked rapidly, urged as by the clamourings of an empty stomach. Bursting into the flat, he ignored his mother's greetings, and sat down to the steaming stew. His mother busied herself, tending to his every want, feeling acutely the fatigue which she knew her son felt. Engrossed only in his meal, he ate hurriedly, loudly, and gluttonously. Stomach full, he leaned back with a sigh more like a gasp. His mother beamed happily, overjoyed to see that, for once, he had found no fault with her cooking. Sitting sluggishly at the table, conscious only of the unpleasant sensation which comes from overeating he waited for the food to settle. Mrs. Cohen busied herself silently. She knew better than to speak to her son when he sat thus. She would be greeted only with a vicious snarl.

He sat, staring vacantly ahead, thinking nothing. After a while, he roused himself, arose slowly, took his cap, and turned to leave. Mrs. Cohen confronted him timidly.

"Arthur?"

"Yeah?" he snapped impatiently.

"Maybe you feel like staying home to-night?"

"Jees, no. I'm gonna meet the fellers."

"Well, I was thinking, if you didn't have nothing to do, you could stay with me to-night. It gets a little lonely here, sometimes." She spoke hesitatingly, afraid to offend, yet urged on by the fear

of the intense loneliness she often experienced. Hot anger surged through him; to think that she had the presumption to ask him to give up the little spare time he had.

"Fer God's sake," he yelled wrathfully. "I woik like a dog all day, and now you wanna make me stay home. Ain't it enough that I keep the place going? Next thing I bet you'll be askin' me to help you with the housewoik." Mrs. Cohen cringed beneath his fiery wrath.

"I didn't mean nothing," she said apologetically. "I just thought you didn't have nothing else to do."

"Well, I got something else to do," he spat, and slammed the door.

She stared after him, tears filling her eyes. She quickly wiped them away. After all, he did work very hard, poor boy. Other boys went to school, had nice, almost new clothes to wear, played after school, and lived in big four- and five-room houses. She musn't be so selfish; a boy is young only once. Still, it did get so lonely.

Arthur slouched down to the corner where a few of the boys of the neighborhood had gathered. Even here, among his own kind, he was looked down upon. He had that unfathomable air about him which branded him as inferior. His very bearing invited contempt and ridicule, and he certainly got it. The gang's pastime was rather limited, consisting as it did of talk and petty thievery. They talked mainly about their sex experiences, magnifying every detail, pretending to listen casually, yet straining all the while not to miss a word. Arthur contributed his share, based only on what he had picked up down at the shop. He was an unwilling virgin.

After standing around for an hour or two throwing catcalls and jeers after

giggling girls, they decided to visit the Five and Ten, the chief object of their petty thievery. They strolled down Madison Avenue in a group, yelling loudly, coarsely, and obscenely. They felt aggressive, bolstered as they were by their aggregate presence.

Entering the teeming store in two's and three's to avoid any suspicion, they wandered about looking for anything to steal. They were outwardly calm, inwardly tense, keyed up to such a pitch that every move on the part of the salesclerks was interpreted as suspicious. Arthur's senses were on edge; the slightest untoward sound would send him dashing wildly out the door. He struggled to keep his face calm against the tumultuous pounding of his heart. Stopping by the hardware counter, he quickly looked around and, with a swift movement, pocketed a flashlight.

"There he is," rang out the floorwalker's voice. Instantly the entire gang, spread out as they were through the whole store, bolted for the exit. They dashed out the door and fled, blind, overwhelming fear lending wings to their feet. The floorwalker, long tormented by these raids, pursued.

"Stop, you ——," he cursed. The officer on the beat, taking the scene in at a glance, immediately took up the chase. Fat, ungainly, knowing that he would be hopelessly out-distanced, he drew his pistol and fired into the air, yelling, "Stop! you damn kids." They ran faster and harder. Lumbering after them he again pointed the pistol at the sky.

Just then he tripped off the curb and lunged forward pulling the trigger. The gun was not pointed at the sky, but straight ahead. There was a sharp, barking report. Arthur stumbled. A searing pain, like a white, hot iron thrust into his back, passed through him. He plunged forward into a sea of blackness; it did not part

The white-jacketed interne straightened, looked at the nurses and said succinctly, "Shattered vertebrae, internal hemorrhage; didn't last more than five minutes. Notify his home." The nurses nodded and wheeled out this load of clay.

Days later, the workmen at the shop sat discussing Arthur's death.

"Too bad! He was a swell guy; always ready to help anyone out of a jam; always ready to stand up for his rights."

"Yeah, I'll bet he'd 'uve gone a long way."

His friends, no longer meeting at the corner, spoke in lowered tones.

"A right guy if there ever was one."

"You betcha. Lotsa' spunk; he sure could stand up and take it."

"Jees. I'll miss that guy."

An elderly Jewish woman sat on the stoop of a begrimed tenement house. Clad only in a faded blue kimona and torn house-slippers, she stared vacantly, mumbling constantly, "He is a good boy, mein Arthur. He woiks very hard. He is a good boy, a good boy, a good boy"

Apology

THE GREEN CALDRON regrets publishing, in the October, 1937, issue, a paragraph and a sentence from "Joe Louis Never Smiles" by Jonathan Mitchell (*The New Republic*, October 9, 1935). Our apologies have been sent to the author and to the editors of *The New Republic*.

Rhet. as Writ.

In our daily newspapers we read of a most dastardly criminal, the hit and run driver. It may be a small child who is on its way to school, or it may be an elderly person who is out for his or her exercise.

There was a spacious cool verenda with coliders, lawn chairs, and cossacks.

If this is kept up, the human race will soon be wiped out—due to speed-fiends, drunkards, and carless drivers in general.

The characteristics of Grandfather Johnson were found in his posteriors also.

The land from the far north to the far south is webbed with the trails of man's expositions. The oceans have been racked with his vessels and submarines. It seemed that new lands, new places, and new worlds to conquer had finally come to the end of its rope. But man forgot to look up and see what this rope of exploration was hanging from. One fine day a man realized this and when he looked up, he found stratosphere.

We had a great deal of trouble running a grove of hogs into the truck.

His maximum was that the customer is right.

That is the question, whether to go into the mountains or just some lake.

No opportunity is going to be allowed to pass me by unscathed.

My two cousins would tell tales that made me stand gapping.

And so a man with a college education is more desirous than a man who has not had a college education.

Here is where the trouble began; because of the water being deeper than my head, I naturally went under.

This distraction takes her eyes off of the direction of the car and may probably lead to an accident in which the occupants of the car may get seriously or probably killed.

While tying his tie in front of a mirror, he notices that his "chest" has slipped and will draw in his stomach and try to walk like that. After a time he has completely forgotten about it and down comes his "chest."

If he buys a new tie, suit, or any other article of clothing he invariably asks the following question: "Are you certain that you like my new suspenders? Do you think I would look better in purple or red socks."

To be able to trot comfortably a horseman has to know how to post. The rider allows himself to be lifted upward by one hind leg and sits down again in time to be lifted upward again by the same leg.

At a state university the possibilities of social life are unlimited in spite of restrictions.

Honorable Mention

Lack of space prevents the publishing of excellent themes written by the following students. These themes are being held in the hope that they may be published, in part or in entirety, in future issues.

SISTER IDA MARIE ADAMS	CEDRIC KING
CHARLOTTE CONRAD	ESPAR LAW
MIRIAM CRABTREE	CRAIG LEWIS
LOUISE DEUTCH	NORTON MENDELBAUM
GEORGE E. EVANS	HARRISON B. RUEHE
SISTER MARY HENRY FREY	PATRICIA SHESLER
PAUL R. JOHNSON	

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The English Readings

Each year the Department of English sponsors a series of readings from literature. The program for the rest of the semester follows:

DECEMBER 14.—America's Most Popular Play: *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Mr. WESLEY SWANSON.

JANUARY 11.—*Modern Metrical Rhythms*. Professor W. M. PARRISH.

The readings will be held at 228 Natural History Building (at the corner of Green and Mathews), and will begin at 7:15 p. m.



THE GREEN CALDRON

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No. 3

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff of the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes Dr. Robert Blair, Mr. Gibbon Butler, Mr. E. G. Ballard, Dr. Carolyn Washburn, and Dr. R. E. Haswell, Chairman.

THE GREEN CALDRON is for sale in the Information Office, Administration Building, Urbana, Illinois. The price is fifteen cents a copy.

And So They Flunked

MARJORIE HELEN PALFREY

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1936-1937

APPROXIMATELY 2,800 of the 12,000 students of the University of Illinois failed during the first semester of the 1936-1937 term. This is the report of the newspaper; but even if this report is not wholly true, it must be admitted that a great number of students fail every year in every college institution. This unpleasant situation can be accredited to several factors. A student may be mentally incapable of doing passing work, or he may not have the ability to adapt himself effectively to a college environment. Strangely enough, a large number of students are determined *not* to be educated. Under such circumstances, how is a college to keep a high scholastic standard without getting rid of these unfortunates.

The actual lack of mental capacity appears in a few students. Because there is the feeling of "keeping up with the Joneses," even in education, Archibald Percival, Jr. is sent to college. He has inherited his inability to learn from his social-climbing mother, who insists that he go to the same college as Billy Van Devere. Junior probably had a great struggle to graduate from high school, and he is quite sure to fail in college unless he exerts an extreme amount of energy—but this he probably will not be willing to do. In some families, going to college is a tradition, and every branch of such families strives to keep up the custom no matter how hopeless the new twig may be. Sometimes, a family name will keep a student from getting on the flunking list during his first year of col-

lege if the school is small enough and if the student's family name is prominent enough, but the probability is slight.

Other students have a fine learning capacity, but do not have the ability to adapt themselves to new surroundings and to organize their studies. Often high schools are at fault in this kind of failure. Most high schools give a student enough information to pass college entrance examinations, but few teach their charges how to get along in college. Academic pedagogues do not realize that the prospective college student must learn to study before he gets to college. The student, upon entering college, finds not only a great deal of studying to do but also a large number of attractive outside activities to enter. Trouble begins if the new student does not know how to budget his time; he must allot certain amounts of time for studying, recreation, outside work, and sleep. A rigid schedule including these items should be set up and kept until the student has acquired the habit of automatically organizing his time—that is, if the student wants to succeed.

But it is often doubtful whether the collegian *wants* to succeed scholastically or socially while attending school. Mary Jones may be homesick and think that flunking out is the easiest means of getting back to her family—it is probably the quickest way in most colleges. Some students have the "dare-you-to-teach-me" attitude. These students usually refuse to look at a text book, give the instructor supposedly clever remarks for answers

in discussion, and fall asleep in lecture. When exams come, such students make a grand exodus out of a prominent door ten minutes after the printed question sheets are distributed. Some of these students go astray during the semester and somehow acquire enough interest in a course to desire some credit. Then the light bill soars and the neighborhood drug and soda store is relieved of a large supply of black coffee and anti-sleep pills the night before the final exam. Our own University seems to have an actual class-cutting group, some of whose members prefer indulging in a coke-and-smoke at Hanley's at ten o'clock rather than attending History 3a or English 10b, while others permit Morpheus or

Venus to interfere with their study routine any night of the week.

Of course, there are a few students who have the misfortune of flunking out for legitimate reasons such as having to devote too much time to earning money while going to school and not being able to save time for studying, too. Or sickness may put one so far behind the rest of the class that he is unable to catch up before exams. The fact that only 600 of the 2,800 who failed at Illinois petitioned to be re-instated proves that many students either don't care to have a college education, that they realize their inability and inefficiency, or that they feel there are wider worlds to conquer elsewhere.

America Isn't Always Right

I, like all true Americans, have always believed that everything that the United States has done was absolutely necessary and endowed with God's blessing. From early childhood I have always felt perfectly confident that America did not have the same weaknesses and blunderings as other countries. As I looked back on the history of the United States, I saw the Revolutionary War as a glorious struggle for freedom from a beastly and unbearable autocrat; a god-sent inspiration to all Americans to give their lives on the altar of freedom. The Mexican War was a heaven-sent order to go out and free suppressed peoples from the Mexican rule. The Civil War represented a determined attempt of religious and righteous northerners to punish the cruel southerners for enslaving negroes. And the World War was a declaration of mercy toward other countries who were not so fortunate as ourselves in being able to live in peace and plenty, unmolested by aggressor nations. All through grade school this doctrine of "America can do no wrong" was impressed upon me.

But now I can see the bitter truth. We would be the same as any nation if it were not for our isolation and plentiful resources. We have fought to gain territory and hinder other nations the same as European countries. The Revolution was no glorious battle for freedom. The colonists revolted because they refused to be taxed and have their incomes decreased. George Washington was a great man, but he was not the "God" that I always thought he was. His lands and possessions were being taxed and taken away the same as others, and he fought to escape these evils, not because he got an inspiration to be the "father of our country." The Mexican War was an invasion of Mexico just like Japan's invasion of China today. If Mexico had been a larger country and more closely connected with European powers, the war would have started a controversy among all nations. The war to bind the nation into a stronger union was, of course, necessary, but the cry of "free the slaves" was only a justification of it. The northerners would have used slaves if they had been as profitable as they were in the South. I will say little of the World War as everyone knows that if it were not for the monied interests in foreign nations, we would never have been forced into it. It was instigated by capitalists.—GENE SCHELP

A Letter

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1937-1938

DEAR JOE,

You and I have been told that University studies are difficult, that living conditions are bad, that luxuries are absent, that the days are long and full, that there is no scenery, that the town is dead, and that there are drunkards staggering around, bleating about the labors of study and the curse of education. We have heard rumors about the wild night life, the immorality, the absence of religion, the flowing of liquor, the crazy mobs of students that tear up the town on nights before football games, and much other poppycock not worth remembering. People that scatter such cheap talk are sea-anchors on the ship of progress.

Studies here are easier than those encountered in grade and high school for these four reasons: after our initiation into the mysteries of knowledge, our curiosity has been aroused, and we enjoy delving deeper; we have learned, or should have learned, how to work and think; our minds are approaching maturity, and we are able to grasp more; and we are better able to see relations between branches of human thought and endeavour. Most of the students, if they really bent down to the beautiful truth, would admit that learning is not so difficult. In fact, to a human being, learning is the principal and the easiest of all his adventures.

Study rooms here are typical of students. Rooms could be put into four general classes: they are clean and orderly, clean and disorderly, dirty and dis-

orderly, and simply uninhabitable. There are characteristics common to all types: the customary college insignia are placed on the walls; banners, pictures of pretty girls cut from magazines, city maps, calendars, remnants of mistletoe and bittersweet, schedules, fake licenses, tie racks, and prize candid camera shots adorn the humble plaster; corners and other convenient crannies may hide such articles as tennis rackets, paddles, and dilapidated portable typewriters. Drying on the radiators (articles vary with the individual) may be seen half-washed handkerchiefs and socks, towels, washcloths, or a baggy-looking shirt or two. There is usually a miniature delicatessen in a box on the closet shelf. Of course I haven't been in any of the girls' rooms, but I imagine that they are about the same. There are, undoubtedly, dainty articles draped on the furniture; drawers full of letters from old and new, and more or less imaginary, boy friends; pictures of Clark Gable and Robert Taylor tacked on the walls; and faint odors of powder, perfume, bath salts, hair set, soap, and other agents of chemical warfare floating around the room.

I am living with twenty-two other fellows in an unorganized house. We all sleep in single beds on the third floor, or to be exact, in the attic. Every one, of course, must have his own clock; making necessary twenty-three alarm clocks in good working order. A word or two may be said about the sonorous, musical, rhythmic, harmonious, flowing, liquid, and otherwise effective sounds produced

by such a barrage of dollar-day chronometers. It is really quite a study to detect one's alarm from the others nearby. I have been fooled quite a few times into diving for my clock when my neighbor's went off. In time, however, I have become intimately acquainted with the particular tone of my alarm, and sleep until the last moment. It is indeed remarkable what quickness and deftness are displayed by some of the men in shutting off their alarms. It is certainly an art to be acquired. Some persons, however, insist on allowing their alarms to run completely down. These persons are regarded as common enemies to the community, and are dealt with accordingly.

As to the absence of luxuries, indeed! What a luxury the University Library would have been to a man like Lincoln! Down here the sun still shines, the moon still glows, the sky is still blue, plants still grow, breezes still blow, people still laugh, cakes still bake, and candy is handy! What more could anyone ask in the line of luxuries?

Days are anything but long and dull. It seems that the days only get a good start before finishing quickly. One goes to bed with the feeling that only half his work has been done. And interesting? One seldom sees the same persons twice!

There are new faces every hour. Nor are classes dull. Chemistry, for example. I have never realized that the atomic chart was such an absorbing discovery and development. Every student has the privilege and thrill of discovering its laws and principles all over again.

You and I both agree that there is as much scenery in a human face as in any inorganic pile of rock. There is more scenery here than one is able to grasp. It is new; it is varied; it is ever changing.

There are, naturally, a few alcoholics walking the streets; some meek and some violent. As the risks are great, the percentage of student drunkards is small. The average alcoholic student imbibes alcohol for sheer devilment at first and gradually gets into the habit. Some feel that the only way to have a good time is to go out on a "bender." When they come to, they are usually ashamed of themselves.

In summing up, I would say that college is very much like any other life in most respects. Its chief different characteristic is inquisitiveness with resulting acquisitiveness. Each day brings a new experience, a new friend, a different outlook, or a changed viewpoint.

I shall write again in the near future.

Yours sincerely,

School for Bachelors

A man is often said to regret that he was ever married after he has first seen his wife when she gets up in the morning. If this is true, I should think that all sorority house waiters would remain bachelors for the rest of their lives after seeing about forty sleepy-eyed girls at the breakfast table every morning for nine months of the year. The waiter sees them as God made them, except for the tin curlers in their hair, of course. He knows just how many freckles "Red" Miller has, that "Dotty" wears red pajamas, that the beautiful coloring on Marion's cheeks isn't natural as she claims, and that most of the girls smear their noses and cheeks with cold cream. How amusing it must be to him to see the sophisticated campus "smoothie" slouching in her chair at breakfast. Her traditional grey, baggy "Dr. Denton" nightgown is about the same color as the soggy oatmeal she is eating, and on her feet is a pair of old sheepskin-lined "Woogie" slippers.—BETTY BETZ

How to Make an Ice Cream Soda

CHARLES DIPPOLD

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1937-1938

AS A former Amalgamator of Aqueous Solutions of Carbonic Acid, I can state with authority that the ice cream soda is the acme of the soda-jerker's art. Sundaes, cokes, and shakes are all secondary; anyone can ladle syrup over ice cream or mix charged water and syrup to make a coke, but it takes long experience and inspired artistic endeavor to blend together the few simple ingredients of that masterpiece of the profession, the ice cream soda. As in any art, individual technique varies, but like any artist, I believe mine to be the most satisfactory.

To begin with, a glass must be chosen. The ideal glass is tall, with thick sides to prevent breakage, and with a heavy base to prevent tipping. It should be conical in shape, since a cone has only one-third the volume of a cylinder of equal height and base, while appearing almost as large.

Equipped with the proper glass, one now chooses the syrup. I personally prefer chocolate, but with any flavor the procedure is the same. The proper amount must be judged by the soda-jerker. It is generally between two and three ounces, depending upon the size of the glass and one's individual taste. A dab of stiff whipped cream is flipped upon the syrup by a dexterous tap of the spoon on the edge of the glass, and

then one is ready for the most important step, adding the water.

The object is to produce a light, frothy, homogeneous mixture of charged water and syrup. To do this perfectly, the fine stream must be used. At some fountains, quality must be sacrificed to speed and the coarse stream substituted, but since we are considering the ideal soda, we may disregard this practice. One places the glass under the faucet, slowly moving the handle forward to allow the soda-water to fizz out with increasing velocity, and rotating the glass carefully to insure a complete mixture of water and syrup. When the glass is about two-thirds full, the water is shut off and the soda is ready for the addition of the ice cream.

Two small scoops are better than one large one, since a large one blocks the bottom of the glass so that all of the liquid cannot be removed with the straw. The scoops must be well rounded to prevent their disintegration in the liquid. The ice cream is carefully slipped in, to avoid splashing; and now the soda is ready for its crowning glory, the cap.

Slowly and carefully the charged water is again added in a fine stream, the object being to produce as high a cap as possible without causing it to run over. If the stream strikes the floating ice cream, the water will splash out violently. This is



particularly embarrassing if it lands on a customer sitting in front of the faucet. However, a really great soda-jerker has so coordinated his hand and eye by constant practice that he skillfully guides the stream into the glass without splashing. When the cap has reached the highest possible point, the water is turned off, the artist quickly seizes a spoon, and both soda and spoon are nonchalantly set be-

fore the customer in one graceful motion.

What a joy it is to behold! Beads of moisture form on the cool sides, and through the foamy mass one may discern the white lumps of ice cream floating like beautiful water lilies. The top, streaked with brown lines of chocolate, rises like some snow-capped mountain, inviting the epicure to partake of this nectar and ambrosia, the ice cream soda.

Music and Musicians

Peggy

Every inch of Peggy's slender five feet was imp. Now, bent lovingly over her violin, she looked like an angel. Her hair was coal black and lay in natural waves, framing a face that was almost a perfect circle. Black eyes, usually laughing, dreamily wandered over "Humoresque." Straight white teeth between lips that curved from habit, pug nose pushing from smooth tan—that was Peggy.—CATHERINE B. CURRAN

Grandmother

She used to pride herself on her modern ideas and outlook, and she *did* have more pep than any of her friends. But at times she seemed old-fashioned beyond belief. I have seen her leave for a party dressed in the height of fashion and looking half her age. And I have seen her in an old house dress, knitting and listening to the radio. Sometimes when an old Victor Herbert tune was played she would grow sad and maybe cry. That was the way certain kinds of music affected her—jazz made her nervous and opera bored her. She preferred the old melodic songs she had sung in her younger days.—BUCK LOWRY

Opera at the Dance

Occasionally a miserable arrangement of some opera tune raises its battered head in their programs. Can you imagine Saint-Saens "Ma coeur a ta doux voix," hoarsely whispered by a saxophone with bouncing bass accompaniment and with "slick" breaks added by a trumpet? You are lucky if you can not! It is the most God-forsaken combination of sounds I have ever heard.—HARRY MARLATT

Popular Music

I wonder if a great many people, outside of the cigarette company which sponsors the "Hit Parade," have ever paused to consider the importance of popular music in the every-day lives of normal persons in this country. Its influence is tremendous. The grocery boy whistles "Caravan" as he delivers his goods; the campus play-boy bellows lustily "Turn on Those Red Hot Blues" as he wades through the flooded gutters on the way to his next class; even the staid spinster may be heard humming "Little Old Lady" as she putters around her rose garden in summer.

—MARY S. CHAPMAN

Gossamer and Spindrift

EDWIN TRAISMAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1937-1938

MR. HUDSON has produced a strange, emotionally significant book out of gossamer and spindrift. It is unusual when anything more than a pretty, stylistic rhapsody of sounds is produced from such materials. It is not difficult to combine delicate words and pleasant ideas to produce a lacy effect, but to do so and create a worthwhile, definite story, with an important philosophical background, is unusual; and so *Green Mansions* is an unusual book.

To remain emotionally aloof from the book seems impossible. Rima, the nymph-heroine, is a character of such potent charm that she must necessarily project herself into the private life of the reader. Sometime every man has dreamed of someone sufficiently lovely for him to be able to transfer his dream to her personality, and every woman sees in her the personification of all the grace women are supposed to possess.

Strangely, frequently, but not incongruously, Mr. Hudson weaves into the background of the story his bitter hatred of God. That such a bitter feeling can appear in a romantic book without conflict is an indication of the ability of the writer to mix oil and water, and obtain a clear, sparkling solution. Briefly, Mr. Hudson seems to feel that prayer, repentance, good-works, and all the inanities which organized religion associates with virtue are wasted effort, that the path to virtue lies within the individual, and that only by truly master-

ing his conscience and forgiving his derelictions, with the result that they will not be repeated, can he obtain spiritual haven.

The story is not as simple as one might suspect for a small book, many pages of which are devoted to description of forest and field. Abel, a political refugee in the wilds of Central America, is interrupted in his wanderings through a forest by the peculiar melody of a voice, half-human, half-birdlike in its quality, and transcending both the human and the bird in sheer loveliness of sound. After many days of sweet torment, he manages to discover the origin; a slight, beautiful girl, living in close harmony with nature, speaking this lovely, carolling language by which he has become entranced. He falls in love with her, and she with him.

Before they have reached entire accord she is trapped by savages and burned to death. Abel begins to go mad after that—his days are filled with conscience-stricken agony for supposed misdeeds, and at night all his disintegrating reason can produce are dithyrambic configurations of his ephemeral bliss with Rima. He finally manages to escape the forest and retain his reason.

How Hudson is able to produce scenes of bitter emotional conflict and almost unbelievable mental agony, using all the time an unsurpassed beauty of language, defies analysis. One only knows, on finishing the book, that he has read something very beautiful and moving.

Memories Ahoy!

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1937-1938

YOU could ask me to write of the birds, the flowers, or the broadwalk, and I would do so gladly. When you ask me to write of my memories, however, I feel like the old soldier in one of Edgar Lee Master's poems. When a little boy asked the veteran how he had lost his leg, the old man morosely replied, "A bear bit it off." But through his mind ran the vivid memories of the stench and misery of war. It is thus with my first impressions of life. In a theme I would be inclined to color them; but in my mind they would be shadows of loneliness and misery. Yet, you have commanded to *remember*, and I shall obey that command.

Two ordinary words, *the home*, would speak my story for me. To those of you who have never lived in an orphanage, these words would mean little. In my mind they suggest little black devils with red tongues. Even now, the devils haunt me, and I often dream I am back in their power. The picture clearest in my mind represents an incident which occurred when I was about four years old. I can still see that group of skinny, pigtailed orphans pointing their fingers at me and chanting, "We're going to SNITCH on you!" Oh! the horrible sound of the word, *snitch*. I ran away from the reach of their accusing fingers and shook with fear, a special kind of fear that I associ-

ated with hair brushes and the stinging hands of fat matrons.

Because of an experience at the orphanage I have always associated soap with bread pudding. While bathing me, one day, the matron applied to my face too much soap, which I sniffed into my nose. All afternoon my nose burned and felt very much like a stuffed red pepper. That evening my favorite bread pudding was served for dinner, but I was too ill to eat any of it. Today I feel justified in eating a second dish of this delicacy for the little girl with the stuffed-pepper nose.

Then, most terrible of all, my beautiful blue dress was given away, the first pretty dress I can remember owning. I was not allowed to wear it in the home, as we all dressed alike in ugly calico aprons. A little girl who had just been adopted wore my dress on the way to her new home. I still remember the embroidery work on the collar, and the way the skirt flared. It was the one beautiful thing in my life, and I cried about losing it for months after the girl had gone.

I know now that I cried for beauty, understanding, and the love which can never be found in an orphanage. But though my early memories are bitter, I am not sorry I was placed in an institution, since I more fully appreciate the freedom and understanding I now enjoy.

Prose and Poetry

Prose strides purposefully forward, but poetry dances or dreams to the music of its verses.—DOROTHY PILKINGTON

Life in a Morgue—Fun!

ARSELIA BLOCK

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1937-1938

A PHONE is smashed down on a desk. The wide-eyed man snaps up the transcript of a cable just received. The crack reporter comes on a run. "Dirigible *Amazon* burned 1:20 A.M. after taking off from Lakehurst, New Jersey. 38 of 60 known dead." Seventeen words—that is all the newspaper has until reporters can get stories. But this is a scoop! An "extra" should be out by dawn, giving every detail of the flight, including photographs, maps, tables, diagrams, and as much as possible about the disaster. There will be a few more precious cables—maybe. But the bulk of the material? There is only one place to look—only one person who can secure it. And that, my skeptical friends, is the librarian.

I call you skeptical because most people simply cannot visualize a librarian in any but the most peaceful of monk-like surroundings. Interview a newspaper librarian: "We wouldn't be surprised if one of them (a reporter) queried us as to whether a 'wampus' walked or waddled; or what became of House Bill 4-11-44 for the conservation of sidewinders or horned toads. If we replied 'No record' he would doubtless damn us with 'Hell, what a rotten morgue!'"¹ It isn't so "dead" in a morgue. It isn't so stagnant there amid the skeletons of all those things once fit to be called "news."

Too often the editor or distraught reporter comes to the librarian with only

an idea, not a question. One ex-librarian remarked jokingly that he used to "sit up nights devising ways to make people do their own thinking Half the time the editor doesn't know what he wants."² However, it is equally true that "everybody wants what he wants when he wants it, but newspaper editors and reporters want it a little more earnestly and loudly than anyone else, and set up a bigger holler when they don't get it."³ A sad paradox. But the newspaper library serves more than the staff. Serving the public is a new and developing phase. For instance, military records kept during the war proved invaluable to many individuals investigating for memorial purposes. *The Seattle Times*, through its Information Bureau, answers fifteen hundred questions every day on any subject, and much less than one per cent of the material available is used all year!⁴ Think of meeting fifteen hundred different acquaintances in one day and just saying "Hello" to them; then think of facing fifteen hundred strange little new problems a day, and solving them. No wonder short-staffed libraries discourage direct public service!

¹Rogers, D. G., "The New York Herald-Tribune Library," *Special Libraries*, 19 (October, 1928), 273.

²Conrad, Will C., "Getting the Thing You Haven't Got," *Special Libraries*, 19 (October, 1928), 267.

³"Four Great Newspaper Libraries," *Special Libraries*, 19 (October, 1928), 276.

⁴"The Special Library Profession and What It Offers," *Special Libraries*, 25 (September, 1934), 191.

Even as laymen are helped when librarians accommodate them, so are newspaper libraries greatly benefited when they cooperate with public libraries and special libraries, especially other newspaper libraries. When Brisbane was young—and there was included in his morgue, along with the usual cigar box files, snakes, an appendix, and a real skeleton nonchalantly holding a cigar butt between his yellow teeth⁵—the motto was “competition” instead of “cooperation.” Librarians have done a great deal to preach the doctrine of good will in newspaper relations. It is to their advantage.

It is inevitable that to equip a morgue to render such constant and prompt service as it must constitute a painstaking and arduous task. There are, of course, the regular reference library details, with which we are familiar—involving call slips, encyclopedias, cataloging. But the real job is the filing of each important news item as it occurs. Filed also are mats and cuts, negatives, pamphlets, periodicals, and entire newspapers. There is necessarily a constant process of elimination, and determining what can be safely discarded is a very real problem. What is of value? Pictures vary extremely. Today a picture of Roosevelt in knee breeches would be far more valuable than one of him in a top hat, but the latter will be worth more in a few decades. How are pictures best preserved? But the most tortuous of problems is that of classification. “The choice of a word, made in the process of classifying a page, may affect the system of the librarian, not only for days but for months and years to come.”⁶ How is a reporter most apt to call for the material? This part sounds dull. But in the

way of compensation, think of the fun newspaper librarians have “keeping tab” on the politicians. If they change policies with presidents their speeches reflect it—and when excerpts from speeches made at widely different times are compared in a single column of an up-to-date paper the combination may be quite unusual. New scientific “discoveries” and supposed business “trends” are also susceptible to pessimistic observation from the man in the morgue.

So newspaper librarianship means all of this! I wonder if I could meet the requirements. They are severe.

Physically, the librarian need be no Atlas, but must have the ability to work far longer than the usual hours, in an emergency. And an emergency seems to be quite a usual thing in this profession. There is some moral responsibility, concerning what is brought out to be reprinted and what is not. The mental requirements seem unusually stringent. Native intelligence is considered more necessary than education; the preparation most preferred includes a “cultural” college education and one or two years of graduate work. A thorough knowledge of journalism is almost indispensable. He who’s going to live with a newspaper should have a nose for news as great as Cyrano’s. Smell it coming before it gets here! What may be called the “social requirement” is necessary, as it is in most professions. The librarian must be able to deal with people. Or they will not deal with him. And then he can just go out and find himself a nice job

⁵Keyes, Willard E., “Practical Ways in Which Newspaper Librarians May Effectively Cooperate,” *Special Libraries*, 20 (November, 1929), 344.

⁶Peterson, A. J., “The Technique of Marking Newspaper Articles,” *Special Libraries*, 20 (November, 1929), 335.

keeping bees, or something—at least he'll be the only one stung, then. There are other necessary qualities, too: untold patience, amiability, adaptability, reliability, managerial ability, a business sense, and loyalty to authorities and associates.

It appears to me that a successful newspaper librarian is quite a person. What are the opportunities and the rewards for him?

If he goes through graduate school he will probably be placed within a reasonable length of time. He should be. The chances are that his beginning salary will be higher than the twenty to thirty dollars a week which is the professional average.⁷ During the depression the salaries of librarians were little affected. He will work five or six days, or around forty hours, on shifts, which does not seem unreasonable. And he will have the opportunity to work up to a five thousand a year position! It has been suggested that there is more need for persons with five thousand dollar qualifications than for the less qualified;⁸ naturally, I would want to be well qualified! A librarian's security of tenure depends entirely upon his ability to make good. But is this all that there is to be considered? There are rewards of a non-financial nature: contact with vital personalities in a comparatively pleasant environment; ample room for self-expression in the work; and a practically unlimited opportunity for serving others.

Well, it looks like a real job. It looks

like work and plenty of it. But it would be utterly fascinating! And do you know—I think I'll try it!

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⁷"The Special Library Profession and What It Offers," *Special Libraries*, 25 (1934), 193.

⁸*Ibid.*, 193.

Twenty Thousand Pennies

Ann's neat black and white dress was designed on the "square deal" plan—with broad shoulders, practically no waistline, and a very straight skirt. I liked it and blurted out the fact that I did. But when Ann informed me, "Well, you *should* like it! I paid \$200.00 for the outfit," I gave up. To her \$200.00 was a unit; to me it was 20,000 precious pennies.—DOROTHY FEHRENBACHER

The Sketch Book

(Material Written in Rhetoric I and II)

Log Cabin

An unexpected clearing, only a few rods square, and cut so regularly out of the dense pine wood as to give the impression of the inside of a huge box with the blue sky for a lid, was hiding at the origin of the dim path. In the center, like a fallen match-house within the box, a one-room cabin of rough-hewn logs sprawled in untouched decay. At one corner, the lock-notches that once held the logs firmly coupled together had rotted through, allowing them to roll out upon the forest grass and collapsing the heavy, sodden roof at an angle to the ground. The resulting ruin, because the opposite side stood staunchly and defiantly, holding its part of the roof tightly, appeared as an almost-intentionally constructed half-faced camp of pioneer days. Eerie bars of light blinked through spaces where the chinking between the logs had washed out.—CEDRIC KING

H. G. Wells and Stalin

Inasmuch as Stalin and Roosevelt appeared to be the foremost leaders for reform, Wells conceived the idea of trying to bring the two together to form a united front. To most people, certainly to most Americans, the conception seemed slightly far-fetched, but to Mr. Wells, nothing was far-fetched. We next find him in Russia for a formal conference with Stalin. Let us draw up a brief comparison of the two men. Wells—fiery, fresh, and friendly; Stalin—stern, stolid, and strict. The former easily given to emotion, the latter willing to resign himself to sweet, submissive silence.—ALEX GOLDBERG

"The Cows Are Out"

The next morning at 4:30—when I was getting my audible breathing exercises—I felt someone jerk me right out of a healthy snore. Bed covers were flying, and apparently I was supposed to be. There stood "Mom" in her big yellow apron, saying, "Hurry up out of there! The cows are out and Buddy needs help with them!" With a final, punctuating snore, I started to stretch. But then my temper must have got lost in the bedclothes, for I jumped up, pushed my mother out of the room, and banged the door so hard that the knob on the outside fell off.

—DOROTHY FEHRENBACHER

Definition of a Referee

The ref. is an individual who runs about the field or floor of contest in a pair of white duck trousers and usually a striped shirt. He differs from the players in that he gets paid for his running.—JULIAN CHRISTENSEN

Field Trip

Mary and I came armed with a large capacity for fun and one small sheet of paper for notes.—JEAN McJOHNSTON

Quiller-Couch's Mind

So to misinterpret the example would take a really active mind—one that had a tremendous capacity for confusion.—STEPHEN KRATZ

Swing Band

"Red Davis" and his "Five Swing Grenadiers" are the music-makers. Their organization consists of two saxophones, a trumpet, a set of drums, and a piano. Leaning towards one another with heads close together, the tenor and alto saxophones sing sweet, tender strains in a way that would be almost saccharine if it were not for the break that is heard now and then, when one of the players runs out of breath in the middle of a phrase, or a *too* blue harmony, when several notes are played wrong. With face contorted, eyes popping, and veins swelling, the trumpeter jumps from his seat and cheerfully screeches into the "hot" parts. "Hit those high notes or burst" is his motto. At times we are led to believe, and rather hopefully too, that some day he might. Piano and drums finish off the ensemble by filling in harmony and supplying rhythm. The drummer in particular must be versatile, for his equipment includes practically everything from Chinese temple blocks to castanets and cowbells.

—HARRY MARLATT

Reading Quiller Couch

But before he reads the essay through, he is diverted by examples of the follies that are committed in everyday writing, is entertained by Sir Arthur's vivid way of expressing himself even though it differs little from the examples he criticizes, and finally finishes with a glow of amusement and not much more. He has lost whatever constructive ideas he had at first in trying to keep abreast of the author's inconsistencies.—STEPHEN KRATZ

Action!

There was a sudden flurry, then we saw the man who had held up his arms jump into the limousine and race away, tires screaming on the rough pavement. The men scattered; one poised on his knee, levelled a machine gun, and leaned against the recoil. Jarring, staccato explosions piled themselves on top of each other. The big car careened crazily, smashed into a small tree, and rolled end over end down the steep hill that faced the river, coming to a stop as it burst into flames.

—HARL E. SON

And the Checks

No one, it seems, is immune from the paid-testimonial idea. From the most famous matron of Newport to the freaks in a circus, all have some time or another testified to the marvelous qualities of this or that cigarette. And why not? The companies are very courteous, the pictures flattering, the publicity welcome, and the checks fat.—MARTIN WOLFE

Thoroughly Nauseating Odor

When we reached the second floor we were greeted by the most thoroughly nauseating odor that I have ever experienced. It was so dense that the very air seemed hazy.—E. RICHARDS

Betrayal

Her life is a continual pose; only when one sees her sleeping, can one actually see that she is graceful in personality as well as in body, that she is unusually kind, and that she has fine, clean thoughts.—DOROTHY FEHRENBACHER

Disguise

He tries to hide his personality behind a wildly checkered necktie, but fails utterly.—HARRY MARLATT

Hobbyists

SISTER MARY HENRY FREY

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, Summer Session, 1937

IN RECENT years, American attitudes toward play and entertainment, like other attitudes, have undergone revolutionary changes. In the eighteenth century people were unwilling to play. There is this difference between play and entertainment: when we "play" we take an active part in the game, whereas when we are "entertained" others do the playing—we look on. Even as late as the 50's, people attended games by proxy. For them a worthy pastime was the theater. But today we are realizing more and more that in order to be "healthy, wealthy, and wise" not only our bodies must be physically fit, but our minds also must be active and interested. Most of us, it is true, do work which requires an active mind and which may interest us vitally, but we are not satisfied. We want something to pick up when we lay down our pen or our shovel at the end of the day—we want a hobby. If our job requires a "white collar," we want to don a pair of overalls and dig and hammer; if ours is a pick-and-shovel job, we want to spend our leisure time pursuing the aesthetic. Thus, our lives are balanced: a little work and a little relaxation.

Ennui, perhaps, better than any English word describes a life without play, without a hobby. This was rather pathetically brought out by the death of Calvin Coolidge. He retired from active life to his home, but there was nothing to do. He went to his garden, but he was a stranger to the flowers. He went to his room, but he found nothing to do. He

went to watch the janitor shovel coal, but he didn't understand firing. He went back to his room, and dutifully rode his "hobbyhorse," but exercise taken from a sense of duty is not a hobby. He apparently had no engrossing interest—he had no hobby.

That men are guarding against this ennui and this emptiness in old age is brought out in the lives of those around us. Men in both public and private life, by a wise selection, have chosen hobbies that fill their leisure and guarantee to them a kind of old age pension. They realize that the shop is not a thing to take home, to eat with, to sleep on.

For example, Henry Culver, a New York lawyer, fostered a kind of penchant for naval archaeology. He bought up rare books and old marine prints and became an authority on historically correct models. He rigged a dockyard model, *Prince George*, and soon found himself a kind of professional amateur. His greatest work was the building of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, Charles I's finest craft, the most complete model ever built, which kept six Italian wood carvers busy for six months, and cost \$30,000.

Perhaps the objection may be raised that a hobby is too expensive for the average American. The list of hobbies is so long, however, that there is a hobby to fit every pocketbook. Among the many things which might be chosen as hobbies are work with wood, metal, clay, cloth, leather, linoleum, and wax. Christopher Morley has pictured men stand-

ing enthralled in front of windows where instruments of precision—micrometers, compasses, calipers, and protractors—are displayed. They are eager to put their hands on them—to use them, to play with them. Hobbies, however, avoid the limelight; the best hobbies are buried in the lives of their hobbyists.

Our own natural talents may suggest a hobby. Music has always held its charms. Doctor Einstein, noted scientist and theorist, is known to have played in an orchestra. The former Secretary of the Treasury, William H. Woodin, besides being able to play the violin, guitar, zither, and cello, composed music, best known of which are his *Raggedy Ann* and *Little Wooden Willie*. The Duke of Windsor, the ex-King of England, certainly had a hobby that cost him very little. He was taught to knit by his royal mother and later found great delight in knitting scarfs and mufflers for friends. Handwriting has always been a hobby much sought after. There are people who have transcribed complete volumes. One hobbyist is known to have copied *Old Wives Tales*, 150,000 words. Calligraphy or elegant writing certainly offers much in the way of divergence, especially if one has learned to embellish. Mark Twain once announced that he was working on a book in Arabic—*Gum Arabic*—which was nothing more than a scrapbook in which he pasted many clippings. Another hobbyist, a loving father, presented his daughter on her wedding day a book, depicting her childhood with clippings and snapshots. Still another collected clippings about actors and actresses which, when bound, filled 800 volumes.

This is by no means a complete list of hobbyists; to complete it would require volumes. Hobbyists, however, are found not only in public life but also in

private life. I once knew a venerable old man who cherished and held everything sacred. He pursued almost every known hobby, and yet, unlike the "Jack of all trades," he cannot be called master of none. He delighted in handwriting, and the simplest card he would embellish with fine lettering in red and black. He also drew unusual pictures—one, I especially remember, came to my sister on the morning of her tenth birthday. On the letter, opposite the heading, was pictured a little curly-headed girl, rubbing her eyes with her fists, and under the picture was printed, "Good morning, Margaret. A happy birthday!" In the days before 1918, he would delight in displaying beer steins, ranging in size from very small to very large, which he had collected from all parts of the world. He religiously kept all forms of correspondence and clippings. His scrapbook would compare admirably well with *Gum Arabic*. Tucked away in the attic—his den—of the great old house were the concrete reminiscences of the olden days, and fresh in the mind of the appreciative old hobbyist were the events connected with each.

In the lives of our grandmothers, or great-grandmothers, knitting and quilting were pleasurable recreations. Knitting, at one time, was a necessary occupation, but at the time my grandmother retired from active life it had become, at least for her, a pastime. She knitted yard after yard of wool, and when the family were supplied with more socks than they could possibly wear out in a lifetime, she began to knit socks for the mail man, whose "feet must get awfully cold plowing through the snow." I can remember her sitting at the old, wooden quilting frame and stitching away at a pattern which she called the "morning star." When finally she rolled up the unfinished

quilt and put it away for the last time, she had spent her life and had not let it just "rust out." In contrast are the lives of her daughters, who amid the drudgery of mending and patching, haven't found time in twenty years to unroll the old frame and finish the quilt.

Hobbyists have pursued hobbies which, remaining no longer personal and intimate, have contributed valuably to science. They have followed their hobbies with so much enthusiasm that they have discovered new fields opening to them. John Braska, a mill worker in Philadelphia, became very much interested in the stars. He came home at night and, with his faithful wife, went to an old shed behind the house—their observatory—to study the heavens. They needed a telescope, but being too poor to buy one, they determined to make one. Year after year their interest in the stars grew, and every year their telescopes improved. Finally, Uncle John (and he delighted in the name) became known as an instrument maker of precision. The head of the department of astronomy at Harvard gave him an order that required great accuracy. When the Academy of Science in Paris determined to place in America an authentic measure for the meter, Uncle John received the task of measuring the red ray of cadmium vapor, correct to one-millionth of a millimeter.

In a word, hobbyists may look forward to a threefold reward: they enjoy leisure,

they are guaranteed an old-age pension, and sometimes they are insured financially. A man I know now has a salaried job in a large corporation, but he realizes that without the assurance of a pension by the company he will be laid aside in sickness or old age. To guard against this possibility or probability he has interested himself in Jersey cows. Today, when he is still active in business, he delights to come home at night to care for his herd. His interest is to hold the butterfat-producing record. In this he has been successful, for last month he took the county record of 84.1 pounds of butterfat. He sells the cream, double-whip, at forty cents a pint, which a boy delivers to city customers. He hopes in this way to be able to insure himself against the rainy day.

Just last Thursday, we were awed by this announcement: "U. S. Pensions Aged Scion of Mount Vernon." Harry Parker, venerable doorman of the Ways and Means Committee for forty-six years, by a unanimous vote of the House received a pension. The old darky, the seventy-five year old grandson of George Washington's special body servant, was pensioned for the remainder of his life at his present salary of \$1,250 a year. We only hope that when the smiling old darky, whose "feet have begun to hurt," returns to Mount Vernon, he will have a hobby waiting for him lest the House's record vote of 340 in favor, 0 against, speed his faltering steps to the grave.

Curiosity

You don't know what "sly as a fox" means, until you've tried to put the clamps on one of these babies! But their curiosity usually spells their doom. I caught one once, on a bet, by putting an alarm clock in the grass and carefully setting a trap on a nearby knoll. The fox came along and heard the clock ticking. His sense of smell warned him of human odor, so he kept away from the clock. Still, he was curious. That ticking sound worried him. Spotting the knoll, he jumped up to look the situation over. Click! I had him!—CLARENCE SPRINGER

On Writing Letters

REONE RASMUSSEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1937-1938

EXPERT letter writing is becoming an important part of every collegian's school life. Although it is an art occupying a rather lowly place in literary circles today, writing a letter takes real talent and practice if it is to be used profitably. Using my mailing list as a fairly average one for a college girl, I will begin with the diplomatic type.

"Dear Gramp, (*Always call him by a*

school for four years instead of only two as had been originally planned.

The next type combines diplomacy with a plea for funds.

"Dear Mom and Pop, (*Again the receivers are reminded of how young their little girl really is, and how far she is from home.*)

"College is really swell, just like I thought it would be, but I do kind of miss my own room at home and every-



pet name, so that he will think of you as his 'little' grand-daughter.)

"College is just gorgeous! I'm sure it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me. I intend to work just awful hard so you'll be real proud of me and won't be sorry that you're sending your oldest grand-daughter to the University of Illinois, etc."

The main characteristic of this type of letter is its extreme enthusiasm. You just have to make him understand how much it all means to you and also to work up the idea that he send you to

thing. (*This breaks down the last vestige of resistance. Now for the business end of the letter.*)

"Gosh, Mom, I'm afraid I just won't be able to get along on four dollars a week allowance because you see we hadn't figured on my having to buy Art supplies every week and besides I want to take horseback riding.

Love and XXX from your

Boots (*Always use their pet name for you so they will surely realize how much they miss you.*)

"P.S. I already drew three more dollars

because I just had to have it for the horseback riding."

Now we come to the really newsy letter, that bulging envelope just chock-full of all kinds of information. This type of letter is usually sent to the best girl friend.

"Dear Carrots,

"Well, kid, how's tricks? This college life is really the berries; but take it from me, you kids are having a real vacation by going to High School. I really never thought so much outside work existed. We have to write a theme every single week!

"I've met a bunch of the cutest guys down here; one is an army officer! Of course the fellows back in Chicago haven't forgotten me yet. I received a dozen roses last Friday from Harry. You know Friday always was my date night for him. Last week-end Weller and Bob both came all the way down here to see me and it was really terrible because each of them thought I was going steady with him. *(This information is always sent from one sorority sister to another just to let the other know you've still got what it takes.)*"

The fourth major type is the love letter.

"My Darling,

"I've missed you so much since you were down here last. Do you still love me? Sweetheart, are you coming down to see me this week-end? etc., etc."

This letter may go on indefinitely and fill many pages but is intelligible only to the person it is written to. The main thing to remember in writing a letter of this kind is not to implicate oneself. It's perfectly ethical to say you love him and all that, but never say anything in writing that could be taken for something else or misunderstood by his parents or his friends should they happen to pick it up.

Of course, there are other, secondary types such as the sick friend letter, the maiden aunt letter, and the letter to the "just a friend" boy with gobs of money, but the most often used by the college girl are the four described above. The first, if written correctly, brings about an extension of college life, the second, more money, the third keeps up the reputation, and the fourth keeps HIM on the "string."

Today's Cowboys

No longer the romantic figures they once were, the cowboys or cowhands are sturdy young men who lead a very ordinary life. They do not gather around campfires at night, but live in spacious, white bunkhouses furnished with many of the modern conveniences. Their work consists of driving trucks, handling the latest model farm machinery, and maintaining wire fences, windmills, and other equipment, as well as tending the vast herds. Perhaps the cattle have become more docile with the advance of civilization. At any rate, they are moved about with a minimum of lassoing and other tricks so popularly ascribed to cowboys. The cowboys, although good horsemen, are, for the most part, not the experts they are commonly reputed to be. At the rodeo in nearby Cheyenne it is largely the professionals, who go from show to show, and not the local cowhands who capture the bronco-busting awards. After their pay-days on Saturday the cowboys clamber into old Fords and Chevrolets and head for town to indulge in some recreation, but not to "shoot up" the locality as their predecessors are said to have done. As for wild animals, the worst animal the rancher faces today is the small prairie-dog or gopher, who is combated with poisoned food placed at the mouth of the hole where he lives.—DUDLEY McALLISTER

Let's Blow Our Horns!

CLINTON COBB

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1937-1938

FROM the theme entitled "Hang Up the Fiddle and the Bow" in the October, 1937, *Green Caldron*, one gathers that the author has a strong prejudice against bands as musical organizations and a low opinion of their value in public education. He claims that a band has no "soul," apparently because there are no stringed instruments used in it. He indicates that the band does not have the ability to arouse the emotions of an audience, except at athletic events, military parades, and similar gatherings. But has he heard the beautiful, rich, melodious music of a fine symphonic band? The sonorous tones of the clarinet, the beautiful, lilting quality of the flutes and oboes, the forceful "calls" of horns, trumpets, and trombones not only pour forth "soul" but portray character and personality much as an orchestra does.

What about the versatility of an orchestra? Who can imagine a symphony orchestra playing a rousing march in typical military style at an exciting football game? At such a time no one cares to hear the beautiful tones of a pleasing melody, no matter how exquisitely it may be played. A march to which one may beat his foot, wave his arms, and sing is much more satisfying. Here it is that the versatility of a band may best be illustrated. From a military parade or football field a finely trained band may move to a concert stage and please equally as well the type of audience attending this performance as it did the excited crowd at the military event or game. The band thus may arouse very different

human emotions while an orchestra is confined to such emotional effects as it may create from the concert stage.

Why do the public schools of the country not foster the development of symphony orchestras? The chief reason is that the age of the student does not permit it. The stringed instruments are exceedingly difficult to master, as compared to the wind instruments of the band. Rarely is a high school pupil able to play a violin so that the music is pleasing to listen to. There are few such young people today, and when we do come across one, he is usually referred to as a prodigy. On the other hand, the mastery of the majority of wind instruments is well within the abilities of an average child, if the study is pursued from an early age. Therefore children are urged to start their musical education by learning to play the instruments which make up the band.

The band of today does choose for its standard of excellence the symphony orchestra, but only because it has no higher standard toward which to work. Compared to the orchestra, the band is a new invention. The instruments used in the band have been developed only recently, as compared to stringed instruments, and therefore the art of synchronization of the different instruments has not been so well developed as in the orchestra. The possibilities of the band have not yet been fully exploited; only recently have they begun to be discovered.

Because of the relative under-develop-

ment of the band, the musical literature available for it has been limited. More and more the great music of the orchestra is being rewritten for band use. The music which formerly was played by a few musicians and was heard by a comparatively few persons now is being made available to great masses of people, both musicians and laymen. Great numbers of people now may have the joy of playing and hearing the works of the great masters. The ponderous, exciting, thrilling music of Wagner is now brought to people all over the world by bands, which are thought by some to create more nearly the effect desired by the composer than the great orchestral organizations

do. The musical qualities of the great works of the masters undoubtedly have been preserved in the transposing of orchestral literature for the band. And as this work progresses, the band assumes a higher place in public education and the world of musical art generally.

Thus has developed an organization, essentially musical, though adaptable to the demand of almost any occasion, which has represented in it, and is typical of, the American people and spirit. It is becoming more popular because it is truly a product of the ingenuity, practicability, and musical tastes of the great mass of American people.

Figures of Speech

There is something about September—the smell of burning leaves, the hazy autumnal atmosphere, the harvest moon hanging like a huge round mold of yellow cheese in the sky—that always makes me long to return to Hazelwood, the place of my birth.—WENDELL SHARP

.

Nothing is as impartial as a traffic light.—WILLIS BALLANCE

.

The foul lines were the X and Y axes, home plate the origin, and the ball a point which traced out various curves on this huge piece of green graph paper.

—CHARLES J. TAYLOR

.

He was jolted like a solitary penny in an iron bank.—DAN MCWETHY

.

The radiator gave several consumptive coughs, and then started purring.

—HELEN KIENTZLE

.

As alert as a robin on a lawn after a rain.—L. M. IRWIN

.

The Broad Walk is like a huge conveyor belt, picking up its load and distributing it to the different work shops.—J. R. GARDNER

.

As spineless as spaghetti.—ROY CHRISTOPHERSON

Don't You Know or Don't You Care?

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1937-1938

HOUSING for independents should be as desirable and healthful as for fraternity students. The university ought to have sufficient accommodations for all the students so there would be no necessity for a waiting list. But, since the university cannot afford to build additional residence halls, it ought at least to raise its requirements for approval of private rooming houses. The house-owners should modernize the rooms and keep them in repair; they should provide comfortable, if not attractive, furniture and adequate lighting facilities. They should equip their beds with healthful, moderately soft, even mattresses and coil springs, and should heat the rooms properly during the winter. They should provide a comfortable, fairly modern living-room where (in girls' houses) the girls may receive guests. They should take the girls' telephone calls pleasantly and intelligently, and they should not molest their belongings.

The house in which I live has not been remodeled since its construction sometime during the nineteenth century. The furniture, old and unattractively painted over, is anything but comfortable; and there is not a light in my room except a reading lamp that I bought, and my parsimonious landlady complained about the size of the bulb in that. The room had to be wired, at my expense, for my lamp and radio, because the only electric socket, which was inconveniently connected to the wall switch, was out of order. These conditions, unpleasant as they are, might be

endured, but the beds are unbearable! Mine must be that bed of hard rock I have been studying about in geology. It has a dilapidated link spring (I have yet to find any spring in it), which, we learn in our required hygiene course, is most unhealthful, being conducive to poor posture and unrestful sleep. The mattress, if possible, is worse. It alternately sags and bulges and is compressed by three or four decades' use to a thickness of not more than three inches. Although my room is fairly well heated, the other rooms in the house are almost as cold as the out-of-doors. Getting up in a cold bedroom is a common cause of that too-frequent disease—the cold, as we learn in hygiene.

Leaving the inadequacy of the bare necessities, let us look at the social disadvantages of these houses. Our house, which is typical of a great number of independent rooming houses, has an antiquated, dust-laden parlor which acts as an immediate quencher of good spirits, and in which we hesitate to receive guests. The uncomfortable and much-worn antique furniture and the painfully out-of-tune piano do anything but encourage youthful good-times. Furthermore, Mrs. ———— refuses to answer the telephone. When we are home, we take all the calls, including hers and the hired boy's. She may be sitting not more than ten feet from the phone, but she will not think of answering it. If, on the very rare occasions, for instance, when she is expecting a call, she does answer the phone, she is very curt and

impolite to our callers. At the present time, I am expecting important rushing calls from sororities, and I do not like to miss my purely social calls. Perhaps all this sounds like a personal grievance, but let me assure you that it is not. I know and have talked to a large number of independents in other houses, and they make the same complaints.

These undesirable housing conditions for independents need not continue. The university can certainly do something, can do a great deal indeed, to remedy these evils. The room-renters have an unfair advantage over the students. The students must live somewhere, and since there are more students than the university halls, the sorority and fraternity

houses, and organized independent houses can possibly hold, these room-renters can and do greatly over-charge for rooms which they fill with old furniture which they themselves would not use. To think that the deans of the university have approved all of these living quarters! The university carefully looks after us to see that we get enough exercise by requiring us to take physical education, and to see that we learn, in our required hygiene courses, how to get the most out of life by the proper care of the body and mind. Such inconsistency! If, as a state university, it is primarily interested in the welfare of the students, how can it allow this exploitation of the students to exist?

Amateur Pottery

The kiln proper had yet to be prepared. After looking all over camp, we finally found an old chlorine can, about two-and-one-half feet high, in which we placed wire shelves for the pottery. The whole day before the firing, every one interested (and some who were not) gathered wood and chopped down trees. That night I went to bed early for at six the following morning the fire had to be started. In the stone-lined hole we built a roaring fire which was allowed to burn low after two hours of intensive heat. This was to heat all the rocks so that the heat could be kept even and constant for the actual kiln when the can was lowered. The chlorine can, now a kiln filled with the pottery, was placed near the fire and gradually (about an inch every five or ten minutes) lowered nearer and nearer the red hot ashes in the rock-lined hole. After it had reached these ashes and was thoroughly heated, a little fire was begun around the can. Very gradually this fire was increased until the can could not be seen because of the collecting wood ashes and the hot flames. By twelve o'clock the can was red hot under inches of wood ashes, and the fire above was roaring so loudly it could be heard yards and yards away. The fire was kept going at this rate until four-thirty in the afternoon; then it was gradually allowed to diminish. By seven o'clock the fire was gone; a huge heap of wood ashes gave a silent evidence of the amount of wood used, and my scorched legs, face, and arms gave a screaming evidence of who had been "playing with fire."

At ten o'clock at night by lantern light I slowly shoveled off the still hot ashes until I could see the can—still much too hot to go very near. Inch by inch we gradually pulled it away from its hot bed. By removing it too quickly, thereby quickly cooling it and its precious contents, we would have ruined many days' work. Finally we opened the end of our can-kiln and pecked inside. I became so excited that I forgot the articles were still too hot to touch and picked up the first dish I saw. It burned my finger so that I dropped it. Luckily it fell in some sand at my feet and was none the worse for its flight through space. One by one we took the articles out and placed them on the hot sand. Of twenty-two pieces only two broke!—FRANCES QUIRKE

Thar She Blows!

MILTON YANOW

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1937-1938

THE fishing was not very good. We had set out after sailfish but as yet no one had had a strike. At three o'clock there were two mackerel, a small swordfish, and two bonito. Shorty had caught a barracuda, too, and when Old Timer had killed him, I had a good look at his teeth and then looked down at where he came from and was glad he couldn't climb.

"You're sure he can't, though?" Shorty had said. "Say, uh—up the side of the boat when your back was turned?"

Now it was three o'clock and Shorty and the Old Timer were in the fishing chairs—the back-rests tipped back so their heads touched the cabin—and I was lying on the cabin roof watching them. The sun had gone behind a bank of heavy, rolling clouds and it was still hot and heavy, with a breathless impending thickness. The water had a dark and oily polish; it looked slippery and thick in the enormous shadow. Simultaneously, Shorty and I began reciting lines from the *Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner*. The ominous settings had touched us both in the same way. When the water slapped against the boat it made a heavy, sullen sound that made our tiny motor craft seem smaller and the dark clouds darker and the land a long, long way off. I had the feeling that the fun was over but I didn't want to be the one to say it.

I was the first to see the high fin cutting through the water, nearing Shorty's bait. "Look!" I called, "A shark!" Old Timer, now back at the wheel, behind the cabin, leaned out and

looked back. He called out, "Sailfish! Sailfish! If he nuzzles it, pay out a little line, lad. Give him line and time. You'll know it if he bites."

Shorty and I were both landlubbers; and this being our first such experience, I got as excited about the strike as he did.

The sail went under. Shorty said, "He's—he's doing something!"

"Give him line, give him line!"

Then his line jerked and he nearly lost it as the sailfish jumped and everyone began to yell. He jumped clean, in a beautiful silver arc; he went off kicking and fighting, in a series of enormous gorgeous leaps that took one's breath away.

Shorty gasped, "I can't—can't hold him. Take him. Old Timer."

"Go on and fish your own fish! Stay with him, boy! Fight him!"

"Help!"

His feet braced against the foot rail. Shorty was trying to stay with him. The fish was sounding now and taking line, and Shorty was hanging on and trying desperately to get his rod back in his fishing belt. Then suddenly the fish started back toward the boat, and everybody yelled again. There, Shorty made his big mistake. He got to his feet in the excitement.

"Sit down. Hold him, somebody!"

The fish came up again and jerked Shorty's body sideways with a twisting, vicious leap. He was jerked up against the low rail and his hand slipped from the reel. His rod was jerked to arms

length and he tried to reach to get his other hand on it. Old Timer yelled and jumped for him as he slid over the rail like a shot from a bow.

Without a second's hesitation the old sailor was over the side in a long flat dive.

He couldn't see Shorty. The waves had seemed small from the boat, but now they towered over him in enormous billows. From the top of the next wave he saw the boat and it looked far away. A life belt smacked the water behind him—then another. The boat was turning with deliberate, maddening slowness. But he couldn't see the boy anywhere. He yelled, "Shorty! Shorty!" He heard him answer and his heart turned over as he came up on the crest of another wave and saw him there, not fifteen feet away.

Shorty swam as well as he did, and was swimming toward the boat.

"Don't swim! Don't move! These monsters will strike at anything that moves." As he finished his instructions, he reached Shorty's side. "Float!"

"I know," Shorty gasped, clinging desperately to him now that aid was so near.

It would only be seconds now. The boat was near them, slowing down. I stood by the rail, a rope coiled, and a rifle at my feet. Another ten seconds and everyone would be safe. Old Timer caught the rope and I hauled Shorty to safety while he treaded water. His legs must have seemed miles long treading there beneath him, and it must have seemed like hours instead of seconds till I threw him the rope and finally pulled him from those demon-infested waters.

Border Law

He resembled a man of dirty brown clay unworked as yet by the skilful artist's hand. Two arms were suspended like rigid posts from his bent body. As he slowly slouched across the street a silver star on his coat caught the sun's rays at intervals, hurling them in blinding reflections about him. That glistening silver spot on his breast marked him as superior to anyone else in that lonely frontier town. People stepped briskly from his uncertain path and murmured phrases of "Good morning, sheriff," or "Howdy, sheriff." As he approached nearer to where I stood by my horse his features were magnified before my eyes. The wrinkles on his bleached face appeared like sand ripples on an ocean beach. A jagged, faded brown moustache soiled with splotches of dark brown tobacco juice protruded from his upper lip like quills on a porcupine's back. He shuffled by me without turning his gray, shaggy head. I watched him with awe as he walked down the dirt street. Suddenly, faster than lightning, two great steel-blue guns loomed in his hands, and just as abruptly a roar like thunder broke the silence. Flame and smoke belched into the air. His wilting inert body leaped forward in a headlong dash. With a lurch he tore through the swinging doors of the saloon. A shot—another shot—then stillness. A minute passed. Then he appeared at the entrance of the saloon. His face held no expression; his lips were still. Gray, cold eyes looked calmly about. With his familiar slouchy gait he came away from the bar room. His chest rose and fell with a slow, even rhythm. He stopped before two men standing at the end of the crowd. Immediately they hustled off toward the saloon. Crossing the hot dusty street he sat down in a chair that was propped up against a small whitewashed building. As he looked about himself a thin smile appeared upon his dry, cracked lips and then disappeared. Slumping back into the chair he relaxed in the warm sun—satisfied.

—ROBERT BRUNSKILL

Havana

ETHEL DONNELLY

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1936-1937

"THAT will be all today." How long I had waited to hear those words! All day I had run errands, typed letters, helped old Mrs. Snyder with her knitting, and sympathized with Miss Keper as she repeated the tragic story of her little "Petey's" death. But now, as I sat on the deck, and watched the ship sway in the rhythm with the waves and the blood-red tropical moon that painted a golden path on the luminous sea, I decided that perhaps, even with Petey, the tragic canary, and the endless letters extolling the beauties of the "Southern tour," the life of a tour director's secretary (personal-maid, errand-boy, storyteller, and nurse maid not being mentioned when I had applied for a position) had its compensations.

Early the next morning the boat docked at Havana, ancient, beautiful Havana, a city of mystery and intrigue. I stood at the rail and looked down upon the quay, startling white in the brilliant midday sun. Giant palms were etched against the turquoise sky, like wide green fans, waving gently with the breeze. I saw the vendors on the wharf, small brown men, shouting of their wares in high, shrill Spanish, and it seemed to me that I was a little girl again, holding my father's hand as he pointed out the people to me, and brought me roses. Roses! Always when I think of Havana, I think of their delicate, haunting fragrance. It

was ten years since I had seen the lovely city, and yet, searching the crowd for a familiar face, it seemed as if I had come home.

The feeling of nostalgia grew all day until I felt that I must be alone, be free to wander about the city as I had done so long ago. It was an easy matter to slip away from the party, enjoying the sweet Cuban wine and rhumba music at "Sloppy Joe's," and soon I was out in the shadowy darkness of the soft tropical night. I walked slowly past the silent, shuttered stucco houses, with their flat roofs and bright colors, and I felt as an old, old woman must feel when she returns again to the scenes of her childhood. Soon I could smell the ocean, and hear the lulling swish of the waves.

The Malecon was brightly lighted, but quite deserted. I made my way to the low sea-wall, and my breath came in little gasps—Havana Harbor in moonlight is more beautiful than the most talented pen can describe. The moon shone through the clouds just then, turning the grim, century-old Morro Castle into a fairy palace. Graceful palms were silhouetted against the blue, diamond-studded sky, and the white foam rode slowly in on the swell of the white waves. I thought of the morrow, of the "sight-seeing," and trite phrases of the tour director, and still I was happy. This night had been mine.

In the Sands of Time

When this generation has learned its lesson, the next one will be ready to follow in the "foolsteps" of their fathers and their forefathers.—JOSEPHINE FARRELL

Christians' Exhibits

FRANCES PRITCHETT

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1936-1937

THE after-dinner coffee had scarcely been drunk before Christians began to put up the screen. We had been warned in advance at the table that Christians had a few moving pictures, taken by himself. Christians was quite modest about them.

"I know that everyone thinks his homemade pictures are pretty good," he remarked genially, "but I don't believe I'm fooling myself a bit in thinking that ours are really unusual. They are, aren't they, Ellen?"

Mrs. Christians was sweetly emphatic. "They really are. Of course, we had simply wonderful subjects. The trip west, Yellowstone Park, and then, last year, the boat and Europe and all that." She waved her hand vaguely.

My husband and I nodded, silently agreeing that Europe alone was quite a subject.

"You see," Christians continued, "it's all in knowing your camera. Now I know mine from A to Z. But there are a lot of people who don't."

He paused, giving us time to contemplate an unfortunate host of people who did not know their cameras.

"How silly of them!" exclaimed my husband, feeling some comment was expected.

Christians beamed. "Isn't it? But you see, they don't make a study of it. You can't just go slap-bang. Well, let's adjourn to the living room and get things set up."

Christians began to put up the screen, which consisted of a sheet tacked across

one end of the room between two window frames.

"I wouldn't stand on that chair, Ben; it isn't very strong," remarked Mrs. Christians as he began the preparations.

"There, that looks about right," he remarked, descending to view his handiwork. "It hangs nice and smooth. Of course, a real silver screen would be better and give you a clearer image—they are making them now for home use, and we are going to get one—but this does pretty well, doesn't it, Ellen?"

"It really does," agreed Mrs. Christians.

"Now," said Christians, "I will move this table into position where we can be ready in a jiffy."

"You had better take the things off it before you try to move it," suggested Mrs. Christians.

Christians took the things (a pile of magazines, a dozen books, two book ends, a bronze paper cutter, several ash trays) and moved the table to the spot designated by Mrs. Christians.

"These reels haven't been functioning quite right lately, but I'll have them fixed in a minute. Put the lights out, Ellen. I can work by this lamp. Ellen has seen these pictures twenty times, so you two get the best seats. Move up good and close. That's it. Now a little nearer the center. I don't want you to miss anything."

Obediently, we moved.

"Close the door, Ellen. and shut out the light from the hall. I'll try the focus."

An oblong of light appeared in the upper right-hand corner of the screen. Christians fumbled, and it slid down toward the center.

"It looks a little faint, dear," suggested Mrs. Christians. "Why don't you move the projector a bit nearer?"

"It's all right where it is," answered Christians shortly. "The flicker isn't working properly, but I can fix that. Now I'll thread the first film, and we'll see what we shall see. The first part shows us leaving the house for the train, and then come various stages of the trip

picture of the youngster every month or so, and these show her up to the age of two. Would you like to see them?"

"We should love to." Bob, my husband, seemed actually interested.

And then we saw them—Pattsie, taking one bath after another, looking very much the same in each; Pattsie, rolling on a blanket in the lawn; Pattsie taking her bottle; Pattsie always and invariably in a state of nudity.

"Isn't she too cute for words?" gurgled Mrs. Christians. "See the way she lies on her back and kicks her legs in the



west. Try to get in the mood. We are off for the station. All aboard, all aboard!"

There was a buzzing sound as the projector went into action and the film began to unroll, and then, before our astonished gaze, there flashed upon the screen the nude figure of an infant of about two months.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Christians. "That's the wrong film."

"I didn't think I recognized the station," I murmured to myself.

"It's Pattsie," cried Mrs. Christians delightedly. "Oh, do show it, dear. There are some lovely pictures of her."

"Well, they are pretty nice," agreed Pattsie's father. "You see, we take a

air. Don't you love it?"

"Adorable," I replied, while I reflected that Pattsie would certainly "love" these pictures when she was a young lady of eighteen.

"The sequence is wrong here," Christians explained. "I made a mistake when I was clipping and joining. This picture shows Pattsie when she was eighteen months. It really should come after the next one. It shows her at sixteen months. But it doesn't make much difference when it's explained."

So far as I could see, it made none at all, even if it weren't explained.

"Well, that's about all there is of Pattsie," announced the exhibitor. (It was difficult to imagine that there might

be more.) "Now we'll rewind this and get on with the western trip."

There were difficulties with the re-winding; but after five minutes the projector was buzzing again, and Christians had begun his lecture.

"Here we are at the station. You can't see very much, of course, because there wasn't enough light, but you can get the idea. There! That's Ellen, getting on the train. It's pretty blurry, but anyone could recognize her if they knew who it was going to be. See? She's turning around and waving her hand. The first part of the film didn't come out so well because I hadn't got used to the camera. Now we are looking out of the train window, just after starting. It's confused, but that's the way the country looks from the train anyway. It just rushes past you. There! That's a good picture!"

Upon the screen appeared an ugly, commonplace frame building, carrying across its dingy front a bold sign: ED LARKINS—HAY, GRAIN, AND FEED. This notable structure held the center of the screen, and continued to hold it for what seemed like minutes.

"That was outside of Chicago. We stopped off there to see friends. Of course I held the camera on the store too long, and I don't know why I decided to shoot it at all. But the light was awfully good, and the building happened to be there. You see, I was still experimenting. This sort of thing takes a lot of experimenting. Ellen was supposed to be in the picture, too, but something happened. There! That's Ellen's back now. She's walking down the platform at Detroit. It's pretty clear, isn't it?"

As a portrait of a female back it was perfect.

"I was so self-conscious," confessed

our hostess. "That's why I walked so funny, I guess."

"Now this section of the film," Christians continued, "is badly light-struck, but there wasn't much of interest in it anyway. The fun begins when we get to Yellowstone."

For a minute or two the machine ground along, producing nothing more than a confused flicker of light and shadow; then suddenly there flashed up on the screen what looked like a great column of water, which vanished almost instantaneously, leaving blankness behind.

"That was Old Faithful!" cried Mrs. Christians.

"That was Old Faithful, the geyser," announced Christians, ignoring her. "It should have been a perfect picture. But I was too near it, and I'd forgotten that I'd almost used up the film, so I only got a flash. I tried to take it another day, but the light wasn't very good. You could get the idea, though, couldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, we get the idea," Bob assured him.

"Now we come to the real film," said Christians. "This one was taken in Yellowstone and it's extraordinary. You haven't been there, have you?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, this will make it live for you."

"It will, indeed," chimed in Mrs. Christians. "Wait until they see Inspiration Point."

"And Artist's Point," said Christians.

"And the Devil's Tower," said Mrs. Christians.

"And the Morning Glory Pool," said Christians.

"And the pool where you throw your handkerchief in," said Mrs. Christians, thereby apparently having the last word, for Christians did not respond. Instead

he busied himself with re-winding the old film and adjusting the new.

"Now we are all set," he announced. "First we see some of the hot springs. Would you believe it, you can catch a trout in a stream and flick it back into one of these springs and cook the fish without ever taking it off the hook. Now—watch closely."

The projector buzzed, the light flickered on the screen, there was a sudden crackling, a sizzling sound, and then complete darkness.

"Damn!" shouted Christians.

"Oh, Ben! What *have* you done?" asked Mrs. Christians.

"Don't be a fool, Ellen! What do you think I've done? I've done nothing. It's a short circuit; that's what it is."

"But you *must* have done something wrong."

"Well, I didn't. See if you can find a candle."

"Won't any of the lights turn on?"

"No, they won't. They are out in this room and in the hall, and the worst of it is that there isn't an extra fuse in the house."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," said Mrs. Christians. "That means we won't be able to show the pictures."

"I'm afraid it does," agreed Christians heavily. "I'm sorry to disappoint you like this," he continued, and we could feel him turning towards us in the darkness; "but it simply can't be helped. You will forgive me, won't you? And you will come over again soon, so that you can see the Yellow-stone film."

"Of course we forgive you."

"And don't forget the pictures of the European trip," Mrs. Christians reminded her husband.

"No, we mustn't forget those," said Christians. "We can show them the same evening. Now let's see—what day would be convenient next week?"

"Oh," I replied. "You and Mr. Christians must come over to see us."

"All right. We will," said Christians heartily. "And what's more we'll bring along the projector and the films. How about it?"

For a moment silence enveloped the darkened room; the proverbial pin would have dropped with a thunder-like boom. Then I heard Bob saying in an absurdly thin voice, "Great, old man, great. Why—that will be perfectly—great!"

Brooklyn Bridge

A stubborn drizzle floats over the massive gray web stretched taut between two slumbering boroughs; a myriad of thick cables strain under the load they support. The t-lot, t-lot, t-lot of a lonely horse wearily dragging an antiquated wagon . . . the driver, humped over on his seat, hatless and gray, spits over the nearby railing, rasps at the lagging animal.

Far beneath, the rubbish-laden East River. A pudgy tug whimpers three times and puffs off in the direction of the bay. A ragged Bowery bum leans silently over the wet rail; the stub of an unlighted cigarette edges out from beneath his shapeless hat. He stares for a few minutes into the murk below, contemplating perhaps. A massive policeman is trudging towards the "forgotten man," who still leans over the rail; the bum looks up, pulls his hat down further over his face, slouches away. It is still drizzling. A cat leaps lightly onto the slippery rail, totters perilously, regains its footing, and springs back onto the wet walk.

Down the river a little farther, the indistinct outline of another span, and behind it another. Only two more hours of peaceful silence for the old Brooklyn Bridge, then the steady slush of traffic. The drizzle still floats steadily in.—HARRY GOLDFARB

Boy Dies

BETTY McMARRAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1936-1937

THE undertaker had opened the coffin for the last time, but I didn't want to look again. There in the cemetery, with the sun glaring down upon the gathered throng, I didn't want to see Freddie dead. I wanted to remember him as he used to be—tall, muscular, gay, playful. I wanted to hear him shout and sing and whistle as he always did, instead of lying there in his white satin bed so cold and still. He was gone, I wouldn't see him again, but I couldn't bring myself to take that last look at him. I stared about me at the beautiful morning he would have loved so much. The grass was soft green and dewy. The buds on every tree seemed to have turned into leaves overnight, just for Freddie. The air was heavy and depressing with the scent of too many flowers. Everywhere spring was singing, except in our hearts.

I looked at the banks of flowers heaped on the pile of dirt that would soon cover that young body. Somehow it seemed to help a little when I thought that all these flowers represented friends who had loved him. To keep myself distracted I tried to read what it said on the ribbons. There at the head of his grave was a pillow of white roses, and across it was written, "Our Son." That would be from his mother and dad. How significant it was. All his life his head had lain upon the pillow of their devotion, and even in death it was there. Never would they fail him. I thought of how they would miss him; they had been so proud of him and had planned his

future so carefully. He would have finished college, gone on to law school, and then, under their loving encouragement, worked hard to become successful. But all of these golden dreams had been shattered when, after the first awful months of illness, they had discovered it was cancer and that he could not live. No one would ever take his place. They would always remember how he might have and how he had filled their lives. How his dad would miss the long tramps in the woods; the hunting trips that had been almost always unsuccessful but that had made them such close friends; the companionable silences as they sat in a boat and fished for hours. How his mother would long for the boyish confidences he had given her; the mad bedlam that entered the house with him; the troubles and scrapes she always helped him to straighten out; his kiss of utter love and devotion. Oh, there would be an empty place in their lives now that he was gone. What were they going to do?

Just next to the pillow of roses I could see a long silken spray of lilies tied in green. Across the ribbon in gold was "Brother." Just that one word, but it meant the bewildered cry of two who could hardly comprehend the tragedy that had entered their small world. This boy lying dead in the coffin wasn't their brother. This wasn't he who had laughed and played with them ever since they could remember. Their brother had never allowed them a dull moment. Long ago he had begun to like magic. He had

taken them with him to see every famous magician that came to Chicago, and then they had gone home to let him practice the tricks on them. He and Carl had had an unbeatable pool team, and they had played for hours while Lois watched from the sidelines. They had built and tended a garden that one year; they had romped at the lake for a whole summer together; just the three of them, they hadn't needed anyone else. They had been the three musketeers, but now they were only two. I knew that they did not fully realize yet that he would never be with them anymore.

Tears welled up in my eyes at the thought of that brother and sister, and I glanced away. Far back in the corner, half hidden under the rest of the flowers I saw a ribbon peeping out that had on it "Dearest Friend." I couldn't see the spray, but I knew there would be one red rose, the sweetheart flower, among them. Dorothy had been Freddie's girl, and my heart bled for her. All night long she had just sat in the house and stared at his coffin. She hadn't shed a tear, but I could imagine what she was thinking; she was his first love. Call it puppy-love, say it wouldn't last, say she will get over it; it doesn't matter. Freddie and she had called it the real thing, and her heart was breaking. She knew that from this time on she must be without him. They had grown up together, gone to grade school, entered high school, seen their first dance, and always she had been his girl. No more would they think of crazy, wild things to amuse themselves. No more would he tell her things

only she could understand. No more would they plan that bright, glorious future. It was all over. Some day the pain of this awful thing would be dulled. Some day she would be happy again—completely happy. But I knew she would never forget this boy who had first loved her. He would be her dearest memory, and in years to come she could often think of what might have been if—.

I couldn't go on. I turned and looked at all those people gathered around him. I saw his mother and dad straighten their shoulders, clasp each other's hands, and try so bravely to stop the flow of their tears. I saw Grandma, who was always so gay and sprightly, looking old and feeble and worn-out. And I saw my own mother gazing at me while her lips moved as if she were thanking God that I was spared to her. A long, shuddering sigh ran through the crowd as the undertaker stepped up to close the coffin. Slowly he lowered it, and I caught a brief glimpse of the sun shining upon Freddie's now frail body and tawny, golden curls as if it hoped by its own warmth to bring life and warmth back to this dead boy. His face was white and reposed. Those thin, blue-veined hands that held such a tight grip upon all of our hearts were folded in front of him. Under his arm I could see the broken stick, his magic wand that he had asked his brother to break and bury with him when he died. I felt as if I were caught in an iron vise that was squeezing—squeezing until I thought I would scream. The lid of the coffin closed softly.

Just the Thing

In this corner is the sheik. He wears a pearl gray suit and a flaming necktie, and his hair is plastered down with what appears to be a quart of hair oil . . . This sheik is a fairly good dancer, and a rather harmless fellow, just the thing a good pearl gray suit needs to set it off.—HARRY MARLATT

Rhet as Writ

She wore a sleek mink coat held snugly about her supple body and a stocking with a hole showing bear, pink flesh.

.

He finds her; they immediately fall in love; and, as most pictures do, they agree to be married at once.

.

Stanley is very tall and skinny; his arms are long and at the end of each arm are two large hands which might be called paws.

.

Jean Valjean's rise to success showed that no matter how far you may sink, if you put your heart into a thing you will climb upward.

.

The sphycological effect of his disappointments was very serious.

.

I took for granite while I was reading the letter that both of you had taken a part in writing this letter.

.

The college opened this year with the Dean of Men giving a talk in welcoming all the new commers into the school. As he was giving his speech he was errupted by an indian, who was riding a motorcycle.

.

While examining the building in its present condition one will find the type of architecture to be as ancient as the building itself.

Shanghai Shek has been trying to organize the separate provinces of China into one nation.

.

Hib's stomachache, however, was what brought him most of his grief. It perpetually hung at half-mast.

.

William Lyon Phelps the author of *Selected Stories from Kipling* is not the author of the stories.

.

Avoid jargon. Jargon is a word that may be used as a meaning for another word, although it does not mean that word at all. Jargon may be a word that does not have a meaning at all, or, if so, very little meaning and perhaps without a senseable meaning.

.

Although Germany tried the best she could to win the war by propaganda, other countries excelled in propagation technique.

.

When the financial basis is low, it is unfair to have a large family.

.

She is of a Swedish descent, light complexed, and tall of statue.

.

Tragedy, of course, has the inevitable sad ending; the lover loses the girl or dies in the attempt.

.

While eating a few days ago I was pasted the potatoes.

Honorable Mention

Lack of space prevents the publishing of excellent themes written by the following students. These themes are being held in the hope that they may be published in part or in entirety, in future issues.

ALLEN ADAMS
FLORENCE ANDERSON
FRANCES ATWOOD
RAPHAEL AVIAMI
PEARL JEAN COHEN
DOROTHY COX
CYNTHIA DURSEMA
JOHN HANSEN
SARAH HOUGHTON
WILLIAM HUTCHINSON

AUDREY KLIVANS
WANDA LITTLE
R. MARSCHIK
LEON MESSIER
FLORENCE SCHNITZER
DAN SITZER
RUBY WATSON
JAMES WESTWATER
PATRICIA WEEMS

•

The English Readings

Each year the Department of English sponsors a series of readings from literature. The program for the rest of the semester follows:

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23.—*Songs by English and American Authors.* VOCAL DIVISION OF THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC. Smith Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 29.—From *The Poems of Robert Burns.* Prof. EDWARD CHAUNCEY BALDWIN. 228 Natural History Building, 7:15 p.m.

TUESDAY, APRIL 12.—From *The Works of Lord Byron.* Prof. PAUL N. LANDIS. 228 Natural History Building, 7:15 p.m.



THE GREEN CALDRON

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff of the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes Mr. E. G. BALLARD, Dr. ROBERT BLAIR, Mr. GIBBON BUTLER, Dr. CAROLINE WASHBURN, and Dr. R. E. HASWELL, chairman.

THE GREEN CALDRON is for sale in the Information Office, Administration Building West, Urbana, Illinois. The price is fifteen cents a copy.

First Impressions of an Ammunition Factory

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 16, 1937-1938

AT FIVE o'clock in the afternoon it was even hotter than it had been at one o'clock of this mid-July day. The hard, black coal cinders beneath my slipper soles were as hot as live coals. In imagination, I became one of the India mystery men who walk over live coals to the amazement of tourists. I was jerked back to reality by the sight of the shining tin roof of the long, low, lead-colored building which simmered in the July heat, and in which I was to spend eight hours each evening for—God alone knew how long.

The interior was even hotter than the direct rays of the sun had been. The heat was oppressive; the narrow room with the machinery jutting out almost to the center of it, had captured all the sun's heat and the energy from the machines, and was reluctant to let it escape. The windows, set at regular intervals in the dusty, nondescript wall, gaped open, but not even one stray breeze wandered in to cool the sweating brows of the operators. The one fan dangled motionless from the ceiling. The women moved with leaden feet, but their fingers were lightning swift. They all seemed, because of their expressionless eyes and the machine-like rhythm of their fingers, to be of the same mold—as automatic as the machines on which they worked. I hoped desperately that I would not become like this.

I looked around. In this room they looped and stripped, molded, and tinned the wire for the loaded caps of electric blasting caps. Above me, next to each wall, a row of wheels turned monotonously

around and around, pulling a belt over and over, while the operator adjusted the wire so that it would come off in the proper loop, the proper length. Near the wall on one side stood six tall, concrete blocks which contained electrically heated pots of melted sulphur. The yellow steam hung in a haze over the sulphur pots and the women beside them. With excellent precision, each woman filled her mold, and, after stirring a ladelful of the hot sulphur until it was of the right consistency, poured it slowly but deftly in the top. At one end of the room, a stoop-shouldered, middle-aged woman dipped the stripped ends of one loop after another into a pot containing solder. The inspector plodded from one box of finished work to another; no imperfect work could get past the hawkish scrutiny of his faded blue eyes. As he laid aside each piece of poor workmanship, the operator saw her chances of earning a little extra on piecework diminish.

The only thing which did not conform with the apathetic, monotonous atmosphere of the place was the fountain. Situated at one end of the room on its white pedestal, it gurgled and bubbled, trying in its inimitable way to suggest to these people that freedom from monotony lay within themselves. To prove its point, the fountain would punctuate the murmuring talk by emitting gushes of sparkling water into the sticky air. At times the gush would be strong enough to touch the low ceiling, and little droplets of water would cling to the wall, momentarily cooling it.

An American Sport

GORDON DAVIS

Rhetoric II, Theme 17, 1937-1938

IT WAS a warm June day. Crowds dressed in their Sunday clothes thronged the Mall, lazily strolling down the long walk and breathing in the sun and fresh air denied them six days a week. Here and there were groups of men and women gathered around a stand on which some speaker was exhorting the merits of Socialism, Townsendism, Labor Unions, or religion. Cries of "Workers, unite!" mingled strangely with the soft strains of some old English hymn that was being sung fifteen feet away, and the grotesque scene was completed by the noise of the traffic in the back ground and the cries of street-hawks selling candy and ice cream to passers-by.

People moved slowly from one throng to another and let warnings of eternal damnation fuse with the warnings of socialists against communists, communists against fascists, and fascists against capitalists. In some groups there were loud arguments going on, with three or four people taking different views on a question. Victory seemed to be obtained by vehemence of speech and gestures rather than by sound arguments and good logic. One group was especially noisy. About thirty men, with a few women here and there, clustered around a lone figure. He was not visible from the edge of the circle unless one stood on tip-toe and looked over the heads of the others. He was a small man, no more than five feet tall, and he was telling the people in a broken accent of his religion and how he "had seen

the light." His head was bald save for a ring of hair around the tops of his ears. His forehead, now wrinkled in his seriousness, seemed plain in contrast to the bunched appearance of the rest of his face. Thick, black brows hung over his dark, penetrating eyes, and a short, broad nose led down to a wide, cavernous mouth, which, when opened widely enough, displayed black, white, and gold teeth. A flush on each unshaven cheek showed how excited he was, and the perspiration streaming down his face into his open collar, from which the tie had long since been loosened, left dirty streams on his thick neck and reduced his shirt to a lifeless mass of saturated cloth. His suit hung limply on him as if he had thrown it on more to cover the laws of decency than to cover himself. Heavy, thick-soled shoes seemed to hold him to the spot where he stood.

It was obvious that the man was uneducated and that his religion meant a great deal to him. The crowd around him, however, were not listening for any message he might give them, but instead they were asking ridiculous questions and laughing and jeering at him. One fellow in particular, his straw hat perched on the back of his head and a toothpick dangling insolently out of his twisted mouth, seemed to consider it great sport to insult him and to push him when his back was turned. After he thought he had scored a point, his eyes would dart around to ferret out the dirty snickers and glances of approval. The entire crowd was jeering and laughing, but

poor Tony, as they called him, bore it all patiently.

He was sincere and with the generosity characteristic of his race wanted to share his experiences with others. His arms thrashed about him; his face flushed with enthusiasm. The English language meant nothing to him: he cold-bloodedly ripped it to bits and constructed his own idioms and figures of speech, liberally sprinkled with his native Italian. The crowd would not let him alone, however. They hurled questions at him and began to taunt him more loudly and boldly. He tried to answer their questions, in his ignorance not knowing that they were making fun of him. He grew more and more excited as the crowd began pressing in closer, squeezing the small man in the center.

"Wait a minute," called the tall man with the straw hat on the back of his head; "give Tony a chance! Eh, Tony?"

The crowd spread back. Tony stood in the center wiping his brow.

"Now tell me, Tony," the man continued, "if God is all you claim him to be, why the devil are all these men bumming around the park without any jobs, or money, or clothes? Answer me that!"

"All I know is-a thees," answered Tony deliberately as if explaining to a child. "My-a God is-a my Father; I'm-a his bambino. He's-a good to me if I'm-a good to my fellow-man." He raised his arms and shrugged his shoulders as if that definitely settled the question.

But of course it didn't in the minds of his hecklers. Back they came with more questions and more wisecracks. Tony was standing it well, but it was evident that he was tired and that the spectators were beginning to bother him. Someone gave him a push. Tony stopped in the middle of a speech about the glories of

Heaven and turned around quickly. The crowd laughed and Tony continued. A group of boys had eased into the inner circle and had surrounded him. Suddenly, the man with the straw hat gave Tony another push. The street-kids, encouraged by the action of the older man, also pushed. Before long, Tony was bouncing around the inner circle like a rubber ball. Grown men pushed and little boys kicked until he suddenly fell on his face. With a loud cry, he was on his feet again, his religion forgotten, and with a dive, he hurled himself into the mob, his fists hitting anything he met. The crowd dispersed quickly before him, and anxious eyes kept on the look-out for the police.

Uttering strange Italian phrases, Tony scrambled after the man with the straw hat. The pursued unceremoniously ducked behind trees, benches, baby-carriages and anything else that he could find. There was still a slight smile on his face as if to assure spectators that he was not at all afraid, but this was belied by the anxious look in his eyes and his scurried glances to see if the police were coming.

The people hooted and hollered. This was sport! They yelled at Tony, encouraged him, and laughed at him when he was tripped and fell to the ground. At the same time, they surrounded the intended victim if Tony got too close. They didn't want to be pulled in for starting a riot,—just a little Sunday afternoon fun, that was all!

Tony suddenly tripped and fell. This time his head glanced off the edge of a bench before he hit the ground and a thin trickle of blood soon appeared on his forehead. It was a good blow but he had received only a small cut and he soon got up. Yet the enthusiasm of the crowd had been dampened when they first saw

him hit the bench, and the noise and laughter had stopped. Tony pulled out an old, red handkerchief and began dabbing at the cut on his forehead. He said nothing. His face still showed anger. A few tried to help him wash the wound but he impatiently shoved them aside. About fifteen feet away at a safe distance, the man in the straw hat was laughing to himself.

Suddenly Tony fell to his knees. With hands clasped before him he raised his head to the skies and with eyes closed began to pray violently in Italian. He swayed on his knees and his face twitched with deep emotion, anger or remorse, one could not tell. The people who had begun to crowd around again, stopped, embarrassed. Sheepish grins were exchanged. This was something unexpected, something they didn't know how to cope with. They shifted uneasily waiting for him to finish.

Through Tony's loud prayers there came loud laughing and shouting. The spectators looked up. Coming down the Mall was a man dressed in old, black clothes, tall, broad-shouldered, his face covered by a thick, black beard. An old hat rose to a peak on the top of his head and in one hand he carried a book. The crowd following him was yelling at him that he was crazy.

"In the Catholic Church," he cried, "you don't worship god,—you worship the Pope!"

This was greeted by loud cat-calls and jeers. The people around Tony joined the crowd and the man in the straw hat hurried forward to the man in black and began to argue with him. Their enthusiasm returned as they realized that there was still some sport left to fill out the afternoon. Tony sat alone on his knees with his hands still clasped piously before him and prayed in Italian to his God.

Grasshoppers

During the third week of my stay came the dreaded grasshopper plague. We had cut a fair-sized swath in the wheat when newspapers reported that grasshoppers were coming our way. I had never seen more than just a few hundred at a time, and so looked forward somewhat to this feared spectacle, especially when the 'hopper masks were brought forth. The masks were made of dark, coarse silk. They fitted over the head and shoulders and were held on by a hat. We were out in the field rumbling monotonously along in the glaring sunlight when a premature darkness suddenly descended. I thought that clouds were simply passing before the sun, but when John pointed to the sky, stopped the tractor, and put on his mask, I realized that the 'hoppers had come. When his mask was securely on, and we jerked away again, I slipped on my mask. The "clouds" lowered, and a peculiarly whirring fog settled to the ground, covering everything. Thousands of 'hoppers were ground to bits in the combine and crushed beneath the wheels. Hundreds sizzled on the hot tractor engine-hood. They crawled up my arms despite my vicious slaps, until I pulled down my sleeves. We passed by some woods which now, being covered by insects, had changed to a sickly greenish-brown hue. We continued our work, though, and returned home in the late evening. I jumped from my platform and felt the ground give way beneath me. I peered closer in the twilight and saw a solid carpet of 'hoppers. The only bare spot for thousands of yards was the chicken yard, whose inhabitants had gleefully bolted the marauders. By the next noon, there was nothing green on the surrounding hundreds of acres, and the 'hoppers had migrated on in search of more food.—WILLIS BALLANCE

R. O. T. C.

CHARLES SCHILLER

Rhetoric I, Theme 18, 1937-1938

"ALL NEW students, unless exempted for special reasons, will be required to take four semesters of military training." The very words "all" and "required" struck a discordant sound upon my ears, and I immediately began to dislike the army. Being a pacifist by nature, I had already a cynical attitude toward everything militaristic, and now I was appalled at the thought of being forced to become a member of an organization I had heretofore ridiculed and despised.

My dislike turned to hate when I found that I would have to attend drill at eight o'clock on Saturday mornings. This feeling was not alleviated in the least upon my being asked to deposit ten dollars for a uniform, and being told that I would be responsible for its condition and upkeep. The thought of playing soldier, walking around for two hours inside an overgrown garage, made the first session an event to be feared and dreaded. That session came and went, and to my surprise I found myself a little pleased with the outcome. The uniform wasn't so bad after all, and it did give me a rather proud feeling to wear it. The drill itself wasn't so bad, either, except for the action of one impudent student officer. What right did he have to tell me that I ought to spend a little time shining the brass on my uniform? I took the admonition philosophically,

however, as just another part of a bad bargain. The day before my second drill I found myself unconsciously shining the brass, and taking pride in the glisten that the polish produced. The next day, when I was dressed in my carefully groomed uniform, I automatically held my shoulders

a little straighter than usual, and I was rewarded with a merit for my neat appearance. Marching went along smoothly, and instead of being bored and tired at the end of the two hours, I was interested and eager to learn more. As the weeks progressed, the thrill of doing things with a unit increased, and drill became no

longer a burden but a pleasure. Rifle practice offered an interesting diversion; the range, with its incessant cracking of gunfire, humming of bullets, and spattering of lead, was a fascinating place to work.

In the weeks that I spent in military training, I learned its advantages. I realized the errors of pacifism and remolded my attitude to fit the more patriotic ideas of an adequate national defense. I cannot now define the stages through which I progressed from dislike to like. Maybe it was the uniform, maybe it was the old thrill of marching feet, but most likely it was the natural evolution to a more progressive attitude which made me realize that military training for all young men not only possessed advantages but is a necessity.



Evening Nap

MARJORIE L. GREIDER

Rhetoric I, Theme 18, 1937-1938

ONE darkened elbow rests heavily on a cleaned space between a cluttered plate and an empty cup. Against the work-reddened hand is pressed a lined brown cheek. A tired old woman has fallen asleep over her precious cup of coffee.

The table in front of her is stacked with dirty dishes; the remains of the evening meal have been only half cleaned away. The worn cloth is white save for a purple blot of raspberry jam. The chairs are vacant; two of them stand just as they were hurriedly pushed back from the table; one of them is in its place against the brown stained wall.

Behind the woman crouches a dusty buffet loaded with books, letters, ironed clothes, and pictures carelessly placed by a hand too tired to bother about the effect. In the opposite wall beside the scarred door is a window filled with potted plants; the bloom of one large lily is a spot of bright orange in the dull room. The curtains of limp, white lace are piled in a corner to be washed, and the windows seem gaping black holes in the brown walls.

Against the side of the room stands a green covered couch sagging uneasily from years of heavy use. The evening paper is spread on the linoleum floor and beside it an old pipe has spilled its ashes in a gray-black smudge. The only "easy" chair in the room is a battered rocker placed in a cramped position between the buffet and the couch and at present draped with an old black coat.

The woman stirs restlessly as if even in sleep she sees the muddled room, the work yet to be done. Slowly she opens her deep-set, tired, blue eyes and, pushing back a lock of her braided gray hair, yawns. She has a large mouth with pale, thin lips. There is a slight suggestion of sag in her chin line which is hardened by the light from the one glaring bulb. Her shoulders covered with soiled green paint are broad and only slightly bent by the worries traced in the lines around her eyes. As she yawns her arms stretch stiffly above her large, solid body, and she utters a long sigh.

"I guess I'm getting old," she mutters, and rising she begins to finish clearing the table.

The Blackberry

The last of our berries is probably the most reliable. Whether there be flood or drought, heat or cold, the honest blackberry is sure to make its appearance. Strawberry, raspberry, blueberry—these may come or not—but the blackberry never fails. Not as fragrant as the strawberry, nor as sweet as the raspberry, it still has a good, honest taste of its own, and it never disappoints. The lady of the house may have on her shelves a few glasses of wild strawberry jam, probably twice as many of wild raspberry, but she is sure to have an ample supply of blackberry jam. True it is that they are difficult to gather; it is necessary to don boots and thick clothing. But riches are heaped upon whosoever will gather them.—ELISABETH BALDWIN

Joe and Jerry—Bosses

GEORGE S. AMSBARY

Rhetoric I, Theme 18, 1937-1938

THE "L" rattles on through the misty, morning air of the city. "Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety," it goes, when suddenly out of the uproar comes the nasal twang of the conductor's voice, "Ahdams and Wawbaysh." The clickety-clicks slow down their tempo, and amid the screeching of wheels and the "swishshsh" of air brakes, the "L" comes to a jolting stop. Several passengers, myself included, rise and force their way to the door. "Watch youah stepping—all out for 'Ahdams and Wawbaysh,'" warns the conductor. We get out, and with the clinking of starting bells and a grunt, the "L" goes "clickety-click" on its way.

Another long day of work in the mail department of the Rock Wool Company has started for me. I walk a block to our office-building, go up the elevator, and upon landing on the twelfth floor am greeted by four large, inanimate, but potential-looking United States Government mail-sacks, strewn haphazardly about in the foyer. With an air of resignation I drag one of the lighter ones into our mailing rooms. I am early, so I turn on the lights, open the bag of mail, and proceed to sort the contents into the different departmental bins. Soon Joe comes stalking in with his quick, short step, and the quick, nervous puffing of his cigarette complementing it. I greet him with the usual "Good morning, Joe," and he returns my greeting with some unintelligible, guttural reply. We silently—and with a seeming hostility to each other—sort one bag of mail after another. Unconsciously, as I sort, I analyze Joe.

Joseph C. Rovaminsky is Polish. He is excitable. His hair is blond and oily; his face is pock-marked. He is shabbily dressed, with dirty shirt, wrinkled tie, and unshined shoes. The curious nervous twitching of his mouth, and his uncontrollable excitability truthfully brand him as the "Wild Polack" that he is called. Although he is assistant boss of the department, he has no organizing ability. As a result, the same mistakes occur day after day—mistakes that could be easily avoided. Yet, I cannot condemn Joe. He is only a grammar school graduate, and is living in a very poor environment. What can one expect? While these thoughts are pursuing their way about my mind, the rest of the eight o'clock shift is dribbling in, one by one, until, at last, Jerry Kutak, the boss, comes striding in, looking neither to the right or left. As he is coming close enough for me to see his cynical expression I think, "Here's Jerry, an unshaven, black-haired Bohemian, with even less initiative than Joe. He pays absolutely no attention to the condition of the mail department, and yet—he is boss!" No one greets Jerry as he comes in. We have had experience with his surliness in the morning.

Now the routine starts. The three "floor-boys" take their wire baskets, load them to capacity, and deliver the mail we have sorted to the various departments on each of the company's floors. The task of sweeping up after the mad whirl of sorting is delegated to another. Still another and I sort the left-over mail, while Joe and Jerry go about their tasks

with executive mien, hostilely ignoring each other.

At eleven o'clock there is a sinister ring of the telephone. Joe answers it and finds that the New York office received the Boston Office's mail from last night, and they want to know why. It seems as though a powder-charge has been set off! Joe slams down the receiver, tips over the desk chair, and with his characteristic short, quick steps rushes over to the one who was undoubtedly responsible—a rather small, meek boy of not over eighteen. "Whatsa matta wid ja, all ready yet? Jis fer dis yer gonna go right down ta Art, see!" Joe yells at the top of his lungs. (Art is the head of our division.) "An an oder ting, yer goin' on da floor for da rest of da week—yeah—an none o' yer lip, idder," he adds. The offender doesn't say a word, but I know he has a half-smile on his face. This anger will pass over and Joe will probably be buying him a "coke" this afternoon.

A number of violent outbursts such as

this on the part of Joe, and a number of quiet, sarcastic shots on the part of Jerry, occur during the day, but no one pays the slightest heed. Finally the day's work is ended and we all—wearily, but good-humoredly—make our nightly exodus.

The "L" rattles on through the glaring electricity and the silent darkness of night in the city. "Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety," it goes, and while the rest of the passengers read their newspapers to the soothing, swaying rhythm of the "L," I think, "Why does a big corporation hire this quick-tempered, slow-thinking, unskilled help as heads of important functional departments? Why do they hire help that commands as little respect as this type does? Why do they permit mistakes of the nature of those that occurred today?" Suddenly the nasal twang of the conductor's voice arouses me from my thoughts. "Howard Street—Citeee Limits," it calls, and the clickety-clicks slow down their tempo and the "L" comes to a jolting stop.

Little Facial Expressions

The hard-of-hearing person figures out most of what he fails to hear from facial expressions and little gestures the normal person often does not notice. For example, if there is a look of expectancy characterized by intent eyes and a slightly opened mouth one can be sure that a question was asked, but if the eyes are glowing and the mouth is softly set in lines of satisfaction one knows no answer is expected and what was said was probably not worth hearing in the first place. The satisfied expression is sometimes misleading, though, because I have seen it on an instructor's face many times after he has asked tricky questions. Then too some interesting and important things are lost by passing unheard sentences over rather than asking for repetition

Little facial expressions give many away and watching them, added to a slight ability to read lips, which comes naturally to many hard of hearing, gives the power to find out just what the other person is up to. Then on days when hearing is a little better than on others, things are heard that are not meant to be, and some good acting is called for. Thus, a hard of hearing person has to be something like the three little monkeys that hear no evil and see no evil, yet get a great deal of amusement. Next time you see someone who you know is hard of hearing laughing quietly to himself, don't get too curious because, remember, the third little monkey is the one that won't talk.—ANONYMOUS

Street Car!

ROBERT KIMBRELL

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1937-1938

CHICAGO has many schools. Many of the schools are large. Many of the students of the schools ride to and fro on street cars. Some of the large schools are for boys only. I went to a boy's school.

Chicago has many street cars. Many of the street cars are obsolete. All of them make noise. Many, many people ride the street cars daily. Many people harass the conductors. Students don't harass them; they cheat them.

Chicago's street cars represent quite a number of conductors. Many of the conductors are shrewd, deliberate of movement—hard to cheat. The majority of them are easily excited when confronted by a howling mass of humanity that demands their utmost speed and attention—easy to cheat.

When the bell rings, denoting termination of the school day, pandemonium breaks loose. Students speed to their lockers. Lockers are hastily opened. Wraps are hastily donned. Lockers are hastily closed. Students speed hastily away. They speed toward the car-line.

I usually arrived at the car-line later than the majority of the students. Here is what I would see:

A solid mass of humanity packed on what is known as a "safety island," but where an amoeba would be in grave danger. This solid mass was on an island—yes, an island in a river of traffic, covered with boys as a sweet-roll is with flies. Amongst the boys bulged the forms of two or three women; short, fat, ungainly, foreign creatures, quite clumsy in

their movements, pouring forth a continual stream of curses in their guttural mother tongues. When a street car would finally slide to a stop adjacent to the "safety" island, a great roar from the students, topped only by the curses spat out by the foreign creatures, would greet it. There would be a mad rush toward the rear platform. The larger boys would shoulder their smaller fellows away from the door. The smaller fellows would shoulder the women away. The women would pour forth more curses. I would wait. When the vehicle had taken on its maximum load, it would whisk away, leaving many to wait for the next.

The first students to enter the car would either rush into the most remote corner, or slap six pennies into the eager hand of the conductor, and push on into the car's interior, dump themselves into the farthest seat, produce a worn dime-novel, and become seemingly engrossed in it, meanwhile hoping that the conductor neglected to count the pennies. The boys in the remote corner would wait until the crowd diminished and then tell the conductor they had already paid their fare, hoping that the conductor didn't remember them.

I would wait. I would get on the seventh or eighth street car. I would pay full fare (the conductor was no longer hurried). I would get a seat. I would ride in comfort. I would hear behind me two or three women; short, fat, ungainly, foreign creatures, quite clumsy of movement and mouthing foul curses in their guttural mother tongues.

The Sketch Book—I

(Material Written in Rhetoric I and II)

A Bushel of Apples

They really are not such bad apples. There are seven layers of them, a different brand in each layer. In fact, about the first six dozen apples I ate tasted very good. But the fourth day, starting on the seventh dozen, I began to wish I'd never see another pretty, shiny, big, red apple as long as I lived. Every place I went I saw something that reminded me of my apples. That fourth day in particular everyone on the campus seemed to be eating taffy apples. When I went home, every girl in the house was in the drawing room dancing the Big Apple. For lunch we were served fried apples. But the last straw, the final blow, came when someone told me that my cheeks were so rosy they looked like apples. My roommate tells me I fainted; at least I wasn't thinking of apples for the short time that I was unconscious.

—ELIZABETH HUDSON

And Baseball Players

Where but in America are there people who speak of presidents, kings, potentates—and baseball players in the same breath? Where but in America is the autograph of an Indian rajah exchanged for the illegible scrawl of Lou Gehrig? The National Game has so completely won the American people that from mid-April to early October metropolitan newspapers get out extras, and radio stations choose to broadcast play-by-play accounts of Sunday afternoon double-headers rather than the music of Leopold Stokowski and his Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.—CARL PIHL

Shakespeare in High School

When I was fourteen I entered high school and nearly ceased to enjoy literature. I had loved the fine cadence of Shakespeare and the colorful figures of the historical novel without knowing why. Shakespeare read alone while one's imagination sets the stage is a fine thing. But Shakespeare in the mouth of a nasal-voiced spinster who is wrongfully employed as an English instructor is quite another. I have not yet recovered from the beatings my youthful mind took from my high-school instructors. My family encouraged my enthusiasm; my instructors throttled it.

—FREDERICK POPE

The Doctor, The Lawyer, The Engineer

A doctor can make mistakes and even bury them; the lawyer can make mistakes and allow his clients to go to prison or to their death, and yet his ability as a lawyer is questioned by no man. The engineer, however, is completely torn from his life-work by one mistake. He will not be recommended for engineering projects, and consequently, he must follow some mediocre occupation for the remainder of his life.—DONALD RADER

Farmer's Social Life

His social life during the summer consists of several Sunday dinners with Aunt Mary and Uncle Claude; a series of community "socials"; and a trip to the state fair, where he sees more corn, wheat, horses, cattle, hogs, and sheep like the ones he has at home—unless he is lucky enough to be there exhibiting some of his own.

—DOROTHY FEHRENBACHER

The Paths of Memory

For almost a week I have been trying to find a way into the dim recesses of my childhood memories where my earliest impressions are so well hidden. I have no trouble in going back over the road of memories until I reach my fifth year. But at that point the road seems to divide into two different, yet very closely connected, paths. One path—dark and forbidding, but intriguing—leads to real memories. The other—light and easily traversable—leads to “memories” which are, in reality, formed from the stories I have heard my parents tell. At this fork in the “road back” I become confused. The bright road tempts me to forsake the darker one, and I am sometimes blinded by the many lights along its path. Then I bring myself back and start down the other route. I gradually force my way through the darkness in search of a memory to form a ray of light. So far I have been able to find only one. Beyond that, all is darkness. Yet, this track shouldn’t be without light, for I remember finding in that same passage the material for a high school theme. But now I can’t even recall the theme.—BETTY COLEMAN

A Mind of Her Own

Dilly-dallying in milking simply does not work; the cow has a mind of her own, and if she decides the milker is an amateur or too slow, the flow of milk stops almost instantly, and—there you are! Nothing but the feel of experienced, rhythmic hands slipping over her udders can induce her once more to “let down” the milk. To add to your general discomfort, your arms and hands tire almost to petrification. Once you begin to milk a cow, you have to finish, and as I said before, there can be no dilly-dallying. The milker has to pump as though his life depended on it; otherwise the cow may have an attack of temperament.—MARGIE ENGELBRECHT

Undoubtedly a Professor

He was undoubtedly a professor. A bushy, white beard, a curious, pointed cane, the inevitable brief case, and a great, black pipe first attracted our attention to a quaint, stout little man ambling down the broadwalk.—MADITH SMITH.

Mexican Scene

Then you enter Mexico. You see dusty roads, with bones bleaching in them, adobe huts built at crazy angles, dirty children and fat women. But over all is an effect of cleanliness. The huts are whitewashed; every home has a washing on the line; and even the bones show white in the roads.—PEYTON BRECKENRIDGE

Blondes in Particular

In that awful moment of pain, frustration, and embarrassment the only words I could think of were “Aw, nuts!” These words, my philosophy on life and blondes in particular, were my one and only stand-by for the rest of the school year.

—WILLIAM FARIS

Beginnings of the Depression

I am no economist, but my private explanation of the present panic is that Coca-Cola started the crash when it fell after the board of directors heard one could get a seat at Hanley’s at any time.—ALLAN ADAMS

The Smells of Spring

The smells of spring are fresh paint, perfume from flowers, musty attics invaded for cleaning, mothballs from ravished trunks, green onions from the new garden, and sassafras.—ANNE WORLAND

Nothing but the Best

EDWIN LAMPITT

Rhetoric I, Theme 16, 1937-1938

"ONE on the rack, Ben," Cassie called. Muttering to myself about the thoughtlessness of people who have their cars greased early on Sunday mornings, I raised the doors of the lubritory to let the big new Oldsmobile in.

"Good morning," I said, and handed one of our advertising suckers to the little girl who sat in the seat beside the driver. "What can I do for you this morning, sir?"

"Oh, you can grease it and change the oil," he answered in a pompous way.

"Will you have Pennsylvania or—" I began.

"Give me the best. Always use the best on my car, and don't worry about the cost. I'll worry about that." He

sounded as if he were buying the Brooklyn Bridge for a toy.

"Daddy," called his little girl, and I was surprised that such a timid child could be the daughter of such an overbearing fellow.

"Yes, dear." He sounded as if he were talking to his wife.

"I don't have my money for Sunday School."

He beamed at me with a smile that was as false as his upper plate, and moaned, "That's where the money goes."

He reached for his pocketbook and said to his little girl, "Just a minute, dear, until I get some change."

He turned to me, handed me a nickel, and said, "Here, give me five pennies."

Figures of Speech

In my short stories, my imagination runs a trifle wild. Being an extreme idealist, I invariably make my heroes visions of perfection and my heroines creatures of flawless beauty. About half way through a story, though, my senses of humor and of reality come to my rescue, and my endings are usually a trifle on the Mack Sennett side. The whole story then resembles a mongrel pup who started out to be a collie, changed his mind half way along, and turned out to be an airedale.—BETTY IVEY.

. . . .

She walked along the broadwalk in her ski-suit like a duck dressed in rompers.
—TED MORSE

. . . .

The evening has boiled itself out like coffee in an old tin pot.—HERBERT LEVINSON

. . . .

Above us the moon, like a single headlight, seeks its way through the fog to the earth and casts a ghastly pale light; it looks as though one were seeing an electric light bulb through milk.—FRANCES N. TUTTLE

. . . .

She licked the stamp like a small boy taking his second bite of spinach.
—PHYLLIS WITZEL

These Women

ROBERT HAYNES GREEN

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1937-1938

THE night was cold. The heart was warm. She was waiting. Hoping. It was the last night. Her parents were moving away.

"Mother, what shall I do? I don't want to move away. I know father must move because of his new job. I would rather stay here. I know so many people, and I hate to think of going away and leaving them all behind."

"Martha, I am so sorry. I did not think that you would not want to move. All the other children think that it is best to move. They think that they need the change. But you are older and more set in your ways."

"It would not be so bad, but there I would be slow meeting other people of my age. I know how it is to go into a town as a stranger. Look at Betty. She is very nice, but no one seems to want her in the crowd. She is so much different from the rest of us. I would feel the same as she does. I wish I could stay here."

"You could stay here, if we had the money for your keep. But I can't see how we can. It is going to be hard for us as it is. I will speak to your father tonight and see what he says. If there were only some other way—"

"Let's not talk about it any more. We cannot do it, so let's forget it. I will get along some way or another."

"Martha, isn't Richard coming over tonight?"

"Yes, I believe he said that he would come to say goodbye to us."

"If you would only fall in love with a

person as nice as he is, I would be willing to leave you here."

"I think that I do love him, but he has never been romantic to me. I wish that I could do something tonight that would be a test of love."

"You mean that you are going to flirt with him?"

"Yes, mother, I am. Don't be shocked. You can help also. Please make some of the candy like you said you made for father, the night that he asked to marry you. I will hurry and dress, while you make the candy."

Mother hurried to the kitchen and made the candy. It was just cool enough to eat when the door bell rang.

"Hello. Is Martha at home?"

"Yes, come on in. Go into the fire while I go up and tell Martha that you are here."

She hurried up the stairs, for her mind was young again. She was thinking of the night that she became engaged to be married.

"Is he here, mother?"

"Yes. And the candy is perfect."

"Do I look all right?"

"Yes. Now remember—this night is the night of nights."

"Now, mother, don't be shocked if I do become engaged tonight. He is nice, even though he has never been romantic."

"Let luck be with you. I will pray for you until he leaves."

He was sitting in front of the fireplace, staring intently into the flames. Some thought seemed to bring pleasure to him, but his face was not wholly smiles. Oc-

asionally a shadow of doubt would cross his face.

Softly through the doorway came Martha. She was all smiles. She placed her hands over his eyes.

"Martha, you scared me."

"Me scare you? Is that all I do to you?"

"Well, I don't know. Come around in front where I can see you better. That's better. Say, to see you now, one must think this must be your coming out party, instead of just a farewell to a friend."

"Such a man," softly.

"Here, let's be seated by the fire."

"Just a minute. I think mother made some candy. I'll see."

She returned with the candy and placed it on a small table before the couch. He took a piece.

"My, but this candy is good. What kind is it?"

"Mother calls it 'Lover's Delight.'"

"Some name, I must say. I wonder where she could have found such a good candy?"

"She wishes to keep it a secret, so I cannot tell you about it."

"By the way, when does your furniture leave?"

"The movers will come tomorrow to pack and cart away our things."

"And you are leaving also?"

"Yes, I am leaving on the train with the rest of the family, late Sunday evening. We are staying at Betty's until then."

"Do you wish to leave?"

"No. I wish that I could afford to remain here, but it is impossible."

"How I will miss you from the crowd."

"And how I will miss my. . . ."

"Oh! Martha! What has happened?"

"I— — I'll be all right in a moment. Just hold me awhile. Too much candy I guess."

"Martha, let me hold you forever."

"You don't mean it, do you, Richard?"

"Yes, I guess I am love-struck."

"Oh, honey."

"You knew that I came over here to tell you goodbye forever, but I can't let you step out of my life that quickly. You'll be mine forever, won't you, honey?"

"Yes, dear."

All Done

The rusty iron range was at her back, its oven door gaping open to heat the enormous kitchen. She was dwarfed by the mountainous pile of sheets and the ironing board that came almost to her shoulders, but then, she was only five feet tall. At first glance, she seemed ill, the sickly green of the high walls reflected to her face by the glimmer of the solitary light bulb, almost lost in the recesses of the old-fashioned chandelier. Her bird-like activity contradicted the first impression, though, as she grabbed a huge sheet, smacked it down, and slammed it viciously with the iron as though she hoped to remove its wrinkles for all time. Her face wore an expression of everlasting surprise. A close observer would have noticed that her hair, severely parted in the middle, was drawn back so tightly to the knot at her neck as to cause the extreme arch in her eyebrows. Her spectacles gleamed as she moved, dropping down along her nose as she thrust her head closer to the ironing board. As the iron cooled she would snatch another from the range with one wrinkled, brown speckled hand, while the other traveled to her mouth and a sharp hiss bounced from her moist thumb as she tested its temperature. As the pile of sheets became smaller, she worked faster and faster until, at last, a huge sigh, almost over balancing her slight frame, billowed forth with the words, "All done—thank the Lord!"—DAN SITZER

Lucy

ALBERT BRAVIAK

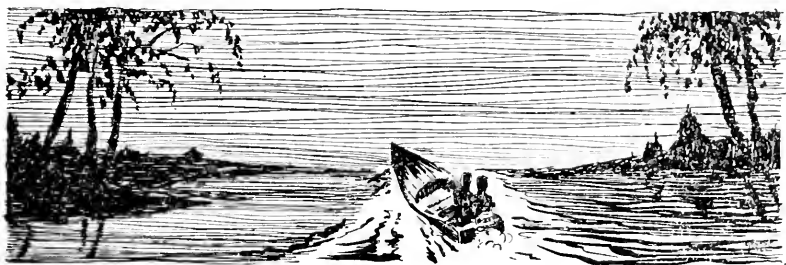
Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1937-1938

WHEN school starts in the fall, I know Lucy will be just as unhappy as I until another glorious summer rolls around. She is a real pal, and I prize every ounce of her forty-seven pounds. Lucy doesn't get temperamental with me, because I understand her. If she doesn't feel like playing I know she isn't well. Understanding her as I do, I carefully take her apart and remedy her ills. Then

enough for me. As we circle and whip around corners, she snarls at the water and tries to chew it to shreds.

In the evening when the sun disappears behind the cliff, we swing out of the bay and head back toward the west. We have just enough time after that to get back to the cabin before it gets too dark.

Lucy and I never go out on moonlight



when she is well again we take our boat out on the lake and Lucy sings with joy.

Lucy and I like to go out when the sun is just beginning to peek through the leafy sycamores on the east shore. The lake seems to be too sleepy to do anything but lie undisturbed, an unrippled surface before us, except when a fish may bob up only to dive back again into the center of a dilating circle. We plow noisily through, leaving a furrow of foam on either side of the boat.

At noon we chatter along over choppy waves under the scorching sun. We can't compete with the speed of Mr. Craig's Cris-Craft, but when I sit in the middle of the boat where I can just reach Lucy, she does her very best—that's good

nights any more because I've learned my lesson. We were out with Bitsy one evening, just easing quietly along. Since Bitsy and I were sitting together at the back end of the boat, it seemed only natural that I should put my arm around her. Suddenly Lucy jumped straight up and tried to do a half-gainer into forty feet of water. Fortunately my grip on Lucy was the more secure of the two, and I saved her from her intended fate.

Of course Bitsy warned me that I should be careful to get Lucy more securely clamped in the future, but I knew better than she what had caused it. And now I don't give my little Lucy occasion to get so blindly jealous that she wants to commit suicide. After all, she cost seventy-five bucks.

The Sketch Book—II

(Material Written in Rhetoric I and II)

Election Day

Election day arrives, usually in a fog or rainstorm. In the early morning railroad workers stop to vote at the gas office or at the engine house on their way to the depot. About 7:30 or 8 o'clock Main Street is waking up. Office people rush in and out of the election buildings, while the judges inside are already a little bored. Then about 8:30 "Mama" takes Junior to school in the car, comes down town and votes, pastes Republican stickers on her car, and goes off to stalk her prey. People are brought in to vote until about noon, when all the "Mamas" remember that they are wives and mothers and must prepare lunch at home. The only activity within the ballot rooms between 12 and 1 consists of the hurried entrances and exits of most of the school teachers, who have come in a body to vote. They come together because they want the superintendent of the school, a radical Republican, to know that they appreciate the honor of teaching in *his* school. In between customers the judges comment on this one's coat, that one's hair, and the havoc caused by the present administration. None of the six judges in each voting place needs the job he has for the day. They are all retired or about to retire from their professions, but it is a novelty to earn eight dollars by sitting and checking names. Anyway, that money will come in handy for bridge or for a new cigarette holder. What's more—they all have, at one time or another, thrown generous contributions in the "Ole Boy's" hat and are entitled to whatever he can offer them in the way of diversion. All afternoon transformed housewives zealously pull old ladies and crippled men from their beds and take them to vote for a "truly worthy man." At 5 o'clock, finally, the doors of the gas office and engine house are locked.—LORAIN McCABE

Just as a Diversion

In my early years, I believe I read all the books that most boys of pre-high school days usually do. One after another, in a never-ending procession, I read the numerous tales of adventure. I imagined myself in the boots of the daring hero and rescued many a fair maiden from the tomahawk of the savage Indian. I captured scores of Spanish brigs, made every captive walk the plank, and at times killed sharks with my bare hands—just as a diversion.—JAMES WESTWATER

Character and Golf

As a revealer of hidden traits, golf remains unparalleled. After playing several rounds of golf with some of my friends, I found that I knew much more about them. I often played golf with my high school principal, a Jekyll-Hyde sort of a fellow. From all appearances he was an upright, clean-minded, agreeable person, but with a midiron in his hand he was a changed man. He would stride around the golf course hitting the ball savagely, puffing heavily on an evil-smelling, black cigar, and swearing under his breath. He hated to be defeated, and would resort to cheating in order to win. After every hole some one would ask him whether he took a seven, a six, or whatever it was that he shot. His answer would always be one or two strokes lower than the number of strokes that the person had figured, and when the scores were totaled, his came out just one or two strokes under that of anyone else. I also know a business man who works hard all day, driving both himself and his employees.

However, on the golf course he becomes the most genial and good-natured man one ever met. Sooner or later golf discovers those discourteous people who talk, or walk across greens, when one is putting, who shoot out of turn, or who play too close to golfers ahead of them. There are also those annoying people who pick up their golf balls from the green, wipe them off, and set them down two feet closer to the pin; those who kick their golf balls out of sand traps; and those who kick their golf balls onto the greens from the fairways. Everyone has bad habits or hidden traits, and golf is the game to make a person show his true colors.—ROBERT D. CRITTON

The Duck Season Opens

The eastern horizon is hazily outlined against the dull morning light, and the huntsmen are proceeding cautiously, on foot or in boats, toward their respective blinds. Here and there we see a man with a star and a revolver, examining guns and hunting licenses to make sure the law isn't violated. Far down the lake, a quacking, flapping flock of ducks leap out of the water, startled, no doubt, by some unwary hunter, and leave for places unknown. Seven-thirty. All the blinds are occupied, all the decoys set out, and as the strong light of morning floods the scene, a roaring, deafening silence descends upon this unnaturally natural spot. Seven forty-five and the soft *click, click* of guns being loaded fills the air. Only fifteen more minutes. Trigger fingers become nervous as a flock of early rising mallards investigate a bunch of decoys. Suddenly, from the far end of the lake, a single shot rings out, followed instantly by a stentorian bellow from the game warden, "Cut it out, you dam' fool. Don't you know what time it is?" Seventy fifty-five. That cruising bunch of mallards had better be somewhere else in a hurry or there are liable to be a few, mighty sorry birds. Eight o'clock! A sudden report from the warden's boat, followed closely by a very vivid imitation of a Chinese New Year, and the 1938 migratory waterfowl season is opened, literally with a bang.—CRAIG LEWIS

Saddling a Horse

The horse stands quietly, looking deceptively meek. Do not allow yourself to be swayed into misjudgment by his soft, intelligent-looking brown eyes and chastened mien, but rather let this serve as a warning—a weather barometer, so to speak, which forecasts storms and thunder clouds. Approach him with wary eye, cautious tread, and a great deal of determination. Never allow "friend horse" to understand you are a novice at the art of saddling. With the saddle in one hand, you stand at his left side. Forgive me if I seem to stress "the left side," because he is brought up to respect anyone who approaches his left. There is a saddle blanket which is used to prevent rubbing and chafing of the leather saddle on the horse's skin. This, with practiced hand, you throw across his back. He submits to this act peacefully enough, and you gather courage to place the saddle carefully in its correct position, just in the slight hollow of his back. Daringly, you reach underneath his belly for the strap which hangs from the further side, preparing to draw it through a ring on your side. The horse takes all this with calm, unruffled serenity, lulling your suspicions into a false security. By this time, you have grown quite bold. The leather strap slides very easily through the iron ring, almost but not quite in place. The horse, a veritable fiend incarnate, nickers softly to himself as he takes a deep breath, making it impossible for you to draw the saddle taut. You finally realize this is to be a battle betwixt brains and brute strength; it is also a question of which one has the most patience and endurance. After all, the horse can't hold his breath forever. Just as soon as he expels his breath, you renew for the onslaught, quickly pulling at the strap before he has time to inhale again. Your little ruse is successful, to the horse's utter chagrin. Patiently, you continue your little stratagem until finally your objective is realized; the horse is saddled.—DOROTHY NELSON

Stars May Fall

D. CURTIS

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1937-1938

"BUT the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

There was not a sound in the little church as the minister slowly read this closing prophecy.

I moved closer to Lorraine. From my seat in the children's choir I looked down on the handful of men and women in the hard, uncomfortable pews. The air was hot and sticky like a suffocating blanket. The doors and windows stood open to the black pit of the night. The people all looked very strange and unreal with the glare of the lights on their white, tense faces. A little boy was asleep with his head on his mother's shoulder. She held him tightly to her as if she feared he would be torn from her arms.

After the minister had pronounced the benediction, everyone rose and began talking in low voices. The mother tried to awaken her sleeping boy. Lorraine and I slipped out of the church and turned toward home. We walked swiftly and silently. When we came to the corner Lorraine said, "See you in the morning," and we parted.

Behind me I could hear the sound of her feet as she ran down the walk. I looked up at the sky and the friendly, winking stars that were thick across it. Then through my mind flashed those

words, "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise.—" The stars weren't friendly; they were poised in the sky, waiting—waiting to fall and crush me and the earth. They would come hurling through space toward me, crashing into each other, and burying me as they beat the earth to bits with an unearthly roar, the noise of infinite destruction. "The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." The earth was waiting to burst into flames, flames that would lick up trees, mountains, writhing and screaming people, even rivers, filling the universe with their red glare and stinging odor and noise. Fear was upon me. I ran. My legs could not move fast enough and my lungs and heart were bursting with the effort. Those last yards to home were like an eternity, home was an unattainable goal. I dashed up the steps and in the door.

Father looked up from his paper. "Something scare you?"

"No, I was just running."

I looked at him sitting there so comfortable and ordinary as he read the Sunday papers. The bald spot on his head shone. Mother went through the room with her cheerful, energetic stride as she gathered up the clothes for Monday's wash. I picked up my geography book and sat down. This was home, warm and secure with Father and Mother near.

I was safe.

Epigram

Sleep, like many other things in life, is something you must have and don't want in youth—but want and can't have as you grow older.—CHARLOTTE CONRAD

Alms

MARY K. GROSSMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1937-1938

THE meal had progressed painfully through the first and the main courses—when it happened! I was carefully maneuvering a plate from in front of a formidable-looking madame when she squirmed around dexterously in her chair and dropped something in my pocket. There was a loud clatter as this something struck my compact and lipstick. It seemed to me that everyone in the dining room must have heard it. I

me. I wanted to throw it as far as possible and then run all the way home to my parents, where life was normal and money not a thing to be hated. I thought that I could not possibly go back into that dining room and face the woman who had made me feel as no one else had ever quite been able to—inferior. Finally I forced myself to go back to my tables, with an air of detachment that I felt must be convincing. However, I doubt-



fear I must have started rather visibly, for a knife fell to the floor, adding to my general confusion. I hurriedly gathered up my dishes and tried to walk as gracefully and unconcernedly as possible kitchenward. Safely behind the swinging portals of my haven, I investigated the source of my trouble. It was a very innocent-looking quarter. Actually, it was no different from many quarters which had passed through my fingers before, without a thought, but this one was not the same. I stared at it dumbly, and then suddenly it became repulsive to

less looked exactly like the embarrassed and scared waitress that I really was. I had received my first tip.

Afterwards I often thought about the money and wondered why she gave it to me. Did she feel sorry for me in my inexperience? Or was she paying me for being polite, courteous, and eager to please? That I could not understand. All my life I had been taught to be polite to everyone, simply because I wanted to be a lady. Why should this woman, who had regarded me with a decidedly vulgar stare from behind her pince-nez, put a

quarter in my pocket because I had been a lady while I served her? The only answer that I could find was a most disillusioning one: there is no kindness in a money-minded world, and courtesy, like any commodity, can be bought and sold for a few cents. Perhaps if I, like so many of the other waitresses, had been dependent on my tips for a good part of my living, I would have felt differently. Certainly, there is nothing wrong with the mere act of tipping. It is simply the way and the spirit in which it is done.

I may never be able to reform the "tipping" world. In fact, these fortunates

who happened to be born on the right side of the tracks would probably not be interested in hearing advice from an ex-waitress. Nevertheless, that first experience from a thoughtless tipper taught me how I shall thank the girl who next serves me for her prompt and efficient services. I will never hand money to her or put it in her pocket. When I leave money, it will be under the plate, where she will not find it until after I have left the dining room. My waitresses will never feel that I am throwing them alms. My tip will be only a little "thank-you" from an appreciative guest and friend.

Geology Field Trip

As the bus turned off the pavement onto a narrow, gravel road, Mary and I began to have real misgivings. The bus went as fast as ever. Didn't the driver know how slippery the gravel was? Couldn't he feel how the bus skidded along the road? Was he crazy?

Then, relief. We were in the ditch. A car had come around a bend forcing us off the road. We slid to such a smooth stop that no one was hurt. There wasn't a bumped elbow or a skinned knee in the crowd. Not a bone was out of place. Mary and I felt it to be a lucky accident—one of those that prevents some worse happening. Also the jiggling had stopped; nor did we have to grasp the backs of seats to keep from crushing each other, for all of us were now piled conveniently on one side of the bus.

A scared silence had pervaded the bus during the entire accident. Now a normal chatter began. We were wondering whether to get out or stay in. Mary and I got out after a few braver souls had first pulled themselves up to the emergency door and had jumped the three or more feet to the ground. Then began a game of getting in and getting out again. It rained a little, and we got in. When it had quit, we got out. Then we got cold; so we climbed in again.

Soon the bus driver had rounded up a couple of tractors and a dozen or so farmers. Mary and I got out of the bus lest something happen as the bus was being pulled. However, we did not need to be so hasty because the tractors could not budge it. With farmers giving advice and tractors pulling, the bus remained stubborn.

Mary and I remained cold, and our last vestige of delightful anticipation was blown away by a cold wind. As it started to rain, we started to expect the worst. We were out in the middle of a country road waiting for mind to show its superiority over matter. At last it did. One of the men ran to his house up the road and came back with a shovel. The farmer then dug the bus out of the ditch much as one digs out a car stuck in a snowdrift.

Finally, wet, bedraggled, and unhappy, we were on our way home. Mary and I then drew a few conclusions of our own about geology field trips. They were awful, and the only thing you learned was how to get a bus out of a ditch.

—JEAN McJOHNSTON

Faithful to Thee

WANDA LITTLE

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1937-1938

"YOU would have understood me had you waited." Dowson in that line from his poem of the same name writes the story of his life. He brought his poems—delicate spider webs of verse with an occasional line or phrase in them sparkling with genius as the drops of dew on a web sparkle in the morning sun—to a world which neglected them heartbreakingly. He did not, like Keats, even suffer from the barbs of critics. All manner of recognition was denied him, and he died too young, not knowing that his meagre offering would attain an obscure but real immortality. There is a small minority who, from time to time, have paused to give to his works the slow and sympathetic attention necessary to their appreciation. To take that volume of two hundred pages which includes all his original works, both poetry and prose, and to run through it in one sitting is useless. Such a procedure is as unsatisfactory as taking a glass of fine sherry and swallowing it hurriedly and with closed eyes. Take a single poem, hold it up to the light and admire its color as does a connoisseur with a glass of wine, inhale its elusive bouquet, and then slowly sip it, tasting it and prolonging enjoyment to the last syllable. Then, if you have found pleasure in this experience, turn to his life to add understanding to enjoyment.

Ernest Christopher Dowson is an enigmatic figure. All that is known of him, outside the self-revelation of his poetry, comes from the pen of Arthur Symons, who was his closest friend. In Symons's memoir the outlines of Dowson's life and

character are shown. It is no more than a sketch, for the details necessary to a complete portrait have been obliterated by time as effectually as a sponge effaces the words on a slate. He was born in England, on August 2, 1867, but the greater part of his childhood was spent wandering around the Continent because of his father's poor health. This weakness of constitution he inherited, along with a vague but cherished tradition of literary talent. His great-uncle, Alfred Domett, who was Browning's "Waring," wrote *Runolf and Amohia* and a number of other poems. His father dosed himself well with literature, but without result except so far as he influenced Dowson. After three years at Oxford, Dowson returned without a degree to the only mistress who was ever faithful to him, his beloved France. It might be that in his hasheesh dreams which started in college he found a truer one, but certainly his love in this world was disappointing to a soul which searched for someone who would be to it as a goblet of crystal wherein it might see reflected its own sensitive image.

Hasheesh was not his only weakness. Symons says of him, "I have never known him when he could resist either the desire or the consequences of drink."¹ He haunted the most sordid and squalid places he could find, in London and on the Continent, especially in Brussels. He attempted to drown the bitter taste of frustration with the strongest dregs of the cup of life.

¹Symons, A., "Ernest C. Dowson," *Fortnightly Review*, 73 (1900), 949.

The Rhymers Club knew him at this time, and his contributions were the outstanding features of their published volumes. His small income, also a heritage from his father, was supplemented only by the money received for translations from the French which he did as hack work and the two novels written in collaboration with Arthur Moore.

He was highstrung, nervous, irritable, emotional; his life was a chaos to the end. Unaware that Fate was closing her shears upon the thread of his existence, he lay in the home of a poor friend on February 23, 1900, in the England to which he had just returned six weeks before. Consumption had weakened him but he was cheerful and full of plans for the future, when, to quote Symons again, "he tried to cough, could not cough, and the heart quietly stopped."²

His poems are as delicate and feverish as he himself was. It is a debatable question whether he indulged in hash-eesh to any great extent after leaving college, but the hash-eesh visions haunted him all his life and recur in one form or another in many of his lyrics. That inability to forget the sensations experienced is one of the queer features of the drug. The dreams themselves vary enormously; some are unbelievably beautiful, while some are more agonizing than any physical torment of the Spanish Inquisition. Dowson, I believe, experienced mostly somber-hued fantasies. He seems filled with the "agony of despair for his own fate"³ which is mentioned by others who have contracted the habit. In *Cease smiling, Dear! a little while be sad*, he cries,

"Fear is upon me and memory
Of what is all men's share."⁴

²*Ibid.*, 952.

³Ludlow, F. H., *The Hasheesh Eater*, 190.

And in *Amor Profanus* his lament is that
". . . all too soon we twain shall tread
The bitter pastures of the dead."⁵

One of the peculiar characteristics of hash-eesh, which under the name of marihuana has become a much discussed modern problem, is the way in which it prolongs the sensation of time, stretching out a minute to eternity. Dowson must have "experienced that vast change which hash-eesh makes in all measurements of time."⁶ How else is one to understand his reference in *Amor Profanus* to a time in his own life "beyond the pale of memory," and his cry "that time was distant as a star"?

There is a faint flavor of seventeenth century France in many of his poems. He was technically a master of the villanelle, and each one of the small number of them he produced seems like a dainty and stylized figurine of fine porcelain. Verlaine's writings also had some influence on him. Villanelles and Verlaine—both start with the letter he loved. Again and again violets, vines, and viols sound their soft music in his poems. The letter *v* was to him what the adjective *white* was to Rupert Brooke; he would have been lost without it.

One feels a sort of surprise when first reading *On the Birth of a Friend's Child*. It is somehow a misplaced note. The style is a faithful copy of the English writers of the eighteenth century, and the expressions are purely objective. He is not in the poem as an active figure and it loses thereby. The poem was written on the occasion of the birth of Arthur Symons's daughter. That friendship was a strange thing; Symons's character was

⁴Dowson, E. C., *Poems and Prose of Ernest Dowson*, 65.

⁵*Ibid.*, 31.

⁶Ludlow, F. H., *op. cit.*, 22.

the antithesis of Dowson's, but each was benefited by intimacy with the other.

Dowson's lyrics are erotic in the strict sense, and one wonders, thinking of femininity as it existed during his life, how the shadowy figures of his poems achieve their classic beauty. Smelling salts are so closely related in my mind with the period in which he wrote that their actual presence could not affect me more strongly. Bustles, whalebone stays, and false fronts for female coiffures also did their share to reduce the illusion of unrestricted grace, and Dowson was fully aware of all these aids to beauty, but his pen, thank heaven, wore a blindfold. The result was pure poetry without contemporary fetters. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has said of him, "There is scarcely a single poem in his scant one hundred and sixty pages of large and loosely printed verse which, when one has read it, one does not want to read again, and which does not leave an echo of poetry, fainter or less faint, in the mind's ear."

"But the greatest of these" is *Cynara*. It has an irresistible fascination for me and I have found that many people who do not even recognize Dowson's name are well acquainted with it. It gives you the sensation of restlessness and unappeased desire which is the essence of Dowson. It is as wistful and as lonely as a single seagull at dusk. His passionate cry is echoed in the heart of everyone who has ever loved with all his being once and then gone on, never forgetting, though his love was unavailing. *Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonae Sub Regno Cynarae* is the voice of all those faithful though inarticulate.

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips
and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath
was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the
wine;

And I was desolate and sick of an old
passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my
fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm
heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and
sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth
were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old
passion,
When I awoke and found the dawn was
gray:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my
fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the
wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of
mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old
passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was
long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my
fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger
wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps
expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is
thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old
passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my
fashion.

Though his poetry seems at first to weave a tapestry of a single color, one eventually finds many threads of scarlet and gold among the shades of gray, and they are of such richness that one is well repaid for the time devoted to it.

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Debussy's Suite "Iberia"

GRACE HANTOVER

I am alone. . . .
Slowly taking my way
Over the winding cobbled streets.
I feel all Spains wine laden breath
Upon my cheek.
The air is powdery blue.
Moist.
Houses that I pass,
With knockers that keep fingers
On the lips of the gates they own.
I stand still now.
Oh! the quiet. . . .
The winds dry two tears upon my cheeks.
Oh! love,
The pigeons cry quietly in the
Quiet of the eaves.
Oh love!
My heart cries.
I am alone.
Three streets down,
The flower boys' mules
Are returning to the city.
Flower laden.
The women of these streets
Sleep alone.
The servants are astir
Within the bodies of these houses.
Thru the narrow streets
I can see the familiar gleam of
The sun.
I hear the matin sounding,
Misty on the morning air.
The water boys sigh,
Shoulders bent by constant weight,
Bend again under the water skins.
Soon their cries shall fill the streets.
The sun is Up! Up! Up!
Up!
Astir!
Clip clop! mules.
Earrings jangle.
The bells of every steeple ring!
Olive skinned dancers fling shawls to
The twists of the Jota!
The slow brown cattle driven through the streets,
A V shape through the crowds,
Bellowing.

The police on horseback
Sharp lines, sharp mouths, gleaming accoutrements.
Riotous color, flowers, skirts, shoes!
Passive mules, ears horizontal, dreaming of their past glory.
The gypsy fiddler plaintively sings again of the lost dawn.
All is color.
Reds of lips, dresses, trappings, ribbons.
Black hair, black boot.

I am yet alone
Amidst all this.
I walk alone with the ghost of the dawn.
In the midst of that carnival.
Alone with the sobbing, remembering violin
The violin that remembers the dawn,
With me.

Ancient Ruins in Old Mexico

Red wild flowers blaze upon the crumbling tomb
Of glorious kings from ages long forgot.
Like ballerinas clad in bright costume
They dance, effacing the cold stone where rot
Fragmented bones. Unconscious of their doom—
Unwary of their incongruity—
They mock their hidden nourishment of gloom
By dancing to the wind's wild melody.

And dimly through the flowers' lavish face
Loom shady forms of kingdoms desolate.
Dusty, decayed bones of a mighty race,
These hidden tombs and temples their remains.
And on those mounds of Death, and Past, and Gloom,
A transient life will never cease to bloom.

—EUGENIE MEEKER

October

When goldenrod is dusty-gold,
When aster flowers' blue unfolds,
When autumn tints adorn the sky,
I know October's going by.

When apple trees with fruit bend down,
When golden leaves begin to brown,
When mellow autumn's moon is high,
I know October's going by.

—LOIS ANN DALLENBACH

What's Wrong With Me?

GLENN WIEGEL

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1937-1938

I AM in no way a psychic. But once I dreamed that I sat, in my best clothes, which I do not wear often, one in a crowd of similarly dressed people, in some vast, dimly lighted hall, floored with rough-jointed stone slabs. There was a musty, stale odor to the atmosphere; everyone sat motionless, listening to and viewing some kind of ceremony. Strange statues stood in niches in the walls. I knew not what had brought me to such a remote and strange place, for I seemed to be miles and miles from home and acquaintances. I was awed by the architecture and the peculiar mud-like building blocks which formed the walls. I wondered if I were not in one of the ancient buildings of Rome. Even the people about me were different. Finally, while I was still admiring my surroundings, the ceremony came to a close, and everyone began to move toward the entrance at one end of the hall. As I was moving along with them, a man came up behind me, slipped his hand beneath my arm, and said, "I want a word with you."

It was a perfect dream, and it stuck in my memory.

Six months or less later I was fortunate in having an opportunity to make my first trip to the west coast. While on

my tour along the coast, I visited several of the missions built by Spanish priests during the pioneer days of California. One Sunday morning, after passing through the old historic town of Monterey, I came to the Carmel Mission, which is supposed to be the first of the missions built in California. It was constructed under the supervision of Junipero Serra, a Spanish priest. I thought nothing would be more interesting that morning than to attend services at this mission. So I entered the court yard and hesitantly walked toward the entrance. I entered and seated myself in the rear of the hall-like chapel. I felt strange, and I wondered whether I was even welcome, since no attention was paid to my entrance. Upon entering, I was so curiously aroused that I did not dare to leave. I looked at the stone flooring, then I said to myself: "But here is where I have been!" After about three quarters of an hour, mass was over, and everyone arose and began to leave. As I was about to depart, a man from behind slipped his hand under my arm, and said, "I would like a word with you, please." It was the caretaker who had mistaken me for someone else.

How and why had I been shown an unreleased roll of my life-film?

The Owl and the Chicken

"Early to bed, early to rise, etc." Who follows this more closely than the chicken? It goes to bed with the sunset, and is up before the dawn, and eventually ends up in a frying pan. But the wise old owl who stays up all night and sleeps all day, usually lives to die of old age.—ROBERT KIMBRELL

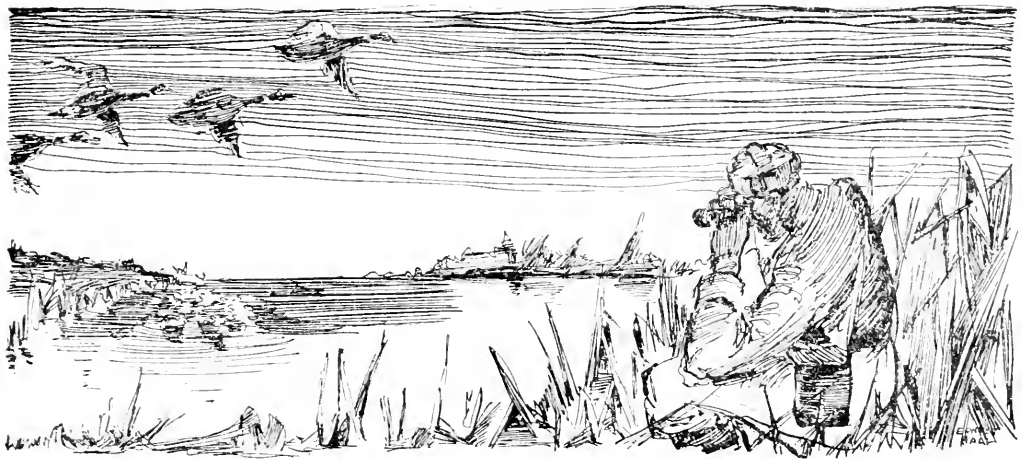
My Greatest Enthusiasm

DONALD B. AGNEW

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1937-1938

I HUNTED ducks last Sunday. I left the city about four o'clock, struggled through the weeds that grew knee high in the pasture, dodged about frequently in the corn fields to miss the twelve foot stalks that nearly fell in Friday's rain, crossed forty acres of oats stubble that was damp but not muddy, floundered through wild grape vines at fence rows, pushed through horseweeds

and diving. Four of them, three mallards and one black duck, saw me, too, and left the pool with great splashing. They did not come back. Three more mallards, the most common of our wild ducks, flushed, but I stood still. They circled about and, regaining confidence, leveled into a smooth, sharp glide to the pond. Here they applied the brakes by extending their feet on the surface of



ten feet tall and brittle as glass, followed the corn rows north where the high stalks caused constant flickering in the rays from the low hanging sun, and where dry leaves stung the face, passed a hedgerow where each leaf stood out sharp and clear because of its afternoon shadow, crossed a graveled country road which scrunched loudly underfoot, crept through a short field of alfalfa to its fence, and saw the pond.

I walked slowly to the edge of the pond, and saw fifteen ducks splashing

the water. This act splashed water several feet to each side and made quite a bit of noise, but it retarded their speed.

I find that ducks which return to a pond while a man is there are spring ducks—hatched the preceding spring. They are curious but cautious, and keep the pond between themselves and the man. Ducks which have lived through even one hunting season shun man when the first frost comes. Apparently the four that left were at least a year and a

half old, and the rest were spring ducks.

The mallards swam about with their heads low between their wings. Then I noticed three smaller ducks, bantam ducks if there are such fowl, with short bodies, straight upright tails, and long, straight necks, swimming about in the weeds near the shore. They splashed and dived, showing no fear of me. I identified them later as the blue-winged teal, a drake and two ducks.

Ducks were not the only birds on the pond. I walked within fifty feet of that

rare game bird, the woodcock, probing in the soft earth for a meal. And I saw killdeer and sandpipers, doves and pigeons, and starlings feeding and drinking near the pond.

Soon I returned my field glasses to their case, shelled some corn near the water to tempt the ducks to stay another Sunday, and left for the hike home. No, I didn't shoot any. I hunt ducks because I enjoy hiking, and because I like to watch the web-footed fowl feed and play unmolested.

Seven to Eight

The Dorm

The icy winter wind creeps through the window like taffy. Figures of unknown persons huddled in beds everywhere. An early riser's alarm clock booms forth—the figures squirm like the segments of an ancient reptile. A frigid tranquillity reigns.

"Hey, get up there. Seven o'clock. C'm'on, get up, Joe, it's seven." The man on bells is at work. Joe may be heard to say, "Eh, Jerry—Jerry, roll me out at s—vn fif—n—thanks."

It might be the same story again at seven fifteen, but usually with resolution the braver proceed to roll from their Utopias and clamor out of the dorm. It is this clamor that is so interesting. The place is suddenly alive—the icy air cracks like a massive plate glass struck by a brick. Life is everywhere. Laughing and jesting fellows dart from the dorm on one another's heels. The atmosphere is warm. The day has begun.

The molten plate glass oozes until the edges meet. The cold air steals in again and the mass once more becomes whole. A few figures are still huddled here and there—seven thirty. Some grouch disperses a damn and drops from his bed. It's a very cold day.—H. H. LEVINSON

Getting to Class

A typical day is one when I have an hour quiz at 8:00. I invariably oversleep, rush out of bed at 7:11, dash madly downstairs and gulp down a cup of black, tasteless coffee in the hopes it will wake me up, remember suddenly that I forgot to brush my teeth, notice it is 7:25, and stumble upstairs again to my room. I then throw on the first thing my hand contacts in the closet, notice disgustedly that it is a blouse with three buttons off, pull on a pair of stockings only to find they are not only two different kinds, but are also full of runs, break my shoe-laces in four places, and, looking more like an accident about to happen than anything else, I stagger to the mirror at 7:39, and start combing my hair. The night before my 8:00 class is always the one when I decide to go on strike, and let my hair take care of itself, and after breaking two combs and using my entire vocabulary of words that shouldn't be said, I jam a hat on over my crowning glory, smear some lipstick on my mouth, smudge my powder on my nose, see that it is now 7:49, trip over a box at the top of the steps, and after a succession of thumps land much the worse for wear, and start for campus. I arrive panting in my classroom at 8:01.—GENEVIEVE KLINE

The Owls of Edwards Gulch

CEDRIC KING

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1936-1937

THE letter's first line transported me to the Western mountain country again, from whence it recently, and I a few years before, had come—a country of timber-line firs, hills and valleys, and a certain brooding loneliness, all of which are walled off from the rest of the world by great, crooked-backed mountains of the Continental Divide. In spite of its general unfriendliness—its unkind winters and lack of companions of my own age—it must have exercised some kind of charm that penetrated my blood, for as I read, old familiarities jumped forth from hiding and surprised me with their still-virile nature. I heard the wind come again down the long meadow by the ranch; and I saw it whip the silver-bottomed willows until the light played on the two-toned foliage as though it were whirling folds of an adagio dancer's cape.

"Things ain't changed much since you was here. Exceptin the depression had its effect on the ranches. Bill Weeks had to sell out. Rideout bought his stock, exceptin the buckskin that was a colt when you was here. I bought him and broke him last spring. He's a tough animal and shows his heels to all of 'em at the end of a hard day. Regardin the sun which you asked about, it still sets a quarter turn to the right of that big pine on the ridge west of here, that is in summer it does. A couple of owls live in the tree now, I think them from Edwards Gulch. . . ."

Owls! Edwards Gulch! I had nearly forgotten those famous birds and that

long gulch that had once combined to give me an outstanding experience:

Charlie Fry and I were companions in a way, that is to say, as much companions as a rather simple, large Nordic man and a lonesome boy can be when the man is close to fifty. He had red hair, and a moustache of the same color stuck out to either cheek from under a cavernous nose. In spite of its shapelessness, he took a great pride in it, and he was tweeking it gently one late afternoon as we rode down Edwards Gulch toward its western end, where he and his mother, an old crone with a feeble mind, had their cabin. Suddenly a stranger loped out from a side draw and pulled up with us. In typical western fashion, we started conversation without asking either where he came from or his destination. If there was anything mysterious about him, as Charlie Fry afterwards swore there was, I must have mistaken it for its direct opposite, for he spoke without discretion or reserve, and I at once conceived a strong dislike for him. He talked on and on, as though he had a certain number of words to get out of his mouth by dark, regardless of whether there was any sense behind them or not. As he droned on, two owls, one on the ridge to the right and one on the left ridge, began hooting to one another. They seemed to follow us, moving from tree to tree as we progressed down the valley, projecting their weird cry intermittently across the space above us. Even from this safe distance, I still remember those cries as

being greatly discomfoting. In a dull monotone the stranger gave us of his vast knowledge of bird-lore, which, as it conveniently happened, was mostly owl-lore. He assigned to them the power of seeing into the future and vowed they were continually trying to warn mankind of impending danger.

"Mark my words, sirs, them owls is followin' us right now for a purpose. They got somethin' to tell us if we'd lissen."

With my accustomed bravado I challenged him to explain what it was they wanted to impart to us, but he only looked at me as though hurt and replied, "There are lots of things young bucks like you got ter learn."

When my path finally loomed up in the dusk, leading up onto the left ridge and on over the divide to the ranch, I bid Charlie and the stranger goodbye, loping off with mingled feelings of heroism and uneasiness at the prospect of my journey alone through the dark. But I arrived home with nothing of note having happened except the scurrying of a rabbit from under my horse's very hoofs, which all but caused me an undelightful walk the rest of the way. Once home, and having failed to bring any steers home with me, the object of my day's riding, I ate quietly and went to bed, thankful for the soft mattress and woolly blankets that held off the bite of the dry Western night.

Somewhere in the early morning hours, I was awakened by activity in the kitchen. There was a light there, and I faintly heard the unmistakable voice I had been riding with most of the day before. Charlie Fry was mumbling something to Father in exciting, agitated tones. I heard Father say, "Take some of that coffee, Charlie, and then we'll hitch up the buckboard." There was a loud sipping, followed by an occasional

nervous sigh, and I knew all was not well with the big Norwegian. In a few minutes the door slammed and the two men went to the barn with a lantern; the following quarter of an hour brought the sound of the vanishing buckboard creaking through the night air. Having been early imbued with the lesson of not rushing headlong into such occasions, I contained myself until the sound disappeared: then I stepped quietly into the kitchen where the light still burned. I was startled to see Mother sitting by the cook stove, drinking coffee and looking more alarmed and uneasy than I had ever before seen her. "What's happened?" I asked.

"Charlie Fry's cabin burned down yesterday while he was out riding with you."

Without Mother's finishing, I knew what had happened. The old crone that was Charlie's mother, being a semi-invalid, had perished in the flames. I caught my breath. For the first time since I had known of her existence, I thought of the old lady as having been human—Charlie's mother.

"I suppose they went after her body," I said, to break the uncomfortable silence.

The coroner from Cripple Creek decided, to his own satisfaction at least, that the case was one of "successful suicide," inasmuch as the crone had been thwarted a time or two before in an attempt on her own life. Father assigned the cause of the fire to her habit of feeding an incompetent, light-metal heater with pitch knots from dead pines near the house, even though her son had warned her time after time that the practice was dangerous. Charlie himself, to whom the country looked in the main for an explanation or opinion, said nothing. He seemed never to emerge from a stunned state of mind the tragedy had

inflicted upon him. Since it was well known where he was on that day, many vicious tongues that eagerly looked for a chance to implicate him in some sort of murder were frustrated. With the story, the riddle, still unsolved, we moved from the country a few weeks later, leaving behind what Father thought to be a clear case of accidental death by fire, what the coroner thought to be, beyond a doubt, suicide, and what the settlers throughout the country still thought to be something mysterious, unsolved—perhaps a clever murder, perhaps? ? ?

Having reached the end of that vivid recollection, I looked again at the letter. “. . . I ain’t been over to the gulch for a long time. Neither has anyone else that I know of. Half the people in this here country wouldn’t ride over there at dusk for love or money, but it ain’t that bad with me. I just get sort of a queer feelin over there, rememberin about Charlie Fry and his mother burnin. Makes me kind of uneasy, so I just ride out around the darn place when I can. Charlies still livin with the old trapper he went to when his cabin burned. He’s teched good and proper now, and can’t here an owl hoot but what he goes ravin, mumblin mad. Got half the country scared of owls and the other half ready to spook if anything show up favorable to his ideas. Not that they actually bother me, but if them two owls up in that big pine tree don’t move out and quit their hootin at night, I’m going up with the rifle one of these evenins and pull ’em down. I

just don’t like the memories they put me in mind of. Since you’re a studyin anatomy or somethin there at college, I might send them to you in an air tight box. You ought to be the one to identify them, seein you are the only one left with any sense that was there that evenin when, as Charlie raves, they was trying to warn him that his cabin was burnin as you and him and the stranger were ridin down Edwards Gulch.”

“So poor Charlie is raving mad,” I mused aloud, as I folded the letter. It had never before occurred to me what his feelings must have been when he came upon the remains of his cabin and his mother, a black mass of near-dead embers smoking in the still night. In those intense moments of emotion that dissolved his reason for all future time, he must have been most acutely conscious of the horror of the inhuman silence about him and the cruelty of material things. It is little wonder that he linked the three inseparably, the tragedy, the owls’ hootings, and what the stranger had said of them. Nor is it hard to imagine what thoughts arise when the cry of that bird is heard drifting across darkened valleys at nightfall. In the fertile ground of ignorance, and strengthened by minor coincidences and the loneliness of that unenlightened section, this embryo superstition may assume proportions and twists that will reach out to touch upon the lives of many yet unborn, who are predestined to life in the mountain country.

Brazen swaths of light.
Stabbing into the black,
Making the shadows untidy.
The gloom of the night is slack,
Tired of fighting the Dawn.
Raises his hand to defend,
Looks back in silent alarm,
Retreats, for his legions are gone!
—GRACE HANTOVER

Rhet as Writ

Few are immune to the disease of cat-tiness. College is an excellent place for the germs—especially in a girls board-ing house. That is where the germ lays its first eggs. Jealousy and thoughtless-ness are the foods for these eggs. Here they thrive.

.

It is a friendly little town situated snugly in a wooded valley. The hard-working, honest people of the community conjugate here for their recreation. It is the amusement center for all the nearby farms. The people are born and raised in this community and usually remain there until death. The simple ways hold a certain attraction which the people hate to leave.

.

I am here to learn how to meet the problems of unfortunates who are brought into the world without even a beginning.

.

The six beds, neatly made, looked ap-petizing, and I could hardly wait to be told which one I might "drop" into.

.

You cannot erase the effect of drinking mothers on future generations by re-establishing prohibition, but you can stop the drinking of mothers now.

.

Liars should have good memories be-cause too often a liar tells a fib which he had told before in the presence of an in-dividual who has already heard him for the first time and then upon hearing him tell it for the second time knows that it is not true due to it being told different during the first time that he heard it.

Then about 1924 Professor Wright photographed Yosemite Valley from Mout Hamilton in California which was 120 miles away using infra-red films.

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Among the diseases which may be in-herited are the size of the body, diabetes Mellitus, feeble-mindedness, mental power, color-blindness, and the trait of having more than the usual number of toes or fingers or thumbs.

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In the opening scene of the play where Leslie Howard and Olivia deHaviland were acting in the Shakespeare play the theatre rang with laughter when Leslie Howard was giving Olivia de Haviland a fairwell kiss and she woke from the dead and told Leslie Howard that he had been eating garlic again and he in return bit her chin from which she gave a surprised look.

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Everyone in this valley feels boyant and invigorated as they walk over the ground, clothed in pine needles.

.

Radio broadcasts were frequently punctured by an announcement concern-ing the British situation.

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Mussolini in his paper, L'populi, and Hitler in his mouth organ, have been razzing the United States over the recent Panay incident.

.

Moving pictures of the sinking of this boat stir up a considerable amount of sediment against Japan for this black deed.

Honorable Mention

Lack of space prevents the publishing of excellent themes written by the following students. Some of these themes may be published, in part or in entirety, in future issues.

ALLEN ADAMS
J. ARNDT
HELEN BITTERMANN
TOM CHITTENDEN
PEARL JEAN COHEN
CHERIE FENWICK
ROBERT GATEWOOD
SIDNEY GOOZE
BETTY JEAN GRAY
JOHN HANSON
IRWIN HORWITZ
SARAH HOUGHTON
ROBERT HOWE
WILLIAM HUTCHINSON
RAYMOND ISENSEN
EDWARD KAMARIT
EDWIN LAMPITT
R. MARSCHIK
HAROLD MASSIE
LORAIN MCCABE

GRACE McALLISTER
LEON MESSIER
REONE RASMUSSEN
CHARLES A. ROBERTS
R. L. ROPIEQUET
ROBERT ROUSSEY
E. L. RUCKS
JOSEPH SACHS
FLORENCE SCHNITZER
IRMA SHIELDS
ELLSWORTH SHOW
FAY SIMS
DAN SITZER
RICHARD THORSEN
D. TODD
RUBY WATSON
JAMES WESTWATER
HELEN WHITEHEAD
ELISABETH YOUNG





THE
GREEN CALDRON

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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes Mr. E. G. BALLARD, Dr. ROBERT BLAIR, Dr. WALTER JOHNSON, Mr. GIBBON BUTLER, Mr. STEPHEN FOGLE, and Dr. CHARLES W. ROBERTS, Chairman.

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I Look at the Press

FRANK W. SMITH

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1937-1938

I WANT to be a newspaper publisher. For six years I have looked toward that goal. I may never attain it, but if I do, it will be with my eyes wide open. My first impression of the press came from a book—one of the most popular pieces of fiction in the bookcase which our small-town junior high school termed “the library.” The book was called *The Newspaper Game* and related the story of a young man who inherited a nondescript daily paper, built it into a thriving financial success by numerous thrilling escapades, bought out his deadly rival, and presumably went on to more and bigger success. Such a piece of fiction was my introduction to journalism. So impressed was I that I decided on a career in the newspaper business.

Within a year from the date of that decision I obtained another—perhaps I should say an *actual*—insight into my desired profession. My father, his partner, and another gentleman decided to combine their forces and publish a weekly paper—the third in our small city. With the advent of the *Democrat*—that was the new paper’s name—I was introduced to a behind-the-scenes part of the newspaper game which I had never dreamed existed. First and most shocking of my discoveries was the disclosure that murders, scandals in the business

dealings of public officials, and other sensational material are not the most plentiful or desirable part of the contents of the weekly paper. Second in importance was my discovery that instantaneous financial success does not always follow sincere and applied efforts to reach such a goal. The *Democrat* is the youngest paper in a town which, while it can comfortably support one paper and can conceivably struggle along under the load of two, should never be asked to sustain a third.

It is because I have looked at the newspaper profession under such conditions that I believe I am entering that field with my eyes open. I do not expect to find a fortune awaiting me there. I do not imagine I will find the press in actual life as Lee Tracy so admirably pictures it on the screen. I won’t be looking for romance, adventure, and excitement, for I don’t believe they exist for the average journalist. I expect to find dull, routine work as in almost all other fields of human endeavor. There is but one thing I do look for. I hope to find some measure of satisfaction in bringing to my fellow men that which makes them happier and better citizens than they would otherwise be. If I can find that, then I will have received from journalism all I asked of it.

Time Out

CLIFF TICHENOR

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1937-1938

EVERYONE knows that he is unable to work incessantly without spending a few minutes of the day in freshening relaxation. I have a roommate who says that he has no time for relaxation; yet I have seen him stare blankly at a page for as long as half an hour, while his mind refused to function until it had the rest it required. Instead of cooperating with his mind by allowing it to relax, he fights against a natural phenomenon and prolongs what could be a short time of rest into long periods of listlessness. Another very good friend of mine feels that one show a week is sufficient recreation. A show leaves him in high spirits for two days, but then his spirits fade, and he is left in a slump for the rest of the week. I think that these two examples show clearly that there is need for refreshing the mind daily with some form of relaxation other than necessary sleep.

More important than relaxation itself is the method of recreation employed to gain relaxation. Wally, another of the boys in our house, spends five dollars each week-end dancing. He spends Saturday afternoon awaiting evening in a fever of anticipation. He comes in early the next morning and spends all day Sunday in bed! Upon waking Monday—if he does—he has little or no homework done, and he carries a prize grouch with him the rest of the week. Dave, the third member of the household, seems to think that women consti-

tute all the relaxation necessary in his life. It is pitiful to watch him try to do homework; he cannot seem to concentrate on anything. He was all right when the semester began, and he went around with a fairly respectable girl at that time. But she was too "slow" for him, and now he is not particular whom he goes with. At least every third night he curses, slams his books down, and goes out, a wolfish look in his eyes, in search of a "pick-up." These two methods of relaxation, in excess, could hardly be called recreational activity.

Whatever advantages you may see in the methods of relaxation cited thus far, for myself, I have found that a moment spent lying upon the cool grass underneath the stars will both clear my mind and relax my nerves—or, if it is cloudy or raining, a walk in the early evening. Watching heavy clouds swirl overhead or listening to the whisper of rain is tremendously satisfying. Although everyone's taste for relaxation in nature may vary, over me the pure, restful beauty of the night has always held a peculiar sway. There is something magic in the night—magic as elusive as the secret of life, yet as evident as life itself. I know it is there, for I have seen the dark fingers of trees groping to capture it. I have set a definite time, seven o'clock each evening, for my relaxation period; and I find that I soon make up for lost time, when I return home, in the increased enthusiasm

that I find for my work, and the resulting speed. It is a precious asset, to be able to return to my work, after half an hour, with my eyes brimming with the beauty of the night sky, and with an exuberance in my heart that constantly pills over, making me gay. I don't sit around during the day in such eager

anticipation of this time that I impair my afternoon's study. I don't have to neglect a necessary book or meal to be able to finance this simple pleasure. But when the time comes, the night is waiting for me, ever changing, ever fascinating—effective, adequate relaxation.

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Washing Clothes Is Good for the Soul

FRANCES ATWOOD

Rhetoric I, Theme 18, 1937-1938

WASHING clothes is fun! How do I know? Well, I have washed clothes for different families during the last three years. I do their laundry work; in return they give me my meals and a place to sleep while I am pursuing the elusive imp, education. It is a very simple arrangement.

The laundry room isn't very beautiful or modern. It contains a groaning washing-machine, which I affectionately call "Annie," a shelf grown round-shouldered from carrying a twelve-years' accumulation of magazines, a laundry stove—1915 model—and a drain which always clogs at crucial moments. Hesitatingly the sun shines in through cobweb-curtained windows.

You might think this a very dull, depressing occupation; really, many exciting things occur. Each wash-day I wonder whether "Annie" will hold up under the terrific strain, for she has a

pathetic asthmatic wheeze. Then, too, it is fun to change the limp, anemic sheets into fresh, crisp ones; to see whether Mary's red hankie will fade on Johnnie's best shirt, and whether I can remove the ink I spilled on the best lace tablecloth. It is also interesting to notice white shirts smeared with lip rouge, and good towels on which someone has shined his shoes (every nickel helps!).

Washing clothes is good for my soul. I recite poetry to myself, sing soprano accompanied by "Annie's" snoring bass, and develop plots for best-selling novels. There is no one to bother me or to criticize my actions. I can be myself. So, when soap gets in my eyes, and steam reduces my new finger-wave to strands of macaroni, I just smile sweetly, recite more poetry, and desperately hope I can acquire an education before I lose my temper!

On Being "Broke"

JOHN F. DOWDALL

Rhetoric 1, Theme 8, 1937-1938

TODAY has been another typical school day for me. I arose at seven o'clock, shaved amid the colorful language bestowed upon me for not having shaved last evening, dressed, and had my breakfast of rolls and coffee. I went to my morning and afternoon classes grudgingly, for I did not care to be indoors on such a beautiful day. At noon I had a "Mac's Special," and for dinner I had a "Charlie's Special." Somewhere I "sandwiched" in the time and found the money to mail my laundry case, to buy a ream of paper, to have a rip sewed in one of my too-ancient shoes, and to buy a *Saturday Evening Post*. I did nothing spectacular, but I did have enough money to do these small things; without money I would have been unable to do so.

Have you ever been "broke"? I do not mean merely without spending money, but without any money at any time when you needed it desperately. If you have been "broke," you will know that to be absolutely without finances is as black and hopeless as any which you will ever fear to play; if you have not, perhaps a short account of a personal experience will help to show you what I mean.

I spent the greater part of last winter away from home roaming in the far southwest. I could not have been called a traveler, for I was not. I was simply a "bummer." I rode freights, I "hitch-hiked," and when I could not ride, I walked. Odd jobs gave me the little money I needed for food and a bunk at night. In this fashion I covered the

greater part of California and Arizona, until one day in October I took a job washing dishes in Williams, Arizona. I resolved to "stick it out," but after three seemingly endless weeks, I knew that I must either leave or have my lungs permanently grease-coated. I quit the job, and left Williams with five silver dollars clinking musically, yet forlornly, in my corduroys. I had to "hitch-hike" and "hitch-hiking" in northern Arizona is very slow even in the spring and summer months. The first day I traveled forty miles to Ash Fork, and the second day covered fifty additional miles to Wyckenburg. The third morning I caught a ride from Wyckenburg out into the great American Desert. Forty miles from Wyckenburg we stopped at a filling-station, the only building we had seen since leaving town. The driver said that he turned off there, and explained that he had a dry ranch thirty miles south in the desert. I am sure that it must have been a very dry ranch.

There I was, stranded in the middle of the desert with \$1.50 left in my pocket. Cars stopped at the station regularly, but they were all headed for California and were loaded to the "u-th" degree with a wide assortment of humanity, animals, and baggage of every kind, baggage from the tiniest suit case to beds strapped on the side. For four days I tried to "hitch" a ride, and for four days I waited in vain. I could not leave afoot, for to walk into the desert would have been foolish and very dangerous, for thirst is as impartial as time. My ephemeral \$1.50 disappeared

like confidence before an examination. Prices were "at the limit." A glass of milk and a candy bar cost ten cents each, and one lone hamburger was said to be worth twenty-five cents. At the end of the second day I was "broke," and at the close of the fourth day I was desperately "broke." I had nothing of value that I could trade for food, and the proprietor was unusually callous; so I went hungry. Money was the magic password that I needed, money with which to buy food, money with which to pay my fare on one of the transcontinental buses that

roared by several times each day. Never before had I realized just how precarious my position could become without that one thing, money.

On the fifth day I finally obtained a ride, a ride of 570 miles into Pasadena, California. I immediately went to a restaurant and washed dishes for a meal, and the next day I found a part-time job working at a rooming house for my room and board, and a dollar a week. Pitifully small wages, but I was no longer "broke"; I had money.

. . .

Subscribe For—

BERNERD JOHNSON

Rhetoric I, Theme 1, 1938-1939

PREVIOUS to my arrival at Illinois I was told that it was a very large place with many things about it that differed greatly from high school. I was informed that there were many extra-curricular activities that would attract me, some of which would be not only interesting but also complicated and bewildering.

However, I was not told about the number of things that I would have to subscribe for. I soon found that if I was to talk intelligently on the campus I had to subscribe to the *Illini*, that I was actually losing two dollars and a quarter if I didn't subscribe for my *Illio* immediately, and that only barbarians neglected taking the Star Course.

These and many, many others were absolutely essential for a well-rounded college life.

For a while I tried to keep up the pace set by the subscription sellers, but soon I realized that before long I would be left far behind with a well-rounded college life, a forlorn look, and an empty wallet. So I decided to sing in the bathroom and to listen to my own voice reverberating against the four walls instead of listening to Richard Bonelli's filling the night air; I'll read the *Saturday Evening Post* instead of the *Illini*; and on the whole I'll be almost as happy, just as healthy, and a whole lot wealthier.

Book Report on *A Passage to India*

FRANCES ATWOOD

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1937-1938

I HAVE before me the character of Aziz from E. M. Forster's book, *A Passage to India*. He is a fleeting and elusive character. There is nothing paper-dollish about him. He cannot easily be dissected, and his different characteristics are difficult to analyze separately, as can be done with many characters. In short, he is complex and very human. That's why I like him.

Aziz is an upper-class Mohammedan doctor in the English hospital at Chandrapore—a small, almost daintily put-together man with a gift for surgery, and a gift for dreaming and writing poems. Just an Indian somewhat Westernized but never enough so to live hygienically, he resents the English officials who govern his people. He dislikes their chilly austerity and their lack of sympathy for India.

The relationships which Aziz has with three English characters bring out his complexity. The first is his relationship with Miss Omsted, a serious, priggish English girl who wants to see the real India so that she can tell the folks back home. Aziz believes that women are put upon the earth to give birth to strong sons, and that the greatest sin a man can commit is not to marry and leave sons to carry on his name after he is dead. But Aziz likes beautiful, full-breasted women. When he is wrongly accused of making improper advances to the homely, flat-chested Miss Omsted, even stronger than his hatred of the English for the humiliation of being thrown in jail, is his hatred of them for thinking he would lower himself by even wanting so poor a specimen of young woman-

hood. After the trial, he becomes the court doctor for the Hindus at the palace of Mau. His instruments rust, and he resorts to Eastern charms and native remedies. He writes saleable poetry and believes that if India would free her women all India would be free forever.

Aziz's relationship with Fielding, the forty-five year old English educator, shows us much about him. Aziz loves Fielding, reveals many of his intimate thoughts to him, and yet he mistrusts him. The two men are friends and want always to be friends, but there are too many patterns in both their lives. Aziz can deviate only so far from his native customs and traits. Fielding can never forgive Aziz for reverting to native doctrines of medicine. Kipling's too-often-repeated phrase, "Never the twain shall meet," must be repeated again.

Mrs. Moore is a third English character who influences Aziz. Theirs is a strange friendship inasmuch as she is a middle-aged English woman. To Aziz, however, she seems always just right. In some strange way she seems to understand his oriental mind, and he feels at ease with her because she seems to be almost oriental. With her he is always animated, talkative, and poetic. They never really know each other well, and perhaps this is the reason he likes her so very much and remembers her after her death.

So we have Aziz—a doctor, a poet, a dreamer, a wronged Indian, and a believer that someday India will be free—a complicated person, yes, and such a very interesting one!

Coronation

ELEANOR ANDERSON

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1937-1938

AMID the greatest world publicity accorded an event in recent years, George and Elizabeth Windsor were crowned King and Queen of England on May 12, 1937. Over one and a half million people witnessed their procession through the streets of London after the event. Among them were three tired American tourists who had stood for twenty hours to see this magnificent display of pomp and circumstance. They had had a wonderful time; they had seen a glorious circus parade—much bigger and better than exists in America. As they wended their weary way home on the "Underground," they were so dazed by fatigue and hunger that they didn't have the time or the inclination to reflect about what they had seen, but they since have wondered whether what they witnessed was worth the price they paid. They have come to the conclusion that the value of the Coronation Procession itself was not only its marvelous possibilities as a story to "tell the folks back home," but also the cross section of British life and opinion, that they saw and heard.

It was a warm summer night about eight o'clock when we arrived at our chosen spot near Hyde Park Corner, and, aside from the unusual crowds and the air of excitement, it might have been any night in any May. We tried to concentrate on the reading matter we had brought with us, after we had settled down on the curbstone, but concentration was impossible. In front of us

on the street was passing a continual and colorful pageant. Taxis streamed by, filled to overflowing with people out to see the fun. They all were partially drunk, and they all were shouting and singing and waving British flags. Groups of street musicians strolled by, singing and playing and catching the few stray pennies thrown at them. Earnest people, armed like us, with pillows, thermos bottles, wraps, and lunch boxes, hurried by, trying to find the few front positions left on the curb. Some enterprising salesmen were already out selling newspapers, ice cream, candy, sandwiches, and even the good old American "hot-dog." The gay red, white, and gold banners on the lamp-posts waved gently in the evening breeze. The rows of bleachers across the street from us stood bare and desolate, waiting for their \$25-a-seat occupants who would not arrive until ten the next morning. The crowds became thicker and thicker, and the noise increased until it was almost unbearable. The traffic policemen at Hyde Park Corner (comparable to Times Square and Broadway in New York) became frantic in their efforts to handle the tremendous volume of reckless traffic. England hadn't had a Coronation for thirty years, and she was making the most of this one. At one o'clock in the morning, the din subsided. The taxis full of people, the street musicians, and the idlers all disappeared, leaving the grim and determined few to wait for the coming Hour.

The dawn, five hours later, was haggard and gray as we were after our long vigil. During the hours of waiting, we helped the time pass by with song and conversation. The favorites up and down the line were *The Music Goes Round and Round*, *Rule Britannia*, and *A Bicycle Built for Two*.

Next to us on our left was an entire Cockney family from London's East End, out to see the fun. There were Father and Mother, two babies, three older children, an aunt, and Grandmother. We found out that Grandmother had seen every great event since Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and she wasn't going to miss this Coronation for anything, even if she was seventy-eight.

On our right was an entirely different group—as different from the left as English class distinction could make them. They were a radical young economist and his wife, university educated and brought up in upper-middleclass families. On our left were representatives of the unthinking, stolid laboring class of England, while on our right were the most well-informed and clear-thinking English people we met during our two months stay there. Both groups were out to see the procession for the marvelous spectacle it was, but what different reasons they gave!

The Cockney family said, "Miss the Coronation? Not on yer life! It wouldn't be right—livin' right 'ere in London an' not seein' it." They were definitely shocked. The young economist laughed when we put our question to him and then said, "Well—I think it's all a lot of foolishness, myself, but you can't deny it's a grand show, with all the uni-

forms and silly robes. I know we all like to see a big parade. Besides, I want to get some pictures with my new Leica."

After it began to get light, time didn't pass so interminably. There were the policemen and soldiers to watch, as they marched from their camps in Hyde Park to their station. There were the berobed and bejewelled participants in the ceremony, who sped by us in their limousines on the way to the Abbey. And finally, at eleven o'clock there was the Coronation itself to listen to from the radio loudspeaker across the street. When the crown was set down, with much ceremony, on the King's head, the crowd raised a cheer, and started *God Save the King*. Far away in St. James Park the 101-gun salute started booming out. After this flurry we settled back, shifted our weight from one weary foot to the other, and continued to wish we hadn't come.

The procession, when it arrived at 3:30 p.m., was a distinct anticlimax. It was glittering and magnificent to the last degree. After a mile of tall, handsome men with uniforms as many-hued as the rainbow, came the carriages. All the people we had seen in newsreels came to life and passed before us in review. The King and Queen, when they came by in their State Coach, drawn by beautiful Windsor Greys, looked very bored and tired and rather silly with their new crowns perched awkwardly on their heads.

It began to rain hard. We waded through the muddy, foot-deep debris left all over the streets, by the all-night army of occupation, and went home.

The British Lion—1938

JAMES TYRON

Proficiency Examination, 1938-1939

THE British Lion of 1938 is not the British Lion of years ago. The British Lion of the past was a clawing, roaring "touch-me-not" beast. Perhaps he has had a change of heart, but I think not.

In Africa the Lion drove the Boers from their homes—but only after the Boers had made the place habitable and only when the true value of South Africa was ascertained. In North America the British Lion drove the French away and subdued the Indians. Here, it is true, his tail was trimmed, but by one of his own offspring, suddenly grown, equipped with just as sharp claws, just as dangerous teeth, and just as much stubbornness. All in all, however, the Lion came off well. In India he once more romped kittenishly, but victoriously. Many other choice possessions he acquired by force, some by discovery, some by financial pressure, some by trickery.

In the World War, the Lion fought again, and again it was for possessions. This time, however, he threw up a camouflage. The Lion had suddenly become alarmed over the fate of our civilization; he would be the savior of the world! Of course, the mandates he accepted after the fracas were in the interest of civilization! He borrowed America's money because America had no place to use it!

And now, in 1938, what of the British Lion? He has become suddenly indignant over the threatened military enterprises of Germany and Italy. Either his memory is bad, or this is a brand new Lion. Sir Anthony Eden, a Lion of the old lair, was blunt and to the point in his treatment of the threatening nations. He told them that Britain would fight in the interest of the small democracies. Eden desired peace and perhaps (who knows?) was following the right course. The Prime Minister, however, withdrew him from his office and replaced him with a pro-Nazi and a Catholic. Italy and Austria are Catholic, and the appointment was expected to solve the problem. Since then, Britain has made no definite statement of policy, no definite promise to aid any oppressed people. The Lion is pussy-footing. His foreign policy is strange and wonderful to behold. It seems, however, to be working. To-day, peace is at least possible in Europe, almost probable. Is he to be condemned for this? Of course not. However, I'm still not sure of his motives. Has he become pacific, or does he see nothing to gain by war? Perhaps, too, he still wants no other power strong enough to challenge his position as King of the Beasts. At least, he is shadow-boxing with gloves on, but let no one forget that he is still a lion.

N. H. S.

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1937-1938

IT WAS late May, and the sky and the earth reveled in the beauty of the springtime, and the sun shone pleasantly, and the breezes soothed The Great Midwest, and all seemed well with the world.

Inside a certain building: "Hell! I don't give a damn." With certain upper-classmen in a certain high school in The Great Midwest, all was far from well. You see, the day had finally come when the National Honor Society was to hold its annual induction of new members chosen from those students ranking highest in scholarship, leadership, character, and service. Although some pretended not to "give a damn," all the juniors and seniors—including one boy, a junior—hoped with all their hearts and souls that they, too, might be among the favored few to receive the highest honor the school could confer. The ceremony, terrible in its impressiveness, was about to begin, and the halls were alive with students waiting breathlessly for the orchestra to begin playing as a signal for them to pass into the great auditorium.

During such moments, time ceases to be measured objectively. At last, when time seemed to have stopped altogether, the students, with nerves strained to the utmost, heard the prelude to *Pomp and Circumstance*, and the processional began. The boy was in agony. Would he make it?

The auditorium, large when empty, seemed even vaster when thus filled to capacity with students, faculty, and townspeople. On either side of the stage, on the wall, so turned as to face each

other, were busts of Diana and Apollo, watching with interest the ceremony which was about to take place. The stage, though but dimly lighted, immediately attracted everyone's attention, contrasting as it did with the rest of the auditorium, which was in almost total darkness. In the center of the stage, towards the back, steps led to a platform above which, effectively lighted, was the symbol of the society, the key-stone and flaming torch. Kneeling beside the platform were four members, each holding a torch and representing one of the four virtues to be found in qualifying students. Dressed in white, they made a strikingly beautiful picture as, one by one, they rose and presented short, carefully prepared discourses on the qualities required to satisfy each of the four standards of the society. In front of the platform were two rows of seats, on which sat the principal, the old members, and the speaker of the day.

By the time the white-robed figures had finished speaking, the boy had become almost faint from the suffering he was going through. Never before in all his life had he been so emotionally upset. His heart was pounding in his breast until he thought he would surely die.

Then the principal stood up, turned to face the president of the society, whose throne had been placed on the platform under the great golden symbol, and said: "Mr. President, I nominate the following students to membership in the National Honor Society."

"Richard ——." Yes, Dick should have made it. He had been captain of the basketball team, had had an excellent scholastic record, and had been active in an activity-minded school. Besides, Dick was one of the boy's best friends.

"Florence ——." The boy was glad "Flo" had been selected. He thought she deserved it if anyone did. Pretty, ambitious, intelligent, she had distinguished herself in her work during the eleven years she had been the boy's classmate.

"Edward ——." This time the boy wasn't so sure he would have made the same selection. Undoubtedly Ed was smart—there was no getting around that; but—well, the boy thought himself definitely superior to one whose selection, presumably made on the basis of his service behind the footlights, was rather questionable.

And so on, through a list of fourteen or fifteen juniors, all of whom the boy knew and most of whom he considered fully eligible for the honor. But, with each name which was called, his heart sank down lower, lower, lower, lower.

"This concludes my nominations for the year of 1936." Why, what did that mean? It meant that—that he hadn't been called at all, that he'd been left out entirely!

The speaker of the day, a veritable

Cicero who had been imported from a neighboring village for the occasion, began his address, but the boy did not—*could* not hear him. His gaze had strayed from the golden symbol of the keystone and the flaming torch and had become fixed upon the bust of Diana on the wall before him. Strange—he'd never before noticed it, but Diana was certainly no "crook"! Back to the flaming torch. So now, after eleven years of steady hard work, he had failed to achieve the goal which his idealistic soul had set before him as the one thing in life worth working for. But why had he failed to achieve it? The boy couldn't understand it. His scholarship had been as good as that of any of the chosen candidates. Character was something subjective, not to be measured in ergs or feet or pounds. As for leadership and service, he had been elected advisory reporter on his school paper, and a member of the Student Council, on which he had worked hard and successfully. Well, then, maybe these *hadn't* been sufficient to qualify him for the honor.

Diana and Apollo no longer observed the ceremony, but now seemed instead to be regarding each other. Funny—these gods.

Later in the afternoon, when the boy passed from the building, he noticed that the sun was still shining

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Taxi-Drivers and Pedestrians

I can imagine a taxi-drivers' meeting starting with their slogan "Down With Everyone" and ending with their yell, "Get That Man!" Every time I cross the street safely, I feel as if I should shake hands with my fellow pedestrians and hold a short prayer service.—RUTH MANN

Interlochen, the National Music Camp

LAWRENCE GOUGLER

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1937-1938

FROM five o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening, when we finally pulled off of a sun-blistered Michigan highway into the shade of the comforting pine trees surrounding Interlochen Hotel, I did *not* enjoy one of the hottest and most tiring rides of my life. With cramped legs and aching back I dragged myself, my instrument, and my suitcase out of the car and gazed about me at what were to be my surroundings for the next eight weeks. A hotel, a lake, trees, cars from all states in the Union, several other gaping newcomers, and—but time for gazing was brief, for immediately I was hustled by a pompous foreigner (I found out later he was the singing instructor) over to the headquarters at the Boys' Camp, about a ten-minute tramp from the hotel. There I was put in line with a hundred or more other bewildered arrivals, stripped to the skin, hurriedly examined, weighed, and whisked into a dark blue shirt and a pair of dark blue corduroy trousers. In less than half an hour after my arrival I was a stamped product—to the last signature on my identification tag—of Interlochen, the National Music Camp. I felt like a cog in the wheel of a machine, a machine unlike any other in the world—a machine which I found provides three hundred boys and girls of America a perfect summer for the study of music in the most educational, entertaining, and recreational manner possible.

The beauty of the natural surround-

ings alone provides an inspirational setting for Interlochen's musical program. The tall, virgin pine trees of Michigan's Grand Traverse region gracefully scallop the sand beaches of the twin lakes, Wabekanness and Wabekanetta, between which the camp is situated. Adding to this natural arrangement the various camp equipment—a hotel, two beach houses, two sets of tennis courts, thirty-two dormitories, a broadcasting control building, seventy pianos, a music library of more than four thousand titles, the famous Interlochen "Bowl," and over one hundred other cottages, rehearsal buildings, faculty homes, and practice studios, one begins to appreciate how thoroughly Interlochen takes care of the campers who go there to study.

Realizing that this half-million dollars' of equipment would not produce a music camp by itself, the founders, Joseph Maddy, world-known music educator, and Thaddeus P. Giddings, Instructor of Music at Minneapolis, have assembled some of the finest musicians in America to serve as instructors. They include soloists and concert players from the outstanding symphony orchestras in the country. More famous are Interlochen's guest conductors, who draw the interest of music lovers from all parts of America. Among them are Dr. Howard Hanson, who was inspired by Interlochen's enchanting beauty to compose his well-known *Forest Theme*, now used as the camp's musical signature on the

Sunday evening broadcasts over NBC; and Edgar Stillman-Kelley whose latest symphony, *Gulliver*, was presented for the first time by the Interlochen orchestra. Also as guest conductors have come Ernest La Prade, director of musical research for the National Broadcasting Studios, John Phillip Sousa, the "March King," and Walter Damrosch, greatly loved composer and conductor.

But best liked the past summer of all these famous men was Percy Grainger, the pianist and composer. His tuft of sand-colored hair, his fiery flashing eyes, his captivating English accent, and most of all, his undying patience through hours and hours of tedious rehearsing, marked him as a close friend in the heart of every young student. While telling jokes at the table, or playing sax in the camp dance orchestra, or marching in the band ranks on their trips to nearby cities, "Perc," as he was called, was just like one of the campers. On the tennis courts, playing in hob-nailed hiking shoes and shorts so long they resembled "sawed-off" trousers, he played with fury in spite of his fifty-six years. Always the center of attraction, on the concert stage especially, Percy, his long graceful fingers rippling over the keys at terrific speed, commanded the focus of every pair of eyes present.

The daily program at Interlochen is hard but interesting. The bugler sounds reveille at seven o'clock, and the campers, still half asleep, stumble out of the cabins in their pajamas to the tennis courts for a ten-minute round of "set-up" exercises. Following these, cabins are cleaned and prepared for inspection, which is conducted as a contest; the cabin that wins most receiving a cake, eaten in front of, and to the envy of, everyone else in camp. Immediately after breakfast a strenuous two-hour re-

hearsal period begins on the stage of the "Bowl." There the guest conductor for the week grinds the orchestra through the broadcast numbers, repeating difficult places over and over again, and pointing out passages needing improvement. From ten till eleven, sectional rehearsals are conducted, during which the instructors help smooth out the rough parts pointed out by the conductor. At eleven, optional classes, which include conducting, drum majoring, harmony, and composition, are attended. Music schools throughout the country accept hours spent in these courses as credits for entry.

Lunch is a much welcomed rest period. Meals are served cafeteria style in the hotel overlooking the lake. There the morning events are discussed—perhaps Gorsky had a fight with his wife, or Langenus dismissed the clarinets from rehearsal fifteen minutes early. There also mail from home is read and reread, and often it is in the dining room that romances, strictly warned against, blossom forth.

The afternoon is simply the morning routine repeated—a two hour rehearsal, optional classes, and private lessons—but at five o'clock all studying is prohibited. At that time most campers engage in tennis, swimming, canoeing, or horseshoes. No baseball or basketball is allowed for fear of damaging fingers.

Probably the most interesting of all Interlochen's programs are the evening presentations. Sometimes there are movies in Giddings Hall, or perhaps a lecture in the "Bowl," or a student or faculty concert. One night each week the campers have a dance under the lights of the boys' tennis courts, and twice during the summer an opera is presented by the students.

At the close of the evening program

the campers in groups amble back to their cabins through the pitch-black forest which magnificently silhouettes itself against the star-flecked purple sky. If the moon is full, the sandy path, dimly outlined, resembles a silver carpet, and the lakes, seen intermittently through the blackness of the trees, reflect thousands of shimmering shadows in black and silver. At the cabins lifetime friendships are woven, simply by bragging about home towns, or discussing girls back home, or telling stories, or writing letters; or, more daringly, toads are put in beds, buckets of water are tied in the rafters above where the counselor sleeps, ingenious string devices for "after taps"

pranks are worked out. The penalty, an hour or two on the rake squad, only makes the risk more fun. After taps slumber music is played by a group or soloist from one of the cabins. Its effectiveness cannot be overemphasized. A strain of *Home, Sweet Home* or *The Rosary* does strange things to a young person as he lies in bed wondering what Mother or Dad is doing. But soon a deep and restful sleep comes, accompanied with a silence, well-rounded with the satisfaction that another day, tiring but interesting and filled with happiness is ended at Interlochen, the National Music Camp.

Syncopators

R. MARSCHIK

Rhetoric I, Theme 18, 1937-1938

THERE were four of them. And they could really play, even though there were but two genuine musical instruments among them. And how they could play! I used to think hell was hot, but that was before I heard them. Odd that they should have got together at all, being so utterly different from each other. But then that's beside the point. They could play. Yes, sir! There was Harvey, the clarinet virtuoso. Not a note in the entire musical scale existed that he couldn't strike—and hold. Long, shrill, loud, piercing notes; low, drawn-out, wailing, blue notes. All depended

upon the occasion, of course, and as yet there hadn't arisen an occasion which he hadn't met. How swiftly those thin, slender fingers flew back and forth over the individual keys! According to all existing rules, those fingers should have got tangled with each other. Why, at times they were but an indistinct blurr! But then he managed to keep them going uninterruptedly. How? I don't know. And he made a fine picture, too, bodily movements accompanying the swing of the music, head high, clarinet up on the shrill notes, down on the blue notes, ever going, never ceasing.

Next in line came Danny, with his banjo. Danny inclined to rather raucous harmony at times, but there was no denying his full possession of real and varied rhythm. What Harvey could do with notes, Danny could do with chords—maybe more. It did seem almost impossible though that those thick, short, stubby fingers could find so many different chords at so many different times—but they did. His range included every harmonious combination of notes ever recorded in the annals of music—plus a few extra. Down and up, up and down, down and up, up and down went those continuously-moving fingers, searching, finding, and giving forth musical plinks, planks, and plunks. Up and down . . .

A cleverly improvised bull-fiddle gave the quartet its necessary throb. Of course there were times when you couldn't hear it at all, but there wasn't a minute when you didn't feel it. After all, it was such a simple—but effective—instrument. Just a ruler! Yes, one of those very prosaic rulers which you'll find on any Woolworth counter. Sam was its master. He had a peculiar way of holding it flat upon the seat of a chair, a portion of the ruler protruding over. This end he literally "picked" with his right hand, whereas the remainder of the ruler, slid by his left hand, traveled back and forth over the chair, assuming a different position for each different note. Naturally Sam had full control over this flexible stick, and the throbbing tones he produced therefrom blended beautifully with the accompanying music. He was the featured attraction—Sam and his "rhythmic ruler." Why don't you try it sometime? I'll wager you'll be surprised to discover

what an effective "Zoom" you too can produce.

The percussion section of the four was also improvised. An ordinary double cigarette ash-stand, with the tin trays loosely attached, created a realistic set of trap drums—in sound as readily as in appearance. This contraption was manipulated by the foot, a heavy thump upon the base of the stand bringing forth the combination clang and clatter of a trap set. Mike was the engineer in charge here. He further enhanced and accentuated this rattle by creating a novel snare drum, a fairly stiff piece of cardboard paper scraped with a sweeping motion across the woolen fabric of his trouser leg. You've heard the "swish" of the genuine snare drum brushes, haven't you? Then you know what Mike's card sounded like. Don't think for a moment though that it was merely a rattle and a swish, because it wasn't. Mike had technique. He had swing. When he wanted those "drums" to duplicate the percussion section of the New York Philharmonic, why he just did so. When he wanted them to sound like those of Benny Goodman, it was the same story. Mike knew how, that's all.

Of course they were popular. Maybe that's why the band broke up. You see, Harvey flunked the first semester; claimed he couldn't get any studying done. Dan got married, to a girl he met at their first dance job. Sam took to studying; he was always the more or less earnest type. Mike moved; claimed he didn't like the environment but couldn't discover just what it was he didn't like. And the band? It went to hell, of course.

Sketch Book

Humor in the Funnies

One of the greatest benefits derived from the "funny papers" is the world of knowledge gained from the advertisements. From them we can learn the reasons why we are social pariahs. These reasons range from inability to gyrate gracefully on the dance floor to personal uncleanness. The products advertised promise to correct these flagrant faults. They are even illustrated with case histories showing how Mr. Z., by the use of a certain product, soon had men admiring him and women throwing themselves at his feet. These advertisements are the nearest things to humor we have yet found in the "funny papers."—TOM CHITTENDEN

The First to Go

"What the HELL do I care how I come out in my exams? My head will be blown off a year from now, anyway."

Have you heard any young student on campus utter these words? The statement may be just a good excuse for not studying, but it may be so true that we hate to think of it seriously. However, if we do stop to ponder over the matter, we realize that the youths in our class rooms, on the broad-walk, and crowding the gym on game nights are to be among the first to go to war when it is declared.

Why should the cream of the crop be taken? Why can't we get rid of the aimless vagabonds, idiots, and voluntarily unemployed? Some people commend war on the basis that it cuts down the excess population. Others go further by saying that a smaller population would settle our unemployment problems. That is true, but do we want imbeciles, idiots, and physical cripples in the responsible positions? After a war in this modern age, I am afraid there would be nothing but these "unfortunate" creatures left.—CHARLOTTE CONRAD

Restaurant Reform

Let there be built, through the magic wave of some benefactor's pocketbook, the most popular building ever conceived, a "Campus Coke Center." Let there be soft lights, sweet music, smooth floors, glamorous girls. Create the environment desired by the lounge-lizard, the "coke"-dater, the downtown quarterback. Let them gargle, giggle, gurgle, over their cokes. Ban books! Ban sobriety! Ban serious talk! Let mirth, merriment, and politics run wild. Give vent to those long-repressed peals of laughter. The waiter won't throw you out. He'll probably be laughing louder than you!

But wait! Only on one condition can you have all these. Give food back to the restaurant, and clean out the coke element. Then cook me up a big juicy porterhouse steak, smothered with onions. I'm hungry!—HAROLD HUBBARD

"Not Bad, Not Bad!"

One of the greatest aids to mannish vanity is to be cast in a play. It's the grease-paint that lures them on. A little while before the first curtain you may hear them exclaiming. "Oh, you go next for make-up. I hate the stuff. How do girls stand it? You go on. I'll go last." But all this is merely a subtle cover-up. The real reason they all want to be last is to have more time spent on them. As each one gets his paint applied he dashes to the mirror. What he says aloud is, "Gee, will I be glad to get this stuff off! I look terrible." But inwardly he's thinking, "Not bad, not bad! Say, wouldn't I be a Don Juan with this on all the time! I guess I'd better put a little more on after the first act."—BUD GILLIS

The Beauty of the Campus

Our University campus has a definite type of beauty—a beauty that is found in bigness, in grandeur, and in simplicity. This is emphasized by the many stately buildings, massive but plain, surrounded by huge trees of many varieties and many shades of green. Strong elms predominate, stretching their leafy arms over the broad sidewalks, forming a triumphal arch for marchers for learning. Rounded clumps of shrubs in varying heights and hues dot the grounds, lending that soft loveliness which transforms a scene of severe plainness into one of magnificence. Beds of rich, red geraniums, topped with tall cannas, here and there brighten the campus. Beneath it all, forming a soft, green carpet, stretches the vast expanse of lawn, cool and inviting.

While I gazed on this scene of lovely grandeur, its beauty sank deep into my soul, as it must have done for thousands of other marchers to learning. Man needs the beauties of nature to help him live in this busy, work-a-day world, where so much value is placed on mere material things. He needs the influence of natural beauty for inspiration, for joy, for peace. Man's very surrender to this influence raises him above the beast. It heals the wounds made by a thoughtless world; it elevates man above sordid, unpleasant, discouraging, heart-rending things; it makes him live on a higher plane. From this height he can better judge relative values. The very things which to him may have loomed in importance may now dwindle into insignificance. He is able to see the finer qualities of his fellowmen after having seen those of nature. His life has become more abundant. Does not the beauty of this campus help to enrich the lives of each student marcher? I believe that it does, but perhaps in a very quiet, subtle manner.—SISTER M. MERCEDES CRANE

Reading Dimnet

Ernest Dimnet asks the reader, in easy conversational language, "Have you ever stopped to think? Have you ever done *anything* on your own initiative?" At this point you automatically stop reading and mentally inform the author that you have done so many times. But he continues, "Consider a specific incident, now did you—etc., etc." You pause again. Well, you can't think of an incident right this second, but there have been *thousands* of times when you've absolutely made up your own mind. Then, suddenly, right in the middle of the next page, the author asks, "What are thinking of this second? What have I said in the last four paragraphs?" Your thoughts fly about wildy for a few seconds, and you realize that you are still trying to think of a specific incident in which you made up your own mind—and that you haven't the slightest idea of what has been said in the last four paragraphs.

—REONE RASMUSSEN

Forced Feeding

It must be obvious that nothing of value can be crammed down a student's throat against his will, or if it is crammed down by dint of much labor, that it must be immediately regurgitated with all the usual accompanying nausea.—PHILIP BREWER

Growing Dahlias

SARAH HOUGHTON

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1937-1938

AS THE warm, lazy days of May progress, bringing definite promise of summer, the dahlia lover looks to his treasured store of brown bulbs which were so carefully laid away in the fall in a cool, damp corner of his cellar. Perhaps a week previously he has spaded and raked his garden in preparation for planting. Out of the musty dark he tenderly carries his insignificant-looking dahlia tubers. The balmy sunlight assails him, prophesying the glories that are to be. Eagerly he strides toward the garden where stakes have been driven into the soil about a yard apart. Near one of the stakes he digs a deep, oblong hole, the bottom of which he covers with peat-moss. Now he sets the bulb down carefully with the sprout about four inches from the stake. He sprinkles another layer of peat-moss over it. Filtering the earth through his fingers, he fills the hole until it is almost level with the rest of the ground. With equal precision the other bulbs are planted.

For two or three weeks our poor dahlia enthusiast has nothing to do but keep the weeds pulled and the ground loosened. Unless the weather is extremely dry, the plants need very little water. Our friend anxiously surveys his plot of rangy stakes for the first signs of a sprout. At last one pokes through. It seems to take a long time for the plants to grow a foot high. After that their growth is quite rapid. The large, coarse, dark green leaves are slightly curled around the edges. Usually there is only one main stalk, but occa-

sionally there will be two or even three. The stalks should be tied to the stake to keep them straight. When the plant is about waist-high, buds begin to appear. The process known as disbudding is perhaps the most important detail of growing really fine flowers. It seems indeed strange that one should remove buds in order to get larger, more perfectly shaped flowers, but that is exactly what should be done. Buds tend to grow up between the stalk and the main stems which branch out from the stalk. Buds also grow up between the stems and their leaves. If these extra buds are nipped and only the top ones left, there will be fewer but far lovelier flowers.

At last the day comes when one of those large top buds opens into full bloom, bringing forth the magnificent flower. Here is the reward for which the dahlia lover has waited nearly three long months. At last the fruits of his labors are realized. He and his flowers have come together through wind, hail, scorching sun, cutworms, and grasshoppers to emerge at last, triumphant. Until the frost ends the blooming season, flowers of almost every conceivable shade deck the garden.

The frost comes. The dahlias have lived their day. With infinite care, the enthusiast digs up the tubers and washes off the dirt. Back they go to their winter shade; only they have increased during the growing season, and now, after they are divided by our friend, there are many more.

Blue-Print Boy

GEORGE PHILLIPS

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1937-1938

ALL THE chief engineer said was, "You'll do, Phillips," and I was hired.

Doug broke me in. It took three days for me to learn the duties of a blue-print boy. After five days, I was trusted to run the machine alone.

The blue-printing machine was a huge, steel, humming monster with rollers, switches, handles, and gears all working together to guide the print paper under the carbon lights, through the water, through the potash, over the gas driers, and finally under the cutting shears. The machinery was very complicated and needed continuous attention. The company used such a large supply of prints that the blue-printing machine had to be in operation twice daily.

My first day to make a "run" alone came soon enough. Doug had been instructing me on how to run the blue-print machine. After five days of instruction he asked, "Do you think you can run it alone today, Phillips?"

"Guess I can."

First, I had to collect all the tracings that were to be printed. Some were standard tracings which had been used for making prints for more than a quarter-century; others were fresh from the draftsmen's pencil points. The older tracings had to be hunted in the files. The new tracings had to be gathered from the draftsmen. The office boy brought up an order for prints, as did a stenographer and a shop-helper.

By ten-thirty in the morning I had collected nearly fifty tracings, which were neatly stacked near the feeding rack ready for printing. I heard a buzzing sound come from somewhere (I had been taught to hear the difference between the chief engineer's buzz, the chief draftsman's buzz, the stenographer's buzz, the mail-chute buzz, and the telephone buzz). The buzz sounded again from somewhere. It sounded like the mail-chute. I ran over to the chute—nothing there. The chief draftsman was busy. He wouldn't have rung. The stenographer was out. I surmised it was the telephone, which had already been answered, and went back to the blue-print room. There was the chief engineer with his hands on his hips.

"Didn't you hear my buzz?"

Ouch!

Soon I was ready to start the machine.

"Let me see; which switch goes first—oh, yes, this one. There goes the motor. Now switch this one. No, no, that's the electric light switch. It must be this one. Ah! the rollers are turning. Run around to the back of the machine now and feed the 'leader' through. Paste the roll of print paper to it. Turn on the gas. Open the water valve. Turn on the potash. Open the drains. Anything else? No, I guess not. What's that smell? Oh me, the paper is burning; I turned the gas on too soon."

A fire extinguisher was a handy thing

to have around that blue-printing machine.

Ben came in and told me to quit stinking the place up.

"Here I go again. Don't light the gas now until the paper has gone through the water spray. O. K., snap on the six carbon lamps, and throw in the gears.

"This first tracing is O. G. 17923, and must be run through five times for five prints. Place it on the print paper, and feed it through the machine. Careful, not upside down. Mark one in the tablet for O. G. 17923. Here are two small tracings; feed them in side by side to save paper. Mark them in the tablet. Next feed this one, mark it; now these two, mark them; and then this one. What's that crackling noise? Look! the leader is going through crooked. Hurry and straighten it before it tears, or you may have to run the prints all over again. Don't waste paper; shove a tracing through. Here comes O. G. 17923. It has gone through once. Send it through again, and mark two in the tablet. Now you can turn on the gas. Hurry so you won't waste paper. Where's a match? Don't turn it up too high. Run back and send a couple more prints through."

After five minutes, the first print had reached the shears and was ready to be cut.

"Cut the leader off. Run around the front and feed in some tracings. No! not O. G. 17923; it's been through five times already. Too late—it's caught in the roll now. That's wasting prints; don't do it again."

"I guess the gas is not hot enough, the

prints are coming out damp. Hey! where are the prints? The paper is blank. I must have forgotten to turn on the potash. No, the leader went under the wrong roll. Hurry and do something; don't waste paper. That carbon lamp is sputtering. Catch that tracing; it's falling to the floor. I smell something burning. What the heck, the floor is wet; the water tank is flooding over. Number five light is going out. Oh! oh Doug."

I had made quite a mess of things. With Doug's help. I straightened things up and completed printing before noon. I had to work over into the noon hour, however, in order to distribute the prints. The mailing department force had to stay over into the noon hour in order to mail some of the prints. The shipping-room men had a fit. The chief engineer had to stay over into the noon hour because of an air-mail special-delivery letter which had to be mailed immediately. The janitor had to mop up the floor, and the electrician had to fix the number five lamp. I wasn't making friends very fast. Doug said, "You'll learn."

I did learn in the days that followed. At first I lost some sleep because the job worried me, but I soon grew accustomed to responsibilities. After I had been with the company a few weeks, my work became more efficient. I learned how to make the maximum number of prints in a minimum amount of time. Sometimes I got through with my work so soon that I had to practice the art of bluffing, and look busy even though I was not.

Golf

TOM CHITTENDEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1937-1938

GOLF is a form of work made expensive enough for business men to enjoy. It is what letter-carrying, ditch-digging, and carpet-beating would be if they all had to be performed on the same hot afternoon. This is the impression of golf which I shall carry to my grave.

One July afternoon a friend dropped into my office, supposedly on a friendly visit, and proposed playing a game of golf. I didn't realize what I was letting myself in for when I assented. The desire to see just what mysterious fascination there was about the game that made men, to all appearances intelligent, desert their business, neglect their wives, and jeopardize their health, was too great to overcome.

I cannot recall any other experience in my life so vividly as that first game of golf. An outsider would not think that such an apparently simple game could be so difficult and fraught with so many hidden dangers. The game is played on carefully manicured grass, with little white balls (elusive as quick-silver) and as many clubs as the player can afford. A golf course has eighteen holes, seventeen of which are unnecessary. I think they are put in just to make the game harder. A hole is a tin cup sunk to the brim in a green. A green

is a small parcel of grass costing about \$1.65 a blade, and usually located between a brook and a couple of apple trees, or a lot of unfinished excavation. These things are called hazards by the professional players and unprintable things by the "run-of-the-mine" golfers.

The idea is to get the ball from a given point, called a tee for no reason at all—I often wonder who named the parts of a golf course; some inebriated person no doubt—into each of the eighteen tin cups with the fewest number of strokes and the greatest number of words. The ball must not be thrown, pushed, or carried. It must be propelled by about \$200 worth of curious looking implements, especially designed to provoke the owner. Each implement has a specific purpose, and ultimately some golfers get to know what that purpose is.

After the final, or eighteenth hole, the golfer adds up his score and stops when he reaches 87. He then has a shower, a pint of gin, sings "Sweet Adeline" with six or eight other liars, and calls it a perfect day.

There you have the great game of golf as I found it. As for me, I shall stay in my office during the day and play ping-pong at home at night with the wife and children. It saves the soul.

Percy Grainger

CLINTON COBB

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1937-1938

A SHORT, though not stocky, rather foreign-looking man stepped briskly to the rostrum. He unconsciously ignored the applause which greeted him, like one who is boredly accustomed to it, yet he did not intend to be rude. To the young musicians who anxiously awaited his first words, he smiled for one short instant. Then in a forced, husky voice, made distinctive by a strong English accent, he said: "Good morning." Such was the procedure five mornings a week last summer as Mr. Grainger came to the stage at the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan, to conduct the daily informal rehearsals of the band, of which I was a member.

In Grainger there is no outward sign of the great artist that he is. His appearance is not striking, but "different." He might easily be mistaken for an ordinary member of the laboring class. He has thick, bushy, sandy-colored hair, through which, despite his age, the graying streaks can hardly be distinguished. His features are rugged: there is no hint of delicacy about them. A ruddy complexion set off by his sandy hair, his bushy eyebrows, his twinkling, deeply set blue eyes, high cheek bones, and prominent nose add to his appearance of ruggedness.

During his eight weeks' stay at the summer camp, Mr. Grainger dressed always in the informal attire customary at such a place. Most of the time he wore the dark blue corduroy trousers and the light blue shirts of the camp uniform. At other times he dressed in light, short-sleeved shirts, old and soft

from years of wear. His trousers many times were old and of a homely English style, supported by an old leather belt worn several inches below the waist band. Comfort, not convention, governed his dress.

During the first few weeks of our association with Mr. Grainger, we were more or less in awe of this great artist. I had heard of this man since I was a small child. One of the first piano pieces I learned to play was *Country Gardens*, which this man had arranged and published. I had since played and heard many other pieces of music written by him, I had heard him as a solo pianist with great symphony orchestras over the radio, I had seen him conduct, and I had read many articles about him. My impression of him had been that he was a great genius, possessed of a mind the inner workings of which would startle the average scholar. I had thought that he would be too "great" even to talk to a young boy, that he would find it impossible even to converse with a person such as I. But such was not Grainger.

Although at times he wore an expression of one unconcerned with what was going on around him, or of one in deep thought, a casual remark made by him later would often tell us that he was keenly aware of his surroundings. Those intimately acquainted with him feel that, were it not a social impossibility, he would be likely to invite a friendly road-mender or bus-conductor to a dinner party attended by his more socially distinguished friends. As we grew to

know him, we found him very lovable, big-hearted, and truly democratic.

I have noticed that if, when a man was introduced to him, the stranger had some interesting comment to make, Grainger was always ready to continue the conversation. But he never took the initiative in starting it, and if the person had nothing to say, Grainger would smile congenially and move on. His manners were at all times gracious and pleasing. His whole personality was that of a cultured, congenial gentleman. While working with the band he had an attitude of genuine kindness and extreme patience, far beyond that of an average person. If one of the boys was unable to play a certain solo part in the music being rehearsed, Mr. Grainger would stop the band and sing the part a couple of times, or if a piano was handy, he would play the part. Sometimes, when the group could not seem to get the feeling of the music, he would tell the story of it, or do a little jig to demonstrate the dance the music was to portray. At other times he would stamp his foot as loudly as possible while clapping his hands in the rhythm of the music. From his long career as a musician he could draw many anecdotes through which he could convey to his audience the point he had in mind.

Mr. Grainger, in his daily associations, is straight-forward. His taste for the eminently practical is shown not only in his methods of rehearsal, his relations with other people, and in his dress and manners, but also in his musical compositions and arrangements. Apparently following his instinct to be straight-forward and practical, Grainger scored his music in his own language, instead of in the commonly used Italian phraseology. Frequently he has been forced to place in brackets, after his own in-

terpretative suggestions, the Italian words to explain the slangy obscurity of his English. On his published music may be seen such words as "bumpingly," "louden lots," "hold till blown," and "dished up for piano." He explains the tempo of the *Irish Tune from County Derry* thus: "Slowish, but not dragged, and wayward in time." At other places in his music are such comments as "linger ever so slightly," or "in time, don't drag," usually followed by the Italian terminology.

Still more interesting are the titles of some of his pieces, which one writer describes as the "acme of antiartisticness." Perhaps the most antiartistic of them all is the *Arrival Platform Humlet*, which is a tune one hums when standing on the station platform awaiting the arrival of a train. No other modern composer has so let himself down from the stilted customs and conventions of the nineteenth century classical masters. And perhaps no other composer has appealed to so many people of all classes as does Grainger.

Through his friendship with Edward Grieg, who had a great interest in the folk songs of Norway, Grainger was possibly led to study the folk songs of his native race, in the countries of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. His arrangements of the folk-songs of the Scottish and Irish Highlanders have long been favorites of people all over the world. These songs seem to be an expression of the "life" or spirit of these peoples. In recording these folk-songs Grainger realized what he was trying to do, and so did the people closely associated with him. In an article entitled "The Impress of Personality in Unwritten Music," he told the following incident. "H. G. Wells, who was with me on a 'folk-song hunt' in Gloucester-

shire, on noticing that I noted down not merely the music and dialect details of the songs, but also many characteristic scraps of banter that passed between the old agriculturalists around us, once said to me: 'You are trying to record life,' and I remember the whimsical, almost wistful, look which accompanied the remark."

He has been unconventional not only in the scoring of his works but in their composition as well. When thirteen years old, Grainger had been composing pieces for the piano for some time. His earliest works were influenced by, and written somewhat in the style of, Händel. At sixteen years of age, Grainger had developed a style of his own, influenced not by another composer, but by a man of letters, Rudyard Kipling. From Kipling he received inspiration for a great deal of his musical composition. Cyril Scott said that Grainger "becomes Kipling in a manner which nobody else in the musical arena can approach."

That there was genius in this young composer became apparent when he used the whole-tone scale long before he had heard of Debussy, who was the first to make it well known. At first his harmonies were so modern that they were painful to the ears of the people who had not yet become accustomed to such music as that of Debussy. Of Grainger it has been said that he did not trouble to learn the rules in order to know how to break them—he merely broke them from the beginning. The unconventional new harmony, the unique scoring which bordered on vulgarity, and the homely tunes which he chose to use, led some people to doubt his talents and artistry. But for all this his music gained great popularity. It has been said that "Grainger appeals to the unmusical as Kipling

appeals to the illiterate." His compositions are not limited to the light and frivolous works for which he became especially famous, although his heavier, more meaty, original compositions have suffered in popularity because of them.

The nature of his most popular music and of the music which he likes most to play and conduct reflects his own democratic attitudes. He is one without social prejudices. He likes to be with the common people and mingle with them. He has spent weeks at a time on hikes with his wife through the Scottish highlands, living with the people and recording their music, which is a true picture of their life. Another characteristic which shows his democratic spirit is his scorn of affectation and pretense, his unwillingness to pose. This last characteristic sometimes proves embarrassing to his friends. As Cyril Scott said, "He did not know when to swerve from the path of his natural inclination to 'pose' at the right moment."

During his eight weeks' stay at Interlochen last summer, we who were attending the camp grew to like him for his unaffected ways. Early in the morning, as we would pass the tennis courts on our way to breakfast, he would be awkwardly swinging a tennis racket, dressed in a baggy shirt and shorts which reached below his knobby knees. Instead of tennis shoes he wore huge hob-nailed clod-hoppers, probably his hiking shoes. As a crowd gathered to watch this amusing scene, he seemed not to notice them or anything unusual about the garb he wore. His bathing suit, which he wore with equal disregard of modern convention, was of the very peculiar style of twenty-five years ago.

Though he is now fifty-six years old, he is still athletic. Many times he would come running out of the hotel after

dinner and take a flying leap down the five or six steps off the porch. There, if he did not have to wait for his wife, he would start off on a jerky lope, jumping over a bench which stood in his way and vaulting a fence rather than using the gate a foot or so away. It was amusing to see him put his shoulder to the end of a big upright piano, only a foot or so above the floor, and shove with all his might. He seemed always to be moving a piano to some other part of the stage and usually had the feat accomplished alone before anyone could get to him to help.

When the whole camp went to the Cherry Festival in Traverse City, Grainger went along and marched with the band in the big parade. He was to be the main attraction as a conductor at a concert to be given later in the day,

but no amount of persuasion could keep him from marching ten blocks in a hot sun and carrying a saxophone which he played very artlessly. Later I saw him mingling with the crowds, laughing, drinking pop, and enjoying the spirit of the festival with all around him.

He obeyed all rules of the Camp, which were meant especially for the young people. He always wore a white shirt on Sunday, and rubber-soled shoes at concerts, just as we were all required to do. He ate in the cafeteria where we ate, refusing the service of the dining room reserved for the faculty members. Such simple actions as these caused the young people of the Camp to love him, and we found that Grainger, whom we had imagined so unapproachable, was truly one of us.

All's Not Well

D. TODD

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1937-1938

NEXT to that damned milkman's tap-dancing horse (he does a Suzy Q down South Mathews at precisely two a.m.) my pet pique is with the clashing, unchiming chimes of the Law building. Nothing could be less soothing to the freshman whose nerves have been pulled taut by conflicting "X's" and "Y's," with cosine imps and tangent devils rolling each brain cell in a barrel of trigonometric functions, than to be serenaded nightly, just as relaxation seems near, with the crashing "How Dry I Am" aria by the law school brasses. Every fifteen minutes the thing has a partial relapse and drops a disconnected measure over

the campus, whereupon the sleeper worries himself awake trying to connect the measure to some song. Those bells have probably kept more students awake than the professors ever will.

Aside from its insomnia-provoking qualities, the noisy carillon is irritating in other ways. The best that can be said about it is that it works hard and long. The notes emanate from the old bells as slowly as though traditions of the funerals for which their ancestors probably tolled have induced in the bells an attitude of respectful restraint. "Auld Lang Syne" *does* sound like a hang-over from a funeral march, especially

when it's played on the occasion of our loss of the homecoming game. But I would like to bribe the custodian to swing "St. Louis Blues." Or "Nola."

The most serious indictment facing the offending chime (as with most criminals) has to do with its behaviour by date. Why can't the thing be satisfied with a union day, or at least a stand-

ard eight hours and overtime for curfew? After midnight such nuisances should be suppressed. It's embarrassing, after one has told the girl friend that the night is yet young, to be contradicted by millions of sound waves proving to the world that it's three a.m. The C.I.O. ought to do something about this interference with labor rights.

The Privilege of Being an American

MARGERY WILSON

Proficiency Examination, 1938-1939

NOT enough propaganda is being spread these days on Democracy as America is carrying it out. We are a people who are essentially superstitious, I am convinced. We go about crossing our fingers, knocking on wood, so afraid to mention any of our blessings for fear they won't last. If we were not afraid, how very many of them any one of us could list! The obvious ones—freedom of speech, opportunity for advancement, a chance to make our political opinions felt at the polls, relatively low taxes, food of good quality—people so take these for granted that we are jeered at for even mentioning them. Recently I heard a speaker mention several of them to his audience. He was a foreigner and was congratulating us on having so many things for which to thank God. The faces of the audience were a study in mixed emotions. Their "taking-it-for-granted" Americanism wanted to say to their neighbors, "How trite!" But down underneath, their latent superstition was urging them to cross their fingers or their knees, or to rap furtively on wood because all might disappear.

No. In America we must not count

our many blessings. If we have no Gestapo system, say nothing about it. One might rise out of the earth and envelop us. If our poor are slowly and surely being discovered and redeemed we must not call attention to the fact. It may be just a turn of the wheel of fortune for them. If we have no leader inciting us to war, no overpowering military machines, no unfriendly nations menacing our borders, why, we're in luck, but the less said about it the longer the situation is likely to continue.

We need people in this country to tell us over and over that it has not been all pure luck. Favorable circumstances we have had from the start. But behind those and working them to best advantage have been many years of careful planning. This form of government did not grow from the wilderness by itself. Someone planned it. Someone, generation after generation, has seen that it was carried out. And that someone is the individual American who knew how he wanted to live. He need never depend on luck or chance to keep him living that way.

Transition

ROBERT GATEWOOD

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1937-1938

HE LIVED just two blocks down the street—red-haired, thin, freckled, with eyes that bespoke a grim determination. He was several years older than I, and had graduated from high school before I entered. I heard about him, a boy with a deep artistic sense. I determined to follow him; I would be his disciple in an aesthetic way. He struggled ahead, searching the great institutions of learning for that which would give his work finesse—to the Chicago Art Institute, where he drew over-proportioned figures with large biceps, flabby breasts, and firm unclassic stature, and was reprimanded in his anatomy class; to the Yale School of Fine Arts where the Beaux Arts Institute bestowed prizes on him for fairy tale interpretations, sympathetic with tradition. But when he threw tradition into the fire and from the smoldering ashes molded an individual interpretation of what he saw, he was immediately censured. Then he became interested in a visiting professor, Eugene Savage, who did not admonish him for his rebellious beliefs on contour of human form. When the artist-professor was commissioned to design and execute the Buffalo Memorial Fountain, and left the school, the student, ever searching for the truth in art, packed up his baggage and traveled posthaste to Buffalo.

In the interim between his entering the Institute and his exodus from Yale, I was in high school, interested in art and writing. I painted frivolously, inexact, pretty calendulas in a blue vase, an old pottery pitcher against a thin

veil and green velvet. Flowers were brought to be arranged; flowers were arranged pursuant to the standards; flowers were painted according to those standards. My pieces were shown in exhibitions where fat ladies, and little children with lollypops would gather and chatter incoherently, where slender ladies with lorgnettes gazed haughtily and discussed museum pieces like connoisseurs, only the pieces and their respective authors were more than once confused—an eighteenth century babble in a modern show. The society pages of the dailies camouflaged the pictures with pretty words. (Who said the society editor wasn't an art critic; didn't she describe the gowns at the Charity Ball?)

I steadily became sick of such crowds. I wanted freedom. Should I stick forever to these standards? Would I be content to paint conventional pictures and write conventional stories? Could I live in the twentieth century and paint sixteenth century? Was I proud of my paintings that hung on the wall, or was there something greater?

Years passed. The student was still struggling for recognition, and I was still just friendly with him. Then he went to Mexico and there studied under Diego Rivera. Later he returned to paint a mural in a local high school.

I went to see him. I was searching for a new outlook on art and life. I was disappointed with that life I had seen and was thirsting for a more satisfying one.

I learned from him that all art should

flow upward from the people; there is useless money thrown into museums. Art is an embodiment of a spirit and should tell a story of suffering, derision, scorn, and exaltation. It should be joyous when the people are joyous. It should teach the horrors of war—the grim battlefield with its slaughtered flesh and its stinking, rotting blood. The whole gory mess should be translated into clashing bayonets of yellow pigment held in thin skeleton-like hands and controlled by a thing without body, without form, but with such qualities that those who look upon it feel a swift, chilled breath of air strike their cheeks, feel a guilty yellow streak climb their spines, and feel little beads of perspiration form on their foreheads.

Make it powerful. Make the critic cringe; make his hands tremble as he fears to clench them. Make the patriot, in humility, feel the sting of swift bullets, the sharp point of a blade; give to all of them the deafening clash, the inglorious end. Paint in blood if necessary—but paint so terrifyingly that anyone will get the meaning of such a message.

That afternoon my ideas of art and writing changed. Instead of writing Booth Tarkingtonish, I would write powerfully, perhaps, as Dreiser or Hemingway. I would not write mere words. I would live; I would pour out my soul

fully; I would write of feelings, not of persons. I would work—work—work and eventually, perhaps, my feelings would be felt by others.

A letter from this artist I here quote in part:

"Work your way through Harvard. Such are the only people whose work has guts.

"Get interested in proletarian literature. It is the only thing living today—and learn something about the coming revolutionary writers."

I have talked with him since, and every time I receive more that is good to live by. Every chance I get I shall go to view his works, for he forces one to believe what seems hard to believe.

My frivolous flowers die under the tramping feet of soldiers and lie on a barbed-wire-entangled field, without power to say they have lived. One single leaf on a single twig is placed in a mural; a huge boulder approaches menacingly and all that is left of humanity seems deserted, lonely, and doomed to be wiped from the slender ledge of hope and cast forever into the canyon of nothingness.

My opinion has been changed concerning propriety in art: the stilted, the insignificant has become the alive, all-powerful presentation.

Steel Mill

He leaps back, and from the spout rushes forth a substance that looks like liquid light. It falls into a ladle with a terrifying "splunch."

As the ingots pass through the yards at night, they are impressive things, looking like bloody tombstones.—WILLIAM V. COLBERT

Behind the Big Top

BETTY JO DONAHUE

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1937-1938

"L A-DEEZ and gen-teel-men—I give you—The Greatest Show on Earth!!!" The ringmaster gracefully retreats. The roll of the drum! The blast of the band! The show is on!

Everybody loves the circus. From freckle-faced Johnny, who sits three hours with wide eyes and a dangling jaw, to Felix Farmer who punctuates each act with a murmured "Gosh," they love it. But few people know the circus for what it is. To most people the circus is a shell of glittering tinsel; they fail to appreciate that, behind the scenes, it is an efficient business with a definite economic technique, the success of which might prove a good example to many business men.

The average fan's reaction is "if people can do things like that, they aren't like you and me." The graceful aerial artists waft through the air with twists and turns like mysterious winged ghosts. To the audience below, they are like fairies. When the animal trainer defies death and danger to compel the jungle kings to perform, gasps of terror choke the crowd. Here, too, admiration of his skill is lost in calm acceptance of the fact that "they are different." Even the clowns are regarded as unreal. The children roar with laughter at their every antic, and their elders join them in applause. But the audience regards the clowns as it does the other performers—as puppets appearing for a brief time to perform their bits and then to vanish until next time their act is on. It is human nature to love the glitter and to applaud the excitement—but not to see beyond the spangles!

Behind the scenes, the circus is a practical business and, in population, a traveling city. In the season of 1936 the personnel department of Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Combined Circus was responsible for the welfare of 1,608 employees, 897 of whom were the actual performers. They traveled 16,370 miles in 218 days, visiting 137 cities in thirty states for 394 performances.¹

Naturally, to supply comforts for this enormous caravan was not only a tremendous task but an expensive one. In system and in expense, the food problem was complicated. The cook tent arrives in an exhibition stand before dawn, and, at 3:30 A.M., it is being unloaded from the seventy-foot steel railroad cars. Within a very few minutes, the tents are up, the chef and helpers are busy at the ranges and steam tables, and the odor of steak, bacon and eggs, coffee, and oranges or melons is arising on the morning air. Half of the tent will be given over to the hundreds of working men or "roustabouts," who drive the teams, raise the canvas, and "plan out" the lot. The other half of the dining tent is for the staff and performers. The two are separated by a canvas drop. Flanking this dining tent, in which 1,608 people are served, is the kitchen. Here seventy-four waiters and chefs function. Every person of the big show has the privilege of ordering from a variety of foods. Each has an assigned seat at a table. Families and acts sit together. The side-show people have a place to

¹Ringling Brothers Circus Statistics, 1936, p. 62.

themselves. Small talk and shop talk prevail. Circus people, while cheerful and courteous at table, are not picnicking. They eat as if they were in their own homes. This is their home. The waiters are attentive and clean; they are tipped at each week-end. A *maitre d' hotel* moves about as in any select dining room. Nothing is second-rate, and everything is in season—fresh food for sixteen hundred meals three times a day. The steward's list includes *daily*: 226 dozen eggs, 2,470 pounds of meat, 2,220 loaves of bread, 285 pounds of butter, 30 gallons of milk, 1,800 pounds of vegetables, 200 pounds of coffee or tea, 110 dozen oranges, 2 barrels of sugar, 36 bags of table salt, 50 bushels of potatoes, 3,600 ears of sweet corn, 350 pounds of salad, and crates of carrots, bananas, etc.² Contracting agents, five or six weeks ahead of the show, look after ordering locally. The steward is responsible for fresh supplies. The last meal of the day is served from 4:00 to 5:30 P.M. for, after that, the tent is razed, loaded into its wagons, and hauled to the runs, where it is again ramped up on the flat cars of the first section. Breakfast tomorrow will probably be served in another state, some 140 miles away. So efficient is this teamwork that the German general staff studied it to revolutionize its troop movements, and the shelter and feeding of troops in the field.³

Transportation is second in complexity and expense. There is great distinction in the circus world between "rail" shows and ignoble "wagon" shows. The larger circuses all employ railroad service. In 1936, forty railroads were used to transport the four railroad trains of Ringling's 16,370 miles. The longest run of the season was Great

Bend, Kansas, to Denver, Colorado,—a distance of 454 miles; and the shortest run was from one corner to another corner in Detroit, ten miles away. There were 119 one-day stands, and one twenty-five day stand in New York City.⁴ Each family boasts its own car, and acts, if possible, share one. Members of the caravan are transported by one steam engine, and are free to use any of the club cars strewn throughout the train. Advance men or general agents contract for each run months before time. Now, in the month of May, 1938, contracts are complete for 1939 and well under way for the spring of 1940. In their car, performers are free to decorate as they please. It is their home and their castle. In their sleeping quarters, as in their eating quarters, every effort is put forth to afford them comfort and convenience. In both it is a practical routine which provides efficiency.

American business men might study the circus economic technique with profit. In 1929, the depression hit nationwide organizations—and it hit them hard. But the Big Top took it on the chin and came through smiling. Early in the spring, business got the jitters, trade fell off, advertising almost ceased, and sales efforts were curtailed. It was a period in which the wolf at the door opened it and came right in. With overflowing bread lines and too frequent pay cuts, American budgets had to be slashed, and the first to suffer was the entertainment budget. Occasional movies were treats, and circuses became a luxury. They were the first to feel the dollar's

²Butler, Samuel, *Hotel Ringling*, p. 93.

³Hagenback-Wallace, *Circus News and World*, July 12, 1937.

⁴Ringling Brothers *Circus Statistics*, 1937, p. 12.

tightening. It cost as much for the entire family to see a circus as it would for a good meal—and good meals were mighty scarce. From their side of the fence, circus heads found it impossible to slash prices. In desperation, managers were forced to seek “gold where they could find it.” It was their business to find the spots where people had money to spend, to route the show into those spots, and to avoid the communities where money was tight. They did not await the dictum of some armchair economist, who said conditions were going to be bad, and Podunk would not be in the market for refrigerators, shoes, or circuses. The agents dropped into Podunk in person to find out. They feverishly studied crop production, and, for the first time in years, the really big shows “hit” the sticks. It was sheer desperation, but by radical methods they weathered the depression. When others cut advertising, they increased 20%. They *made* the public see some amusement as a necessity; and then they said the circus was that amusement. One ingenious agent even secured the opinion of an eminent psychologist that the circus was an excellent insurance against depression discouragement, and then blasted this expert’s statement over the country.⁵ Their success was measured by the fact that four or five years ago there were but three major circuses touring the country. The biggest of them was heavily mortgaged to the bankers; the others were frequently one jump ahead of the sheriff. Last year, five railroad shows “put out.” They all made money.⁶

“But,” says the business man, “the circus is different.” Yes, it is different. It is up against keener competition and greater hazards than most businesses could endure. Every day it has to contend with apparently insurmountable obstacles and weather conditions. Nearly every night it must tear down its gigantic plant, load it, and transport it. Nearly every morning it must rebuild on another lot miles away. The average business man may think he is beset with manifold difficulties, but he “don’t know nuthin’” about difficulties unless he is in the circus business—and too often he doesn’t know about the circus as a business.

Too often, the circus is a glamorous, exciting unreality with a vague background. Too often, the performers are puppets—talented puppets, but not folks like “you and me.” Too often, it is ignored that the circus general agents are the best practical economists of today. Too often, all John Public thinks of as the circus is the barker’s “La-deez and gen-teel-men—I give you—The Greatest Show On Earth!!!”

⁵Fellow, William Dexter, *My Life*, 1936, p. 362.

⁶Cooper, Courtney Riley, *Big Top*, 1934, p. 108.

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Rhet. as Writ

(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)

The localism of the banks broke down into a national scale.

. . . .

The cards in a card index are usually catalogued according to the disimal system, the aphibedical system or both.

. . . .

I had been looking forward to the time when I would be allowed to take Civics for a long time.

. . . .

The room is divided by three aisles; one horizontally and two vertically.

. . . .

At this time practically every home has a radio or phonograph or can go to the movies.

. . . .

Our library contains two unabridged and several bridged dictionaries.

. . . .

Our library also needs some equipment for those who go to the library to seek knowledge on which to seat themselves comfortably.

. . . .

My legs, feet, and arms were numb from standing on them all day.

. . . .

From the soap boxes of Washington Square, from the picnic grounds of the Middle West, from wheat fields and orchards, from brothels and seminaries, America today is wondering.

. . . .

A girl that has all the ensembles she could ask for, and isn't careful about her personnel, might as well have none.

. . . .

Let us go back to the beginning of our country and we shall find that they had many musical interments. These

interments were not as fine as we have today but they made music which every one enjoyed. On holidays the people would come into to town from the near by farm and a big time was had, games of different types were played, contests of various kinds were held, and folk dancing, along with many other things. People who lived far from a town could not go or bad roads kept them home, later the radio was invented and now they have them to such a high degree of perfection that one may listen to your radio in a car.

. . . .

Numerous charts, grafts, diagrams, and the like were to be found in our library. Our library was equipped with efficient librarians.

. . . .

Vulnerable means unerring and is used with names of religious persons as "The Vulnerable Cardinal Mundelein," etc.

. . . .

The Hebrews follow the Ten Condemments.

. . . .

How could I have a good time running around the picnic grounds and looking like an Egyptian dummy?

. . . .

During the fourth semester I began the peculiar chanting, specifically, known as the scanting of poetry.

. . . .

The house and yard was full of people, both relatives and friends.

. . . .

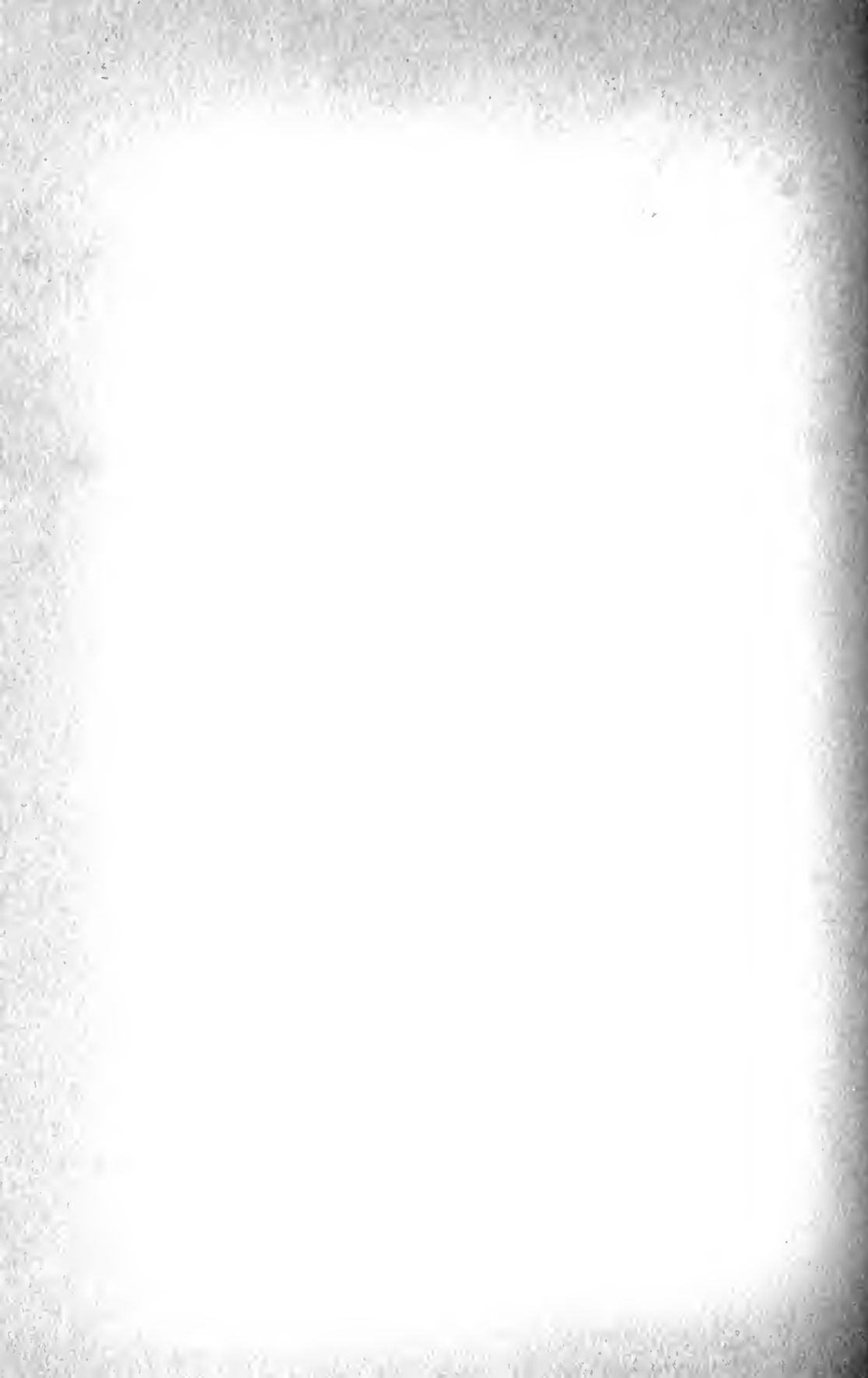
I and my companion carefully notched our arrows and then bent our bows. What if we did not kill him with our first shouts?

Honorable Mention

Lack of space prevents the publishing of excellent themes written by the following students. Some of these themes may be published, in part or in entirety, in future issues.

ELEANOR ANDERSON
ELIZABETH BAKER
ELTON BERRY
B. BOURGEOIS
JAMES BUMGARNER
BILL CASE
JOHN DAVIS
ELEANOR EWING
PAUL FOXMAN
CLARENCE GLENN
BILL GUYTON
CARL HALBAK
DONALD HANEY
JOE HEDGE
DOROTHY KOENIG
LYDIA KIRKPATRICK
ARTHUR LEHDE
JUNE MARKERT

WAYNE MOORE
JOHN R. MUELLER
LOGAN MUIR
ROBERT NAGEL
HIDEO NIIYAMA
WOODROW PATTON
WILLIAM PETERSEN
H. W. REUSCH
MAGDALENE SCHOONE
WOLFGANG SCHUBERT
JANET SMALTZ
F. H. STARR
BERNICE SWERINSKY
A. C. THOMAS
VIRGINIA WHITTON
ROBERTA WILSON
W. C. WOLF



THE GREEN CALDRON

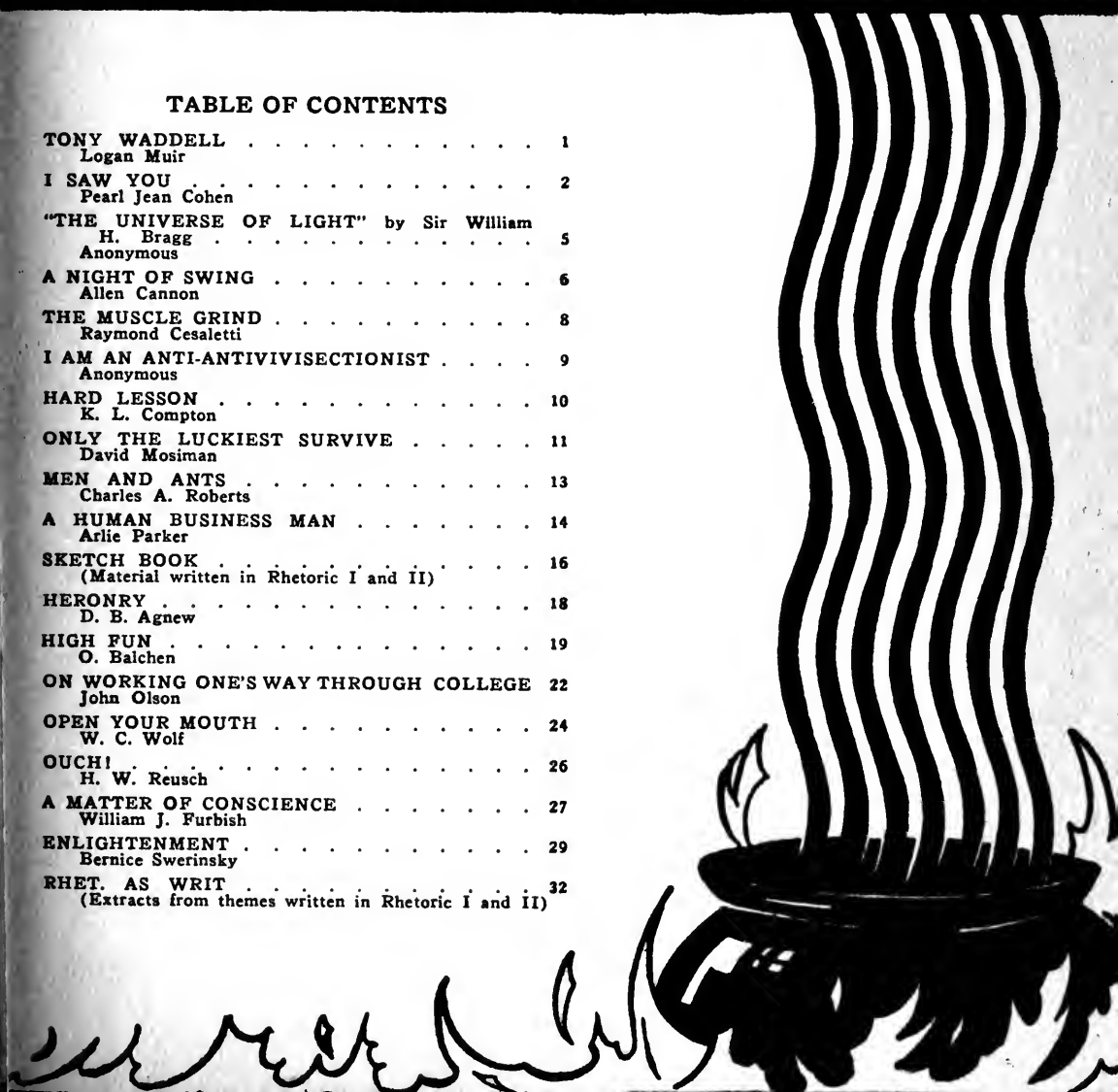
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DECEMBER, 1938

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes Mr. E. G. BALLARD, Mr. CHARLES SHATTUCK, Mr. WALTER JOHNSON, Mr. STEPHEN FOGLE, and Mr. CHARLES W. ROBERTS, Chairman.

THE GREEN CALDRON is for sale in the Information Office, Administration Building West, Urbana, Illinois.

Tony Waddell

LOGAN MUIR

Rhetoric 11, Theme 13, 1937-1938

(To the Dean of Men)

DEAR SIR:

With this letter I wish to introduce Anton Waddell, one of our graduates of last semester. I was Tony's English instructor during his senior year in Maklin High School, and because of this contact I believe my understanding of him is correct.

Tony is an easy-going, gentle boy with an honest love for beauty in nature, music, and art. A tendency toward tardiness, procrastination, and "dreaminess" is merely the outward manifestation of a *bona fide* creative ability. He has an undeniably attractive and half-humorous manner of expression both in his speech and in his written work. His work as a member of our poetry club and his drawings for our year book are proofs of his ability. Last semester he composed a song which, while never completed, was not inharmonious. Here is a boy who, with proper understanding and sympathy, should go far. God speed him!

Sincerely yours,
CECELIA WATTS

. . . .

(From his roommate)

. . . . and, Ma, this roommate of mine is the limit. The other chaps in the house are more than anxious to take him apart to see what makes him do the things he does. On St. Valentine's day, he had no money to buy flowers for his girl, so the boys said they would give him a dollar and a half in advance if he would walk downtown and around the main block *in his pajamas*. And he did

it! The night before last the boys tried to put some ice down his back, but he scurried up a tree—took to the tall timber, as it were—and stayed there for two hours. When he came back he had written quite a number of poems in his pocket notebook. He is forever going about in a daze, and is apparently quite thoughtless of the other fellows. He will leave the hot water running till it is all gone; he sings and whistles late at night and early in the morning; he kicks open doors so as not to get germs on his hands; and he slams them shut again with his foot. I really like the kid and I try to straighten him out, but he just forgets everything I tell him. Well, Ma, guess I'll try to get some rest now. So long, and love to you and all the family.

CHARLIE

. . . .

(To a friend in the college town)

. . . . And as Tony's mother, I am quite worried about his being away from home. I am somewhat consoled by the fact that his association with other boys will be profitable, but I am frightened to think they will be a little hurtful. Tony's father died, you know, when he was six years old, and while I have done everything I could to teach him and bring him up, I do realize that he lacks a father's strong, strict love and influence. I know Anton Waddell would have supplied just that. Oh, God bless them both!

Won't you please drop in and see me the moment you arrive in town? Nothing would make me happier right now than to see you again.

Your affectionate friend,

RUTH WADDELL

I Saw You

PEARL JEAN COHEN

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1937-1938

FROM the flunker to the five pointer, from the ambitious student who is working his way through college to the indolent one whose father is working his way through college, from the chunky, breezy "I" athlete to the frail, plugging Greek scholar, from the crudest to the finest—all come to the library at one time or another. Surprisingly, these thousands of library users lose the classification of stupid or brilliant, rich or poor, ambitious or lazy, crude or fine, and resolve themselves into comparatively few types with entirely different standards. How Molière or Dickens would have reveled in this "Grand Hotel" of material for caricature that they provide!

Of them all Molière would have had the jolliest time making the dude meat for his hungry pen. At ten of ten, after a peaceful, unruffled sleep, brisk shower, invigorating breakfast, complimentary study in the mirror, and a short walk to the library, he swings out upon his social round of the day. A fashion editor, accustomed to writing for feminine consumption, would run an account of the promenade like this:

"For the occasion, Mr. ——— chose a sport outfit of precise casualness, using brown as his basic color. His soft brushed moccasins were of buck. As he sauntered along one caught sight of checked wool socks, adding just that touch of forest colors so fashionable this season. Topping perfectly creased gabardine slacks was a tweed jacket of nonchalant cut. Arrow's prize morning shirt, a tie in harmony with the socks,

a sack topcoat, and a porkpie hat completed his outfit."

As he approaches he scans the gathered human props, considering with which smoker he should light in. Passing one group to answer the beckoning of another, he comments, "Out to class so early. Just a slave to your better half, eh?"

To a thirty-niner's subtle request, "Say, can I borrow you for my magazine rack? I didn't buy my copy of *Esquire* this month," he has no answer except to move to a more appreciative, feminine audience. After circulating about eight minutes, talking stereotyped chit-chat, he strolls off to class.

At about the same time the sorority pledges begin their retreat to the general reading room. "Picked up" by a Camel, "satisfied" by a Chesterfield, or "relaxed" by a Lucky, they are ready to concentrate fifty minutes on sharpening pencils (for the necessitated walk down the length of the library they have a more relishing audience than that of the Atlantic City Boardwalk), whispering important messages, exchanging lip reading with the boys facing them at the next table, impressing impressionable fraternity pledges, and playing the game of slow advance and quick retreat with the more skeptical upperclassmen. They're cute, each with her page boy coiffure, perfectly blended make-up, red, merry mouth ready to laugh, and pleasing form slightly rolling in soft sweater and skirt. Here, the broken, pierced clamor of their table at Prehn's smoothens to a steady buzz and hiss. Yet what

unappreciative killjoys there are in this world! The priggishness of that librarian, actually threatening to forbid them the use of the room if they cause any more disturbance, however slight!

Such banishment would greatly distress one species of the library user. Either amateur scientists on the campus are loath to trouble themselves, or are ignorant of the presence of this group; so, stretching my scientific vocabulary and knowledge to their utmost, I shall introduce them to this find.

The members of the species I am going to discuss prefer for their habitat the middle aisle at any of the tables, but they may distribute themselves down the entire length of the table. Commonly I call them head-bobbers, but scientifically I term them those *qui capita tallant et demittant*. In personal appearance they vary greatly except for the eye, which has an occupied gaze in it. The species is domestic not foreign. I consider it especially valuable to the scientific world because it serves as such a striking example of the principle of reflex action. The feminine clicking of a heel brings instant reaction from the male. He lifts his head, focuses his eye, retains that position for a period allowing disapproval or approval, and then relaxes his head. Similarly, the female responds to a brush of a thick crepe sole, the clomp of a military boot, or the clank of plated heels. Development in the species seems arrested, though I feel sure it has not reached its highest point.

In the reference room across the open hall, the bespectacled thesis writer, wearing a lived-in, eaten-in, slept-in suit of scratchy wool, perches on his high wooden stool, much resembling the heart-rending picture I carry in my mind of Bob Cratchit, taskmaster Scrooge's clerk. His own legs twined around those

of the stool, his head and back in a continuous convex curve, his hair mussed, he mechanically draws out long drawers packed with neat cards the contents of which he scrutinizes.

His feminine counterpart is the plump figure in shaggy, brushed wool sweater whose shedding fuzz collects on her twisted tweed skirt. Her hair she wears in the style which assures the least bother, either chopped off at the ear, or loosely drawn and loosely knotted.

Concentration is intense. Their future degree looms higher than all else and usurps their minds. Their unity of purpose is splendid to see, difficult to attain.

But—just as strong in purpose, though directing his efforts toward a different end, is the sacrilegious fellow who comes to the library with the wholehearted intention of sleeping. Though he may harangue in a four a.m. bull session of fitfully dozing brothers that sleeping is not living, may denounce the snorers and whizzers who rock the dorm above as unappreciative of Nature's dark romance, he himself prizes nothing more highly, provided it is done in accordance with his own distinguished dictates of style.

Cursed morning after the session, with its dazzling sparkle, its briskness, its yellowness intolerable to squinty eyes, lumbbersome body, numb toes and fingers. Along the broadwalk he scuffles, ignoring hulloes and winks of misinterpreting friends. He wins against the resistance of two flights of stairs and the seemingly lengthening reference room, and makes a U-turn into the browsing room. Extending his hand, he draws it back with a book in it. A chair of sombre brown leather yields to his mold. Deep, deep relaxation in an isolated paradisiacal corner, free of the clutter of pledges, unhung suits, wet washcloths, strewn

shoes and socks, scattered books; free of the ringing of telephones, free of the treasurer's loud demands for payment of past due house bills, free of noise, no noise, no noise no he sleeps.

Less culpable is the sleeper who at least starts to study in the general reading room. Too soon though, the words and lines become blurred and begin to jump about the page. He inches toward the book, closer, closer yet, closer still—until he is on the book—asleep. At other times he dangles his feet over the side of the chair with his body in a sidewise position, or assumes the sprawl of the relaxing big business man, feet on the table, head thrown back.

How the timid soul could use the strength of purpose in which both the thesis writer and the sleeper abound! On entering the reading room, he hesitates at the fascinating magazine shelves but steels his hand against reaching toward them. In spite of himself he chooses a seat providing a teasing view of them. Uninterested, he contemplates the dull pages before him, too often letting his contemplation hop to the periodicals. Finally, he rebels against routine, slaps his book shut, enclosing in it his timidity, strides to his victors and snatches some without discrimination. Zip—down the length of the table he shoves his texts to make way for the conquerors.

Perhaps the profoundest disciple of our library cherishes most its orphan, the browsing room. Here, entirely free from ridicule, he finds an outlet for his delicate and deep fineness. He revels in the writings which surpass, irritate, comfort, tease his brilliance. No, he is not a five-point student, but through simple absorption in class and cramming before exams he manages a three-point average.

He submits himself to a great amount of self-analysis. Uncertain that the attitude he has taken toward education, that he can learn more from reading wise and cultured authors than dry professors, is maintainable under the prevailing educational system, he tells himself that he doesn't belong here, studying the description of the fragments in which a machine gun bullet leaves a man's chest. He belongs in a steaming boiler room stoking coal, dripping sweat, exhausting himself, experiencing himself. Deep wells within him gush up their streams.

Do you dismiss him with the explanatory sigh, "Ah, youth"? That's what the library theorizer does. He has watched our browser; indeed, he has watched all our other friends too, for he is a watcher of passing humanity. He sits, inspecting, analyzing, philosophizing. Though excellently compounded of common sense, tolerance, understanding, humor, and congeniality, he feels nothing but disgust for the dude, and wonders if he doesn't tire of being just Joe College hunting for Josephine College. The pledges he can see still talking ten years hence—this time about the merit of a new product, Roly-Poly baby food. His sense of humor stands him in good stead in considering the head-bobbers as he muffles a guffaw at the funny picture they present. He tingles at even the thought of gathering together about six of the thesis writers for a round-table discussion in which he knows he would be woefully outdone. About the sleeper he cannot decide; if these sleepless nights continue he himself might indulge. The timid soul he would like to shake and order him either to select the magazines right away or to study resolutely, but not to be so darned indecisive. Last of all he laughs at himself for sit-

ting and inspecting, and analyzing, and philosophizing.

Would it not make an ideal ending to take some pulp from each of these nine types, send it through a press, and set up the resultant pasteboard figure as the typical library user? Ideal, yes; but

veritable, no; for each type is a separate entity not able to be consolidated, each an everlastingly absorbing and intriguing study, each a living offering from our library from which we can learn more than from its inanimate benefaction.

The Universe of Light by Sir William H. Bragg

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1938-1939

"**S**AY, what book are you gonna report on?" he asked me.

"*The Universe of Light* by Bragg," I answered.

"Oh," and his voice implied a desire to lift one eyebrow, "it's a sort of text book, isn't it?" Then, as he saw my surprised look, "Well—you, know what I mean—that scientific stuff."

A sort of text book! That scientific stuff! That's unfair to Sir William. Far from writing a text book, he has written a book which I think anyone would enjoy reading.

The book gets off to a good start by concerning itself with an interesting subject. Psychologists tell us that, of all the impressions our five senses give us, eighty-three per cent come to us through our eyes. Light is the mind's most frequently used contact with the world. It is no wonder that most of us are curious about light and the manifestations of its various phenomena. The book, *The Universe of Light*, satisfies this curiosity by answering some of our questions about light. It tells just how we see, why it is that objects seen through cheap lenses seem to have fringes of color about them, what causes the colors in a rain-

bow or soap bubble, and why it is that a setting sun looks red and a mountain on the distant horizon looks blue.

For those who have had high school physics, the first part of the book is a pleasant review. But Bragg does not stop there. He goes on to discuss the conflicting theories concerning the nature of light. He explains the photo-electric effect and even includes a discussion of the determination of crystalline structure by use of x-rays.

But an interesting subject does not necessarily make an interesting book. The subject must be clearly explained; new ideas must be presented in terms of the older, more familiar ones. *The Universe of Light* is full of drawings, photographs, and word pictures (Bragg is a skillful user of apt analogies.) A difficult point is presented in several different ways, and one soon forgets that the point was difficult. It is not until one stops to reflect that he gets the feeling of really having learned quite a bit about light. It is like taking halibut oil capsules instead of a spoonful of cod liver oil. One gets full value without any bad effects.

A Night of Swing

ALLEN CANNON

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1937-1938

"HOW would you like to attend a real 'jam session' at a typical New York 'dive,' Bud?"

"I'd like nothing better," I replied. "When do we start?"

It was my last night in New York, and my aunts decided to show me a real time. We made up a party of eight and set out for a small night club quite well known to swing devotees.

Eleven p.m., down a narrow stairway west of Broadway. At the foot of the stairs, a low-ceilinged, subterranean room. We get a table up by the bandstand. There are perhaps fifty people in the room; they have come here not to dance, but to listen. We must remember that being here as "alligators" we must not applaud. The musicians will jam the way they like and for their own fun. Applause reminds them of their commercial work.

On a foot-high platform half a dozen musicians are lolling in their chairs. Other musicians have drawn their chairs close to the stand to "sit in." Their postures indicate extreme relaxation. Nowhere do we see a sheet of music; "papermen" are not welcome amongst jammers.

Without any outward sign, one of the musicians begins to play. We notice that there is no leader. The muted, mellow notes of a clarinet are picking out the faint thread of a familiar melody. The other musicians seem to be arousing themselves from lethargy. First one, then another, puts his instrument into play and begins to fall into the lead

of the clarinet. The full battery of instruments comes by stages into action. By some unspoken consent the clarinetist continues to predominate, setting the rhythm and the melodic trend.

Soon we notice that the melody we are accustomed to is no longer discernible. The clarinet is soaring above it—below it. We feel the original melody still strangely present, but only by inference. It persists through its very negation, on through a long series of brilliant counterpoint and obbligato that would earn an "A" in any counterpoint course! By these intricate variations we recognize the superb command this player has over his instrument. We are not surprised later when we learn that he is one of the greatest living masters of the clarinet. But the playing has just begun. The piece is young yet. There is much more to come.

The clarinet subsides and melts into the supporting music. Without signal, a Negro trumpet player assumes the lead, and soars into an unbridled improvisation. It becomes almost impossible for us to detect any further semblance of the original melody. Up and on the trumpet rises, brilliant, startling sequences tumbling one upon another. The effect upon the other players has been electric. They play as though possessed. There is no music to guide them, no longer any tenuous thread of melody to which they may hold. Nothing but that mad trumpet rushing and swerving down fantastic scales and galloping up different arpeggios. And yet the

players are not a split second behind the Negro; it is as if they know just what he will do as soon as he himself knows!

The big Negro is standing up now, his trumpet at a forty-five degree angle upward. His eyes are closed tightly and great rivers of perspiration are coursing down his face—his whole body is in a state of profound agitation. None of the “cats” are as relaxed as they appeared when we came in. Out of that seemingly tired group of men, music, the like of which I have never heard before, is coming fast.

Out of sheer curiosity I turn to our waiter and ask whether he knows who that trumpet player is.

“Yes, suh, boss. That boy is Louis Armstrong.”

Louis Armstrong! Well, of course; we have heard that trumpet on the radio many times. We have heard of his triumphal tours of Europe, of his command performance before the King of England, of his world-wide following. We stumble into a “jam session” and hear one of the very men who brought swing into being, perhaps the greatest trumpet player of our generation. We really *are* lucky tonight! I turn to our waiter again:

“But Armstrong—does he belong to this band?”

“No suh! No small place like this could pay that man. He takes in ova’ a thousand dollars an hour when he’s in his white suit. But he just comes in heah once in a while because he likes to jam. Why he’s been a doin’ that since he was a kid back in New Orleans. Yes suh, that’s Louie Armstrong all right!”

We were so taken by that jam session that we didn’t leave until the manager

announced closing time. As soon as we arrived home, my uncle, who always enjoys a good joke, walked up to the phonograph, fixed a record on the spindle, and walked away. A moment later the room was filled with the beautiful, heart-rending melody of the Love Death from Wagner’s famous opera, *Tristan and Isolde*! What an extreme contrast that presented to our ears, which only a few hours ago had been saturated with the wildest of swing music!

To Wagner, a jam session would appear to be a gathering of insane people with instruments in their hands, and to Louie Armstrong the Love Death would sound, no doubt, very much like the last moans of a dying cow! There you have music in its extreme forms. You can’t deny, as some “musical intellectuals” do, that jamming is music, nor can you conclude that it is much more difficult to play a classic than it is to jam a popular tune. Swingsters will tell you that swing music is destined to go far—that it will bring forth a deeper and finer American music. They point with pride to the indisputable fact that its ranks now include many of our finest musicians. They see no reason, they tell you, why the principle of free playing should not be extended to fields far beyond jazz, even to the classics. That I doubt very much, for our symphony orchestras will not be changed for some time to come. However swing music has come a long way, and if it does nothing more, it does provide an interesting way in which to spend a not-so-quiet evening. That certain night of swing in New York, during the Christmas holidays last year, will linger in my memory for many years to come.

The Muscle Grind

RAYMOND CESALETTI

Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1937-1938

THE announcer said "And now, ladies and gentlemen, one of the 'Flying Illini' will try to break last year's record of seventy-eight turns on the high trapeze." In a sort of dragged-out tone he continued, "The Mu-scle gr-ind."

The crowd applauded loudly as the boy trotted across the floor and climbed the rope ladder to his trapeze. His hair was plastered back against his head as though to decrease the wind resistance as he whirled around the bar. His long, white trunks were tight against his skin. The red coloring which had been applied to his upper body and arms made him look strong and healthy. White straps stood out like bracelets on his wrists against the darker background of his arms.

"Make those straps good and tight," he had said to the trainer in the locker room. "We have to beat that record this year."

"Never mind that," the coach had answered. "You just do your best."

"Yeah, but those straps give me a lot more pep when they're tight," the boy had said.

"Yeah! more pep, but they'll stop your circulation too. What do you want to do, lose a hand or something?"

"But we gotta beat that record," the boy had answered with determination.

Now he was up there, patting his hands with a sack of rosin to prevent slipping. The audience was quiet as the boy reached out and seized the little swing. He made a few more preparations, adjusted his grip, and then he started.

"One, — two, — — three," I heard the loudspeaker for the first time after the introduction, although it had been going all the time.

The boy, about thirty feet above the floor, suspended by his elbows over a small metal bar, turned round and round. His speed increased as he continued. His legs swung down with terrific speed, then ascended the other half of the circle a little more slowly, then over the top and down again.

The next time I heard the loudspeaker it was saying "twenty—ssss—ix . . . tw . . . en . . . ty se . . . ve . . . ven," as the boy struggled desperately to acquire his lost momentum. Slowly he got over again. Once, twice, and then he was started again.

He continued to about thirty-four, but it was impossible for him to get over that bar again. His face was purple; his eyes bulged; his body was wet with perspiration.

From below the coach yelled, "Come down, Johnny! Don't strain yourself."

But the boy did not hear, or probably he did not want to hear. He continued to struggle—twisting, squirming, jerking, trying to get over that bar. After the third try, his body relaxed. His heavy legs swung down and moved back and forth like a pendulum. He did not have enough energy to release his grip on the bar.

After a few minutes, the color left his face. His eyes looked natural again. He dropped down to the net and after much effort made his way to the locker room.

I Am an Anti-antivivisectionist

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1938-1939

WHENEVER I think of an antivivisectionist I am reminded of the old cartoon showing a man who is sitting on the branch of a tree and cutting off the branch on which he sits. The branch is vivisection; the man, an antivivisectionist. Let me add one more detail which will make this picture mean something to us, personally. On the branch are other people who will fall if the antivivisectionist succeeds. These others represent you and me and every other person who has ever been to a doctor.

Let me explain in greater detail the parts of this picture.

Vivisection (the branch) is the act of performing an operation on a living animal, for experimental purposes. The term is also used in a broader sense to mean all experiments with animals.

Vivisection is a necessary activity of medical research. For example, Banting's experiments, which culminated in the development of insulin for diabetics, required that he remove various glands until he found one (the pancreas) the removal of which produced the proper symptoms. His discovery that a pancreatic secretion prevents diabetes made it necessary for him to have diabetic animals on which to try various pancreatic extracts. It was necessary, therefore, that he remove the animal's pancreas to produce diabetes. The final result of it all, insulin, has saved and made useful the lives of thousands of people.

The story of man's conquering of syphilis shows our dependence on vivisection. Syphilis first came to the attention of European doctors in 1493. Yet

up until 1907 there was very little knowledge of the nature of the disease, there was no accurate method of diagnosis, there was no certain (or even nearly certain) cure. The trouble was that experimental animals were useless, for animals seemed to be immune.

Then, in 1907, Schaudinn discovered the germ of syphilis. In 1908 Neisser successfully infected monkeys with syphilis. Then the knowledge started pouring in. Wassermann, Neisser, and Bruck perfected a highly specific and very accurate diagnostic test for syphilis. By 1910 Ehrlich and Hata had developed arsphenamine (salvarsan, arsphenobenzene), an arsenic compound more effective in the treatment of syphilis than is any other drug against any disease. More knowledge came in the two years during which animals were used than had been developed in the preceding four hundred years! And incidentally, Ehrlich and Hata, in experimenting "hit or miss" with six hundred six different arsenic compounds, killed a great many animals. Had they been squeamish about doing so, we might still be helpless against the ravages of the great pox.

The somewhat radical surgical methods used to ameliorate or cure certain types of tuberculosis were first developed and perfected on animals. In fact, all young doctors learn scalpel skill by operating on animals first. They do not touch living humans until they are expert. If they did, modern surgery would be butchery. Vivisection is a mainstay of medicine; it is indeed a branch that supports us all.

Yet the antivivisectionists dare to rave on. The lurid lies printed in certain newspapers continue. Our fool in the tree keeps cutting at the branch. Vivisection has indirectly saved millions of lives; if the antivivisectionists had had their way, all these people would have been dead, murdered by the criminal stupidity of the falsely sentimental few who, out of pity for a white rat, would let a man die.

What are we to do with them, these fools who are plotting the suicide of civilization? I can think of no more fitting end for them than that they be allowed to be the first patients of young surgeons who have had no previous practice in surgical technique. Their last moments would be made happy, no doubt, by the knowledge that some dear little guinea pig was still alive because of their death.

Hard Lesson

K. L. COMPTON

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1938-1939

IT WAS a fine June afternoon. I had had an enjoyable week-end, and my spirits were high. I sang lustily, if not tunefully, to the rhythm of the motor. The car seemed not to mind the singing, for it had never worked better. I was only one and one-half hours out of Indianapolis and was now within two miles of the Illinois-Indiana line. The hills on Federal Route Number Thirty-six had been fun. Sixty to seventy miles an hour had made quick work of the grades and curves, and now I was sailing along on level pavement with the car really in high.

I don't know how fast I was travelling when the incident occurred, but I suspect it was somewhat too fast for any degree of safety. I do know that the sparkle of the day and the high spirits were quickly extinguished. As I cleared the crest of a small rise, I could see the state line signs almost two miles ahead. There was only one car to mar the beauty of the landscape. This intruder was about a mile ahead of me and was

going in my direction, but at a slower speed.

In a surprisingly short time I had gained on the other car to the point where I had to turn out to go around. I didn't sound my horn, for in another second I would have been past and on down the road. But Fate had other plans. As my front wheels reached the rear of the other car, its driver abruptly and without apparent premeditation decided to turn to the left.

What happened in the next few seconds can be only related, not explained. Surely instinct rules in these extreme emergencies.

I must have turned to the left to avoid the collision. I shot across the narrow shoulder and down into a ditch approximately four feet deep and five feet wide. The opposite bank deflected the front wheels, and I roared along the bottom for what seemed a century. Finally something inside me decided I should get back onto the road, and up the shoulder bank I came. But now instinct

failed me, for I went on across the pavement and down into the ditch on the right-hand side. I was still travelling fast enough not to feel the bumps. The urge to be on the roadway persisted, and again I came up over the shoulder. This time by some miracle I stayed on top. At last the thought came to me that I might be able to remedy the situation, and I put my foot on the brake pedal. I stopped on the shoulder as soon as I could muster enough power for the brake. I got out and looked back down the road. A quarter mile away the other car stood, untouched, in the middle of the highway. The driver was coming toward me on a dead run. My knees

deposited me on the grass to wait for him.

He approached with his hand extended. We shook hands. Neither could speak. There was nothing to say; we were both wrong and knew it. I can't imagine being as white as that lad was, but I suppose I was then. We walked around my car.

"There's no danger, I guess," I said.

"I'm sorry," he said slowly. "My girl fainted watching you take ditches on two wheels. I'd better get back to her."

That was all the conversation. We didn't need conversation. We were both enjoying the first benefits of a hard lesson on safe driving.

Only the Luckiest Survive

DAVID MOSIMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 18, 1937-1938

NEARLY ALL theories of evolution are based on the assumption—which is often accepted as a fact—that the strongest organisms tend to survive and reproduce their kind and the weaker organisms tend to die out. Some of these theories are worked out to such a fine point that their believers declare that an average of one organism out of every five of the species will live. They feel that this ratio of one to four works inexorably and that every plant, every animal, and every human being now in existence is necessarily the fifth descendant of a line of fifth descendants. If these theorists would stop theorizing and would look at almost any type of life—plant or animal—perhaps they would realize that in our United States of America, in this twentieth century, are many organisms which continue to exist

because their environment allows them to exist.

If they would look, for instance, at two different gardens—one well-kept and the other poorly kept—they would stroke their chins and look thoughtful. A few years ago, I was supposed to tend our garden, which was separated from a neighbor's garden by a wire fence. By the middle of the summer, the weeds in the neighbor's garden were practically extinct; but in mine, they were thriving so well that the next spring, before spading the ground, I had to jerk them up and burn them. Before my spring bonfire removed them, however, these weeds had scattered their seeds both in my neighbor's garden and in mine. The seeds which stayed in the old home garden grew with little difficulty the next summer, but those which the wind blew

on the other side of the wire fence found the struggle for existence extremely difficult. Harassed and punished by my neighbor's hoe as soon as they began pushing their shoots above the ground, the seeds in my neighbor's garden did not grow to fruition as did their brother-seeds in my garden.

While the two branches of the same family of weeds were struggling to survive, my neighbor's vegetable plants stood like green-clad soldiers in parallel columns of squads; but mine resembled a group of badly frightened Caspar Milquetoasts shivering among a gang of thugs. During the next winter, my neighbor's family ate home-grown vegetables, while those dependent on me for vegetables looked at seed catalogs and hoped for better luck the next summer. Through no outstanding strength or weakness of their own, but through my neighbor's industry and my neglect, my neighbor's vegetables and my weeds grew, and my neighbor's weeds and my vegetables became extinct.

If, going farther up the biologic scale, the theorists would also observe any species of present-day American animals, they would scratch their heads and wonder how it could be that life and death do not follow their rules. Let them observe ants for example—the little black ants which scurry over sidewalks and through grass in search of food—busily working to survive. In walking, I have often stepped on and killed ants which were in my path, while other ants, being outside my path, lived to drag the smashed bodies of their fellow-ants back to their storehouse. These ants which I killed were very probably just as able to procure food as were their fellows; if they had been spared and their fellows had been killed, they would have used

the bodies of their fellow-ants for food. Was it the strength, the quickness, or the foresight of the ants which escaped that allowed them to escape? If a huge meteor had landed yesterday in South America and had killed all of the inhabitants, would it have been our strength, our quickness, or our foresight which saved our lives?

If, after observing plants and animals, the believers of the doctrine of the four-to-one ratio would take notice of human beings, they would admit that luck quite often causes survival or extinction. One night during my fifth year, a tornado struck four miles west of my home, tore a house from its foundation, and killed a woman and her child. When looking at the ruins with my parents, I noticed the strong foundation and the watertight cellar. Then I looked at the beams nearby, at the smaller timbers farther away, and at the laths scattered in three different fields to the west and to the north. The house had been white just as my home was still white. I went over to my mother and held her hand when I thought of what would have happened had the tornado struck the white house four miles east. I know now—but I did not know then—that the woman who was killed had been in the chicken-house to see whether her chickens were safe. I know now that the child who was killed would now very likely be just as useful, just as capable, just as fit to survive as I am. If I had lived in his white house and he in mine, he would have survived instead of me. If one theorist had lived in the ruined white house, and another had lived in my white house, I think the world would have two fewer theorists—one of the two dead, and the other convinced that the lucky survive.

Men and Ants

CHARLES A. ROBERTS

Rhetoric I, Theme 18, 1937-1938

ANTS may be intelligent insects, but when they build homes they certainly don't think. They do indeed choose soft ground, which is easy to dig, and usually a spot which is free of grass and weeds—but likely as not the spot is in the very middle of a much-trodden path, where you and I, deliberately or unintentionally, according to our dispositions, bring destruction upon the tiny home by trampling upon it. If we examine the miniature domicile that we have crushed, we find that at first there is no sign of life, no activity about the place. Then, suddenly, the bewildered ant becomes aware that his home has been partially destroyed, and that he must repair the damage. Now, as has been said, the poor ant doesn't think. He cannot see that the middle of a path is no place for his home; he likes it there, so he repairs the clogged entrance to his underground palace and lives once more in peace—until one of us chances to use the path again.

Man has built himself a beautiful city by a river. The surrounding land is good for farming, the city itself is full of industries, and the citizens of the place are desirable. But man, like the ant, encounters difficulties. Now and again, never with any regularity, the river swells past its banks and overruns the city. Business transactions are halted, the industrial wheels of the city cease to turn, and destruction and hardships are met at every turn.

Have you ever seen the waste and damage left in the wake of a flood? Streets and sidewalks are covered with

a silt three inches thick. Houses are left with water marks around them, windows are broken, and warped boards stand out at grotesque angles. Inside the houses furniture has floated from one room to another, floors have buckled, linoleum rugs have billowed up from the floors, and great rips and tears have appeared in them where immovable bits of furniture held them down. The foundations of some of the homes have given away entirely, and the buildings are leaning to one side—some have even toppled over. In the business districts, we see that enormous logs have floated through expensive plate-glass windows, and have come to rest on the counters. In bakery shops pies and pastries are heaped together in a deplorable pile of mud. In groceries tin cans, with labels torn off, are found in heaps. The counters themselves are heavily loaded with mud. Everywhere there is mud, destroyed property, and more mud.

When the water has receded, we find, just as we found with the ants, that at first there is inactivity. The people are stunned, and, like the ants, they do not seem to comprehend the calamity that has befallen. Then again, we see a sudden burst of life. The entire city begins to teem with activity. Here are groups of men removing the silt from the streets; more men are repairing buildings and removing debris from the streets and sidewalks. In the basements of the larger stores, powerful pumps are forcing the trapped water out into the sewers in the streets. Inside the houses we find women sweeping the caked mud

from what is left of their furniture, and now and then we see one either softly crying or hysterically laughing as she uncovers from the mud a favorite picture or tapestry. The little children, if there are any present, are amusing themselves by idly poking holes in the walls, made soft by the penetrating flood waters. Upon everyone's face there is a look of a half-hearted ambition to do, but over-shadowing that, a look of complete hopelessness. No one seems to understand how such a thing could have happened to him, and, in a bewildered manner, he tries to reestablish his normal, everyday habits.

Unlike the ant, man has been given the power of reasoning, but little use does he make of it. He knows very well that the path of a river is no place for a city. He knows that there have been floods in that community before—many persons there have witnessed them—and he also

knows that there will be other floods in time to come, but he takes no advantage of this knowledge. Instead, he rebuilds, he repairs, he remodels—he attempts everything in his power to wipe out all traces of the catastrophe that has just passed. He foolishly tries to forget everything connected with his experience. He is successful too, because four or five years later real-estate that had been under eight feet of water booms again, and firms build large business concerns where thousands of dollars in damages were lost just a few short years ago. He builds himself beautiful little homes and lives in peace and happiness—until another flood.

How can we pretend to be reasonable, thinking creatures when we continue to behave like this? One may pity ants in their predicaments because they are so helpless; but such witlessness in men is ridiculous.

A Human Business Man

ARLIE PARKER

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1938-1939

SATURDAY morning I am going to visit the office where I worked the last two years. When I walk in, the tall, lanky man seated at the first desk will look up with a suggestion of surprise in his glance, lift his head back and to one side, poise his pen in midair, and exclaim, "Well, if it isn't Parlie Arker. How the h--l are you, Arlie, old girl?" I wouldn't be at all surprised if I replied, "D--n fine, thanks!" as this has been to

us an almost traditional greeting. Please understand, this was neither Mr. Dunlap's customary usage, nor mine, but it started, as many habits do, in a moment of bold silliness one day, and the custom persisted. The greeting is typical, however, of the spirit of friendliness which prevailed in our office.

Most people's impression of the business man seems to be that he is stiff, formal, and reserved when in public,

and a tyrant in his office. Quite to the contrary, this boss of mine is human, and one of the most interesting persons I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. He was a true friend to me, as he is to all the girls who work for him.

Mr. Dunlap is considerate, and possesses the rare gift of understanding, with which he is able to keep the office girls in the best of spirits. If one of them is troubled by worries, he often talks them over with her, reasons them out; and soon they cease to be worries. The same holds true with hurt feelings or wounded pride. He shows in a tactful way that there is no basis for such things, and before long the hurt disappears.

Mr. Dunlap realizes that there is a limit to what one can do and do well in one day, and never allows the force to work overtime, insisting that they can accomplish more in eight hours of concentrated effort, when rested, than they can in twelve hours, when tired. He understands, too, that the steady grind of nerve-wracking office work and customer service all day long without some relaxation is harmful both to the girls and to their work. He likes to talk, and naturally all girls like to talk; so, at periodic intervals during the day, Mr. Dunlap leads very informal discussions. He pulls out the bottom drawer of his desk, places one foot on the drawer, crosses his legs, leans back in his swivel chair with hands clasped behind his head, and takes a deep breath. The girls in the office recognize this action as a signal to slow down somewhat and get ready to discuss one of their employer's favorite subjects, which will be launched as a rule with a "When I was with Marshall Field and Company—" or "Whenever you have enough savings to be inter-

ested in careful speculation in the stock market, why don't you—" or "When we go back to Miami—." How Mr. Dunlap does love Miami! He lived there just one year several years ago, but the happy memories still afford excellent dream material; and on his fiftieth birthday (about fifteen years from now) he is going to retire from the drudgery of steady employment, pack his trunks, and go to Miami where he can spend the rest of his days on the beautiful seashore, reading the market page and watching his investments.

The characteristic trait which one notices first about Mr. Dunlap is the preciseness of his every action, and his attention to detail. It appears that he is working very slowly, but as one becomes better acquainted with him, it is obvious that though his movements seem slow, his brain works fast, and that, by taking things calmly, and thinking before doing his work instead of afterwards, he is able to accomplish more than the person who dashes about madly all day trying to do a dozen things at once. Whenever I became excited about not completing a day's work, he always reminded me that "tomorrow is another day." If I became alarmed over a mistake, he told me to remember that "everything comes out in the wash," and he often said, "Show me a man who never made a mistake and I'll show you a man who never did anything."

If it weren't for the fact that it would be depriving my friends in the office of a wonderful employer, I would suggest that Mr. Dunlap be placed on exhibit in the halls of the College of Commerce to make clear to Commerce students that they need not cultivate a veneered, man-of-the-world front in order to become successful business men after graduation.

Sketch Book

(Material written in *Rhetoric I and II*)

The sky was as rough and gray as the dead coals of an old fire.—HAZEL DAMISCH

Sleep came over him like mist over a swamp.—G. E. EDWARDS

The hen walked about the chicken-yard nodding her head in brisk approval.

—JOSEPHINE FARRELL

The gray sound of rubbing a young beard the wrong way.—JAY FROMAN

Her fingernails were like the petals of a poinsettia.—ROBERT KIMBRELL

His eyes opened suddenly, like a slipped window shade.—CRAIG LEWIS

He had black eyes, menacing as the twin bores of a double-barrelled shotgun.

—CRAIG LEWIS

The acrid pipe smoke rolled over my tongue with the prickling of a cockle burr.

—R. MARSCHIK

Stout, and arrayed in a vividly checked suit, he reminded me of a sack of Ful-O-Pep feed.—R. MARSCHIK

He remembered details so well that one might say he had a "catalogical" mind.

—DOROTHY ROBBINS

The color of thistle—crushed strawberries with cream.—NONA WARRENBURG

The dark circles under her eyes made her face look as though it were undergoing a partial eclipse.—PHYLLIS WITZEL

Words

When I hear the word *patriarch*, I think of a venerable, white-bearded ruler of his tribe, wholly lacking in the dark glamor that *sheik* holds for me and for all who attend the movies or read romantic books. *China* is a flabby overgrown republic, alternately overrun with Japanese and flooded with the dirty yellow waters of the Yangtze Kiang. But *Cathay* is the land of Marco Polo and the age-old glamour of the East. I hear *peso*, and I picture a Spanish coin. Since I am not well informed I idly wonder what the value of a peso is. But, when I hear *pieces of eight*, I immediately scent romance. "Pieces of eight, pieces of eight," Long John Silver, cursing parrots, pirates and cutlasses, buried treasure—all pass before my eyes to fill my mind and my thoughts. . . . A *weazel* could not but be a slinking thief as well as a cold blooded killer. Its very name slinks. *Cancer* could not but be the most malignant as well as the most insidious of diseases. Its very whispering syllables betray it. *Smugness* could not but be one of the most despicable as well as one of the most infuriating of human faults.—DOROTHY PILKINGTON

Night Noises

All through the night a dull throbbing pain in my head kept me awake. I lay there alone in my hospital room listening to the noises that came in through an open window. There were the rumble of heavy traffic on the boulevard, the screech of brakes, the blare of horns, the roar of motors, and the scream of the siren on the police cars speeding by. All this was mingled with the gay laughter and friendly chatter of the people passing on the walk below. I called the nurse and had her shut the window, but then the noises on the inside attracted my attention.

Through an amplifier in the hall outside my door came a hollow, monotonous drone: "Call for Dr. Gray. Call for Dr. Gray." The muffled footsteps of the night nurse grew louder and then faded away as she passed on down the hall. From the adjoining ward, the whistling snore of a sleeper was interrupted by a low, pleading moan. As the night wore on, a man prayed aloud for awhile, then begged the doctor to let him die in peace. Soon after, he died, and only the light tread of the orderly as he wheeled the body away broke the deathly silence that had settled over the hospital. The wail of an approaching ambulance shattered the night air, and a few minutes later the amplifier echoed: "Call for Dr. Gray. Call for Dr. Gray." I covered my head and wished for morning.—ART W. LEHDE

Suspension Bridge

The pencilled white beam of the shore beacon swept out across the mist-curtained waters in a wide arc, disclosing a long barge train, heavily laden, creeping slowly past the massive suspension bridge where it arched its great steel back up into the sky. It was after midnight, and the light from the stars glistened on the thick bridge rails and glinted along the cable rods where they rose perpendicularly out of sight in the sky. The moon was high overhead, but it was no higher than the great suspension cables, which were leaning against the stars. The cables formed an enormous black web which appeared slung from the top of the heavens, a great steel web woven by giants, a spider-web cast to catch clouds.—WENDELL SHARP

Steam Shovel

Rounding a curve in the road on a cold, dark morning, we came upon the steam shovel, standing like a huge monster of ancient times. Its lights shone out, penetrating the dark for many hundred feet. Truck drivers, shouting and swearing, were hurrying around in the uncertain lights of their cars, tinkering and pounding the big trucks into shape for the day's work. The whole peace of the world before dawn was ruined by the noise and clamor, the smell of burning gasoline, and the coughing and spitting of the cold engines.

In a few minutes the trucks were ready. The drivers clambered into their unroofed seats and raced one another to get into first position behind the shovel. Everything was ready to go, and yet everyone was waiting tensely for something, waiting for the thing that made the whole work possible—steam! The tiny fireman hurled wood into the red hot firebox, while the fuelman scurried back and forth with huge loads of logs. Finally the fireman shone his flashlight on the meter, and then, stepping back, he reached for a lever. With a deafening hiss, a long, white ribbon of steam shot into the air. The first truck bounced into its place under the shovel. The monster slowly lifted his head, lying motionless before, and looked majestically around. Then, spying a projecting place in the moist bank of earth, it opened its gigantic mouth and with one bite and swing of its head piled the truck high with dirt.—WILLIAM KLEINPASTE

Heronry

D. B. AGNEW

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1937-1938

I STOPPED on the ridge for a moment, and let the warm spring breeze ruffle my hair. A shining ribbon of concrete stretched ahead of me, dividing a checkerboard of green—pale fields of oats, dark rows of half-opened soy-bean plants, blankets of fresh grass in the fence rows and by the roadside, and spatters of color that were new leaves in the woods that fringed the clear creek. In the center of the checkerboard, near a large white frame church, there was a small area covered with trees—an orchard, a grove, and a border around the farmyard, where the buildings could scarcely be discerned.

Closer inspection showed that the grove was made up of straight, tall young walnut trees, whose leafy crowns nearly hid the sky; the orchard, of old dead apple trees, sadly in need of pruning and spraying, and bordered by a double row of large red cedars.

The occupants of the orchard were black crowned night herons, perhaps the most gregarious of our native American birds. Field glasses showed that the adults were pearly gray, with steel gray shoulders, white underparts, greenish feet and bills, and a black crown which, on the male, bore two long thin black feathers extending over the back to the rump. The female was similarly colored, but had short, white tufts; the yearling young were brownish blotched with white; all were slightly larger than the common crow.

As I approached the trees, the adult birds retreated to a freshly plowed field. The far half of the orchard contained

the rookery. Here the ground was littered with half-eaten or half-digested fish (if a nestling gets excited, he'll regurgitate the contents of his stomach, with belching noises), broken eggs, dead or dying nestlings (fallen from the trees and neglected by their parents), and sticks which the birds had dropped when building their bulky nests. The rookery had a distinctive odor.

After breaking through the thick network of twigs and reaching the nests in the topmost branches, I learned that the nestlings were covered with a black, oily-appearing down, with silky gray hair protruding. Most of the nests were lined with grass, but one modern bird had used excelsior. There were nests in all stages of construction, some trees containing eight or ten, occupied by eggs or six weeks old nestlings. The great number of structures was the reason for the slow death of most of the trees. A few birds, pioneers perhaps, nested in the grove.

As I left the orchard, I startled a pair of little green herons from their nest in a cedar. They were smaller, awkwardly built, and the color of angry sea water; they flew more swiftly and clumsily than the night herons.

Once more upon the ridge, I turned for another look at the heronry, one of the few in Illinois. The adult birds were flying in from the field to which they had retreated at my approach; the sun had touched the horizon, darkening the grove and laying long shadows across the fields. The commotion gradually subsided as the birds returned to their nests.

High Fun

O. BALCHEN

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1937-1938

IT WAS warm inside, even though I was without a shirt and the window was open wide. Muted band music from a distant radio crept into the room, and unconsciously I found myself humming. I began to feel drowsy. Just then the band broke into a hot, swing number; with a start I broke off my humming—looked at the clock. Holy Smokes! It was after eight, and I hadn't even begun to work.

I turned to my desk, piled high with balsa wood, tissue paper, plans, and all the other necessities that the building of model airplanes requires. Foolishly I had waited until the night preceding the meet before I had taken stock of my assets and found myself wanting. I needed three models to qualify for this meet: a glider, a stick model, and a cabin job. I had but one, a twin-pusher; it consisted of two sticks fastened at one end so that they formed a V. At six-inch intervals, the sticks were braced with balsa wood, to add strength; at the open end of the V, one to each stick, hung a pair of pusher propellers. The wing and tail surfaces were fastened on with rubber bands, looped over the wings and under the sticks. This sort of arrangement permitted the movement of both wing and elevator to take care of the adjustments which are necessary in order to have a model fly properly, if at all.

The cabin model I was to use had but half a wing. I sat down to rebuild the missing half. It was necessary to cut out ribs and spars, glue them together, and set them to dry. After finishing this

work, I turned my attention to the problem of a glider.

I pulled out a sheet of paper and began making calculations for one. All of these models had to comply with certain specifications in order to be eligible for the contest. The glider was the easiest of the lot. All that was necessary was to keep the wing area within a prescribed limit. There were no other restrictions. The requirements for the cabin model were more sharply defined. The fuselage had to preserve a certain ratio between its greatest cross-sectional area and its over-all length, and the wing area was not to exceed a hundred and fifty square inches. Furthermore, for each fifty square inches of wing area the model had to weigh at least one ounce. The specifications for the wings of the twin-pusher were the same as for those of the cabin model.

I had just finished the calculations and drawings for my glider when the door to my room opened and my mother peeked in; she was on her way to bed.

"See that you get to bed right away, Ossie," she said.

"O. K., Mom," I replied. "I've got only a little more to do."

"Never mind the alibi: just do as I say," she retorted.

"Yeah, but,"—I began to protest.

"Well, my gay young blade," she said, "if I catch you up all night, I'll make something fly, and it won't be models either."

"O. K., Mom," I smiled.

"You mind what I say now—good night." She closed the door.

Again I turned my attention to the glider. I traced the outline of my wing plan on a sheet of balsa wood and then cut out the outline. For the preliminary operations of cutting out the blank and putting in the wing curvature I used a razor. After I had cut down almost to the curve I wanted, I finished off with sandpaper. The subsequent covering of the cabin wing with tissue paper and the assembling of the glider took me almost till dawn; wearily I tumbled into bed.

Mother awakened me at six for breakfast. I dragged myself out of bed and shuffled over to a window. The sun was just topping a low bank of clouds to the east. It looked red and bloated, and I prayed that the clouds would disappear. Rain today, of all days, would indeed be a calamity. After eating breakfast, I applied a hasty coat of liquid wax to the glider. I had intended to apply several coats of banana oil, but I lacked the time. The purpose of applying banana oil is twofold. Besides strengthening the model, it imparts a high polish, thus eliminating a good deal of skin friction.

At seven, a chum of mine called for me with an automobile. With him he had four others, all bound for the meet. The ride of some twenty-odd miles to the contest ground was enlivened with conversation dealing with models. One of the boys had a feathering propeller, a new development at that time, which he maintained would enable him to win the meet with ease. It was an application of the variable pitch idea, now used in all the modern airliners. The blades presented a high angle of attack to the air at the start of the flight, when the power was at its peak, giving the model a fast climb. As the rubber motor unwound, the blades lessened their angle,

thus getting the maximum of efficiency which a low angle of attack affords. All of the boys had their own pet innovations incorporated in their models. They gazed somewhat condescendingly upon my three rather poor-looking entries. I could see that they dismissed me as not being any sort of threat. I didn't particularly care. I had seen too many fliers of super-models get their pants taken in competition. I prayed for a good, hard wind. My models were all solidly constructed and could outlast a gale, while theirs had been built as lightly as the rules allowed—a good idea if the weather is right.

We finally reached the site of the meet. My spirits rose at once, for the wind had freshened. I took out my glider and tested it. Since the wings are glued in place, a glider is adjusted by adding weight, in the form of clay, to the nose. After having several trial flights, I reported to the judges, who checked my wing area and weight. I was assigned to a timer.

My first two official flights were disappointing. I had the technique of throwing a glider down pretty well, and I was gaining more than twenty feet of altitude on most of the other contestants with my heaves; but the model was not adjusted properly, so that I received no benefit from them. I went through my whole bag of tricks. I warped the wings, shifted the weight, adjusted my tail surfaces, but still the model refused to function properly. Finally, I decided to trust entirely to chance. I wound up and gave an arm-breaking toss. The model shot up like a projectile; at the height of its trajectory, it fluttered, then snapped viciously towards the ground. About ten feet off the ground it began to pull out, but too late; it hit going at full speed. I raced

over to where it lay. The damage was not great—only a splintered rudder,—but I knew that before I could repair it the glider event would be over. I went back to my box, nevertheless, glued up the rudder—now minus quite a large chunk—and set it away to dry. Then I turned my attention to my other models. The twin-pusher, in its amiable way, behaved perfectly. A few short test flights proved that. The cabin model emulated the deportment of the twin. Its flights were as smooth as a draft of ale.

The free-wheeling propeller on both models worked like a charm. This was one of the few new developments which I had considered important enough to adopt. It is customary to fasten the propeller shaft directly to the propeller. This arrangement is not a satisfactory one, for, after the rubber motor has unwound and the model has begun its glide, the propeller spins in one direction, because of the action of the air upon its blades. This spin winds up the rubber to a point where it is strong enough to counteract the effect of the air; it then kicks the propeller in the opposite direction, cutting down the glide tremendously. The free-wheeling propeller consists of a shaft that is free of the propeller. When the motor is fully wound, the tension causes the shaft to engage the propeller. As the motor unwinds and the pressure lessens, a spring arrangement throws the propeller free of the shaft, allowing it to revolve freely.

After I had eaten my lunch, I picked up my glider, now dry, and set off to see whether I could iron out the kinks in it. Apparently the trouble I had had with it had arisen because of an oversized rudder, for in a tentative test glide, the model showed no tendency to

fall off on one wing, such as it had displayed previously. I gave it another lusty heave. The glider rose in a long, smooth arc, splashing sunlight from its tilted wings. It pulled out beautifully, and cut back in a slow, lazy swing with the wind. It led me a merry chase for more than a mile.

When I returned, dusty, but happy, the stick event had already begun. I brought my twin-pusher to the judges' stand and had it weighed in. On its first and only flight, the twin justified my faith in it. It caught a riser and disappeared almost directly overhead after twelve minutes and some odd seconds. This was enough to award me first place in this event. I busied myself for the next two hours helping other contestants wind and adjust their models.

The fuselage event was a bitter disappointment to me. The event took place at four o'clock. Throughout the day, the wind had grown continually stronger and gustier, and by late afternoon it was nearly a small cyclone. Most of the contestants had constructed their models lightly, gambling on the presence of risers to aid them in winning. It was heart-rending to watch those light models being picked up and smashed to bits by the wind. On all sides model builders could be seen, with woefully long faces, retrieving what was left of their once-beautiful models. I waited almost until the event ended, before I made any attempt at an official flight; until then the best time was forty-nine seconds. I knew my old scow was one of the few models at the event which could withstand the smashing force of the wind. Many times before, I had flown her in weather just as bad as this, and never had she failed to do less than three minutes. Yet I hesitated, for so much depended on the success of this flight.

Finally, I called one of the fellows I had driven up with in the morning to help me wind my model. His super-specials had long since been scattered over the expanse of the contest grounds. The winding of a contest model is an operation that requires two persons. One holds the model and propeller, while the other stretches the rubber motor about twenty feet, in order to store a greater number of turns, and winds it with an instrument that resembles an egg beater.

I poured some lubricant on the rubber to make it pliable and capable of storing a still greater number of turns, and began giving the motor all it could take. I had made about seven hundred turns, when my helpmate's hand slipped and knocked loose the free-wheeling pro-

peller device. The model pulled itself out of his hands and shot towards me. It seemed to explode before my face, seemingly disintegrating in a pitiful tangle of broken wood and tattered paper, as the rubber motor ripped it to shreds. I stood gazing dumbly at it as it lay on the ground at my feet, convulsively spouting bits of debris. And then I began to swear. I cursed model airplanes. I cursed model airplane contests. I cursed especially boneheads who couldn't hang on to a model properly (after I had finished, of course, I apologized to the fellow). After taking another breath I cursed some more, but by this time my oaths had grown flat—they had lost their flavor. I unloosed a final blast and called it a day.

On Working One's Way Through College.

JOHN OLSON

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1938-1939

WORKING one's way through college has been thought a noble accomplishment. It is. But many people contend that, unless the student earns all or at least a part of his college expenses, he does not obtain the full benefit of his education. This is false. My own personal experience has shown me that working while at college is not conducive to learning. As a matter of fact, it is a hindrance to one's education—very much so.

The folks at home used often to nod their heads wisely and say, "Yessir, the boy who works his way through college is the fellow who really gets something

from his education—yessir." It did not then occur to me that these theorists were not at all qualified to voice their opinion on the subject. None of them had ever attended a university; and, strange to say, hardly one of them had ever known anyone who had actually worked his way through college and graduated. Of course, they could cite the isolated example of James Smith who made top grades in college and was said to have worked for his board for the first two years. The fact was, however, that James Smith worked for his board only on occasional week-ends—in order to save money for an occasional ticket to

a game or a dance. The rest of the story was fantastically built up by his proud mother. But, goaded on by my friends at home, I finally resolved that I would work my way through college.

With my head crammed full of fanciful ideas about big kitchens, jolly boys wiping dishes, and good natured cooks slipping tidbits to the help while working, I went in search of a meal job. It soon became very evident to me that the shiny kitchen exists only in the better fraternity and sorority houses where the jobs had been greedily picked over by others as vultures pick over a freshly killed prey. I was willing, however, to forego the shiny kitchen, and I managed to get a job at one of the less polished eating houses on the campus.

I was one of several fellows who washed and wiped the dishes at the regular meal hours of the day. It was among these co-workers that I met my second disillusionment. Instead of happy-go-lucky, friendly boys, bantering back and forth among stacks of dishes, I saw an entirely different picture. These fellows were usually very tired and had only one thought in mind—to finish work

and get out of there as soon as possible. Instead of joking and laughing they argued and cursed at each other. The cook, too, was far from the angelic, good-natured fellow I thought he'd be. He carefully watched our proportioned allotments of meat and potatoes and took special care to see that we had only one glass of milk. Class hours meant nothing to him, and he often made us stay doing odd jobs for him until we were late for class.

My school work was becoming sadly neglected during this period, and I began to see that things were not turning out at all as I had planned. The theorists at home were becoming alarmed at the note of distress in my letters. They probably felt and still do feel that I was incapable of maintaining myself at the university. The fact remained, however, that it was not my incapability that was causing my failure at college. It was the theory that was wrong. I have found, others have found, and many more will find that working one's way through college is not the best way to get the most from one's education.

Her First Drink

The cherry held her fascinated gaze for some moments. It added a dashing touch to the pink liquor, the tall glass, and the ornamented stirrer. Awed by her own bravery she picked up the glass in one hand, sank back in the modernistic chair, and made a determined attempt to appear nonchalant and sophisticated. Her effort was a miserable failure. A slight, boyish body and a flushed, naive face were not consistent with smug sophistication. The new silver sandals and the quiet blue forinal, with its gardenia corsage, served only to accentuate the slim young face and dancing blue eyes. Moreover, her name was Rose Marie and she was decidedly Irish. Her hair was a Grimm's-Fairy-Story black and her face and shoulders were softly tanned from careful exposure to a back-yard sun.—JACK LARIMER

Open Your Mouth

W. C. WOLF

Rhetoric 11, Theme 13, 1938-1939

I WALKED up the dark and narrow stairway to the third floor, where I entered the reception room of a Dr. F. Wetzel. I could see no one in the reception room, although I could hear someone moving about in the inner office. Presently a short, stocky, partially bald man approached me and asked what he could do for me.

"I realize I didn't make an appointment, Doctor, but I just dropped in to see whether you would look at my teeth and see whether they need any attention."

With the word "attention" his face lightened, and he asked me to follow him into his office. "Just sit back in that big chair and make yourself comfortable, he said, after I had followed him into his office. "I'll take a look at your teeth and let you know what's what."

I climbed into the big, old-fashioned, black leather upholstered chair and waited for him to start poking around in my mouth with his pain-producing instruments.

"Are you a student at the university?" he asked, fastening a little white bib around my neck.

"Yes," I answered. As I glanced around at the yellow walls, my eyes were attracted by a framed certificate that entitled a Mr. F. Wetzel to practice dentistry. I rather hoped his practicing days were over and that he really knew what he was doing, or what he was about to do.

"I take it you are a senior in school, aren't you?"

"No, I'm a freshman," I answered. "I went to work a couple of years after I graduated from high school."

"Ah yes, I do believe a student gets much more out of college life if he works his way through school," he said as he approached me with a handful of long, prong-like, silver instruments. "Open your mouth wide. That's it. I was fortunate enough to have wealthy parents, and they put me through the school of dentistry. Of course, that was about twenty years ago, and since then I have learned what it is like to have to make a living for my family and myself. I have quite a fine little family, three boys and one girl. That's a picture of my family over there on the wall," and he pointed with his long tooth-jabber to a picture somewhere in the back of the office which I could not possibly see from my position.

I muttered an "Uh-huh" in approval and recognition of his statement about his family and let it go at that.

"Yep, it's a great life if you . . . now here's a tooth that should be filled. Yes sir, that'll have to be taken care of. Take my family and me for example. We don't have much, but we get along fairly well on the little I make here at the office. I've been established in this office for twelve years now, and in that time I've built up a steady trade with my patients."

"That's fine," I replied, trying to keep from sticking my tongue on the miniature ice-pick with which he was still poking at my teeth and gums.

"Yes sir, I have some patients who come thirty and forty miles to have me work on their teeth. This dentist business is all right if you handle your customers with . . ."

"Pardon me," I gulped, making him take his instruments out of my mouth. "How do my teeth look to you? Do you think I will have to have much work done to them?"

"Oh yes, your teeth," and he again filled my mouth with tools, mirrors, cotton, and fingers. "HMMMM, now here's an upper tooth that should have a little filling. You know, it's a funny thing, but most people don't seem to realize just how much work there is to be done in their mouths. Why, just last month I had a customer who had to come to see me three times a week for about five weeks. Of course, I realized he didn't have much money, so I was easy on his bill, but he certainly had lots of dental work to be done."

I knew I was in for another pointless lecture from this cavity-searcher. At the time, I couldn't imagine anything worse than the noise of an electric mouth drill, the pain of someone drilling on my teeth, and the continual jabbering of the dentist.

"You know, I don't like to charge people too much money for the work they have done, because I realize that to most people a dentist bill is just an added expense that they didn't figure on having. As long as I have a good business with plenty of patients, I feel it my duty to help the poorer people along. Yes sir, my policy is to 'soak the rich'

and distribute the proceeds among the less fortunate. I have some mighty important people come in to see me about their teeth. Why, I've worked on Mayor Schwab, Senator Bob Carney, and William Wright. I must admit I charge the Senator and Mayor a little more than the usual price for my dental work, but then I figure it's only fair so that I can help some less fortunate soul. I believe the Mayor and Senator can well afford to pay a little extra for their personal needs, don't you?"

I did my best to answer him, but the sound that came from my tool-filled mouth was nothing but a gulp. I was completely at his mercy, and, whether I agreed with his statements or not, I was surely in no position to argue with him. I had no alternative other than to sit tight, listen, and hope that he would soon remove his fixed assets from my mouth and let me get out of his charitable office.

"Now let me see, one lower cavity and two upper teeth that need fillings. I guess that just about covers it. Of course, we may find another cavity or two as we work on the teeth later on. You know, we may have overlooked some little defects. Just spit that cotton out over there in that trough. That's it."

I was so anxious to get out of that leather chair that I arose without waiting for him to remove the bib. "You say I will have to have about three teeth filled. Well, that isn't so bad. I'll try to drop around sometime next week so you can start work on them."

"That will be three dollars, Mr. . . . Mr. . . . What did you say your name was?"

"Three dollars? Just call me Senator."

Ouch!

H. W. REUSCH

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1937-1938

"YOU'RE next," called the dentist from his operating room.

My heart beat fast, and my knees felt rather weak as I entered the tiny room which possessed one large, distorted chair fastened near the only window.

"How are you today?" asked "Doc," trying to make me feel at ease.

"Just fine," I managed to gulp.

"Sit down, and I'll be with you in a moment."

As I clambered up into the large none-too-comfortable chair and waited, my head buzzed with thoughts of the dentist grubbing out my two eyeteeth that had failed to come down in their respective positions. Strange as it may seem, I was nearly as curious about the coming episode as I was shaky. How would he get those pesky teeth out when he couldn't even see them? The dentist approached, dressed in a clean, white jacket, all ready for business.

Four times a needle, filled with a nerve-deadening fluid, was thrust into my gums and discharged its contents; each time a shudder ran the length of my body as the needle pierced the tough skin.

Many thoughts raced through my head as I lay waiting for my jaw to "freeze." "Is Mother thinking of me now? What is Dad doing? Harlan is in class writing a quiz. This is 'Doc's' first attempt at this kind of an operation, and I wonder if he knows what he will do. I'm not scared—only curious to know what he is going to do to me."

"Open wide."

I opened my mouth as far as I could, and "Doc" filled my cheeks with wads of cotton. Picking up a small, steel knife, he asked me to open wider and began cutting the skin in the roof of my mouth all along the inside of the gums. With each slash, a spurt of hot blood sprinkled my tongue, ran off, and was absorbed by the cotton. The sensation of the cutting knife felt much like the sound of someone scraping a raw potato with a paring knife. When the incision was complete, the roof of my mouth, loosened at the front, fell down and lay like a flap on my tongue. With another glistening, steel tool "Doc" probed about in the tissues in the cavity until he located the teeth.

"Do you want to have a look?" he asked, as he held a hand mirror before me.

There lay the flap of skin on my tongue, and above it was a large, gaping, bloody hole with the ends of two teeth laid bare at the base of the gruesome pit. I gave back the mirror. One look was enough.

I held my breath as "Doc" tried to pry out the teeth. They were coated with a shiny substance, and his tools would suddenly slip off and gouge deeply into some of the surrounding tender tissue. Wow! Such a feeling! Sometimes I expected the tool to emerge from the top of my head. The teeth would not loosen; they were stuck too tight. Taking the drill, much to my discomfort, he ground little holes into them. The drilling caused such reverberations that, be-

tween the agonizing shots of pain, I thought my eyes would leap from their sockets.

The holes gave the tools a firmer grip, and after much prying and pulling, one tooth came out, and soon out came the other. I sighed with relief and dared once more to take a deep breath. The

flap was soon sewed back in place, the blood-soaked cotton was removed, and I was able to rinse my burning mouth with clean, cold water. Glancing at the clock, I realized that just thirty minutes ago I had been dreading a visit to the dentist, but now the incident was already in the past.

A Matter of Conscience

WILLIAM J. FURBISH

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1937-1938

THE mosquitoes droned insistently outside my little pup tent. The damp, foggy waves of air drifted in through the netting, and as I lay awake, between my damp blankets, I wondered what I would say if my mother served cold baked beans and saltless baked fish three times a day for seven days. I had come to the conclusion that mothers aren't fully appreciated, and I was rather enjoying the irony of having reached my last can of beans, when my line of thought was broken by a faint bleating sound. The sound was very faint and blended so easily with the drone of the mosquitoes that I thought little of it the first second after it occurred. I had sat up when I heard it, but I lay back to go to sleep again.

The sound was repeated. It seemed to be clearer this time, probably because I had heard it once and my senses were far more alert than they had been the first time. It was at the quiet hour before sunrise when all wildlife action seems to have lulled. The owls had long since ceased their night vigil, and it was too early for the mourning-dove and its competitors to be out. I sat up again and listened carefully; this time I rec-

ognized the sound. It was the bleating of a little fawn, somewhere up the stream from my camp.

Hurriedly I dressed, and after putting a roll of film in my camera, I slipped out under the mosquito bar, fastened it behind me, and ran for my canoe, which was hauled up on the bank of the stream. I planned to get a picture, if I could, after the sun came up enough to give some light.

I launched the boat as quietly as I could and started up stream, always paddling on the right side; not changing to the left for fear of making some noise.

The bleating became louder and occurred oftener, so that I began to wonder whether something might be wrong.

As I paddled my canoe through the water, the creek broadened into a marsh. Sloughs and cuts lay tangent to the curves of the main stream, and the whole finally blended into a broad expanse of grassless marsh land. The sun had started to rise, and I could see that the marsh covered thousands of acres. As I progressed, the water became muddy, and finally the main creek changed to a thick mass of mud, with

little rivulets of water cutting it here and there. I pushed on toward the sound of the little fawn's bleating. The outline of some object, against the gray of the eastern sky line, became the form of a deer standing out on the marsh. As I pushed my canoe through the mud, I watched it move back and forth, always coming back to one spot. The truth of the situation finally dawned upon me. For some reason or other a doe and her fawn had wandered too far out onto the marsh, and the fawn had been caught in the mud of one of the cuts that were so numerous.

The creek became almost impenetrable because the mud was so thick. I had to stand up in the canoe and use my weight to propel it, by lunging forward and setting my feet against its ribs. I finally managed to come to within fifty feet of the fawn. It had slipped into one of the cuts, and by consistent movement had worked its body down into the mud so that only its head and shoulders were above the surface. About twenty paces away the doe stood. She had been retreating, as I had approached, and stood, alternately watching the fawn and me. She had stopped her pacing, but her nervousness was plainly visible, for each time I moved, she winced.

The fawn was not in the main channel but in a cut off to the side. A strip of moss about fifty feet wide separated us, and I could not propel my canoe over it. There was only one thing to do; to get out of the canoe. I rammed the end of it as far up on the moss bank as I could and tried to stand on the moss. My foot sank deep into the moss. As I put some of my weight on it, being careful to keep most of my weight in the canoe, my foot cut through into the mud below. That I could not walk on it was conclusive. I next took off my shoes and

most of my clothes. Oh, what a meal I was for the mosquitoes! I did not, however, notice them much as I slid out onto the moss, from the fore end of the canoe, probably because it was rather a risky thing that I was attempting to do. Getting as much of the surface of my body on the moss as I could before I shifted my weight from the canoe helped me to stay on top of the bed of moss that covered the mud. Stretching out as far in front of the craft as my reach would allow and digging my toes into the moss, I pulled on the canoe. It would not move. I wiggled it as I pulled, and after a while it came loose. With each move of the canoe I would move my body toward the fawn. I finally managed to push and pull the canoe to a place where I could get the fawn, so that after I had crawled into the canoe, I was able to remove the tiny creature from the mud. I laid it on the moss and wiped it off as well as I could. A little rubbing revived it and got its blood to circulating so that it could handle itself again.

During all this time the doe had watched. She would come toward me until she started to sink and then would hurriedly return to solid ground and stomp her feet at me on the surface of the marsh.

When I let the little fawn go, it tottered toward its mother. She waited until it had reached her side. After smelling it, she hurried it off toward the tree line, with never a backward glance.

I looked back toward camp. It was a long and dangerous path that lay ahead of me, and as I crawled out onto the moss mat for the second time, I knew that my rescuing the fawn had been partly prompted as payment for the deer that had gone down in front of my gun the year before.

Enlightenment

BERNICE SWERINSKY

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1937-1938

RECENTLY in New York, an audience arose from their seats as the curtain went down on the final scene of the first production of *Bury the Dead*. The faces of these Broadway theatre-goers as they left did not wear the complacent, happy flush that usually marks the final act of most Broadway productions. Their countenances were instead rather grimly set, perhaps a trifle pale. Nor was the lobby filled with gayly chattering cliques. From the groups descending the mezzanine came the low buzz of earnest conversation. And as these patrons left the theatre, their jaws were set even more tightly when they heard the harsh cries of the newsboy on the corner, "Ex-try! War scare frightens Europe! Ex-try! War scare frightens Europe!"

Any person who has seen or is acquainted with the play *Bury the Dead* can appreciate the strange reversal of after-theatre form of these first-nighters. I myself, having just participated in a local presentation of this play, can understand well their emotional reactions. Because I had to repeat one of the character's lines over and over again, and because the frequent rehearsals gave me ample opportunity to ponder over the implications of the play, I knew that here was an indictment of war strong enough to make people think seriously. What was the force in this play which made it such a strong argument against war?

The scene is a muddy patch of soil somewhere in No Man's Land. The

skies are overcast; a biting wind swirls over the gloomy landscape. Sweating over this scrap of land are three soldiers, dig—dig—digging. Flanking them on both sides are mishapen heaps of what were once living doughboys. A sergeant strides haughtily back and forth barking out commands to the digging soldiers. The bitter cold freezes the sweat into the clothes of these toiling men. Each breath of wind sweeps into their nostrils the nauseating odor of these two-day-old corpses. They cry dispiritedly, "Let's bury them, they stink!" The officious but idle sergeant, almost numb from the intense cold, finally gives the welcome order to halt the digging and to place the "stinkin'" corpses into their six by two graves. After the bodies are lined up, a Priest and a Rabbi enter to say prayers for the dead men. The Priest chants his Latin, the Rabbi sing-songs his Hebrew, and to join the chorus comes a low, eerie moan from the grave. "Wait!" a soldier whispers hoarsely. "Wait! I heard a groan!"

The soft mutterings of the two chaplains continue in spite of the pleading cries of the soldier. "Stop! Stop!" he protests. "Can't you hear those groans! They're coming from the graves, I tell you! Oh, God!"

After these earnest entreaties from the aghast soldier, the sergeant himself hears the weird sound emerging from the grave. He commands the chaplains to end their prayers. Suddenly one of the corpses rises from his grave; crouches on his knees, and begs the sergeant and the

three soldiers not to bury him and his five comrades. Slowly, one by one, the five other corpses rise and plead for the same cause. The cowardly sergeant becomes so terrified that he rushes away from the awesome sight, leaving the three frightened soldiers standing there gaping at the live, yet dead men.

Word of this strange, incredible occurrence soon reaches the general. Schooled in the bloodless discipline of the army, he can only think of how corrupted the morale of the troops would become if very many of them heard of this fantastic tale. But before the general does anything else, he wants to prove to himself that this is all true. Consequently, he orders the army doctor to examine these six men to determine if they are really dead. The final report of the doctor gives proof that these men have not a spark of life remaining in their bodies. Yet, what does this mean? They talk. They smoke. They breathe. Can you bury live men? But what can the general *do*?

The general calls before him the sergeant, captain, and the doctor, and asks their help in this confusion. "Why not send for the women who are closest to these six men?" suggests the captain.

His novel suggestion is applauded, and action is taken immediately. Six broken, dejected women—wives, mothers, or sweethearts—are summoned before the general, who calmly places before them his questionable plan. He explains that he and other officers have already attempted to use patriotism and army discipline as a weapon to coerce these men into their graves, but to no avail. He paints for these stricken women a picture of the great service they would be doing for their country if they were to go to these men, and by their pleading

win their consent to burial. Even though these bereaved women are bewildered by what has happened, they resign themselves to the task.

The women execute their orders in trying to reconcile the men to being buried, but find little more success than the army officers. Proclaiming that they have not lived a full life and that they have been cheated of many things, the corpses still refuse to lie down in their graves. The general is frantic. Army discipline is crumbling. The populace back home is becoming disheartened. There is only one remaining alternative—enough lead must be pumped into these living dead men to silence forever their tongues, and to sink them into their graves by the sheer weight of the bullets. Machine guns are drawn up, and the triggers are squeezed. Rat-a-tat-tat—the corpses fall and the yellow mud is at last pushed over them.

That is the play.

The vividness of the plot seemed to be embodied in my part. The epitome of all the horror of war not only suffered by the soldiers themselves, but by the agony of those waiting at home as well, appeared in the lines which I spoke. I was cast as the sweetheart of one of the defiant corpses. My life since his death had been a round of drinking to forget, awakening from my drink to remember, and drinking to forget again. And then, as I stood before him standing in his grave, I forgot the mission which the general entrusted to me, and instead I tearfully poured out my heart. As I bemoaned his death, a stray bullet hit me, and the scene ended very dramatically as I fell dead into his grave with him.

The lines I spoke seemed to me to be the same as those I would say if I were

to experience an identical happening in real life. Although I have always had a fear of war, it was the type of fear that had been taught to me. Participation in this play, however, gave me the feeling that I had actually experienced a miserable war, and my hatred thus became more deeply intensified.

News of impending war in foreign countries, which was announced coincidentally with the production of the play, made that play even more pertinent and aggravated my emotions. Every day that a rehearsal was held, another glaring newspaper headline announced in a subtle way how inevitable a new world conflagration was. Propagandist stories threatened the populace. With all these jumbled, frightening thoughts in my mind, I was never able to gaze down into my lover's grave without being seized by a sudden feeling of fear.

It seemed, however, that I was alone in considering the play so seriously. My fellow actors lightly jested about their having to go to war in the near future. And on the night of the play, even the audience seemed to disregard the story's brutal realities. They listened only for the humorous lines, and found new laughable interpretations in the serious

lines. The lighthearted, unthinking reception of the play by the student audience made me realize that they were not aware of its true meaning. I was thoroughly disgusted by this unexpected response from both the actors and the audience. I feel that if they would acknowledge the message of this particular play and plays similar to this one, there might be a greater protest for the prevention of war.

My part in this play had a profound effect on my attitude toward war and peace. Before the play, I was merely disturbed by the thought of war because it would destroy the normal routine of my life. Now, I have a definite and concrete hatred of war, because I have been shown how the loved ones of men killed in war might suffer from their treacherous deaths. If there were any plausible excuse or explanation why such destruction should be, then I might be able to forgive the habitual waging of wars. But in this so-called civilized society in which we live, wars inevitably come, and it seems that humanity must always suffer from its savagery and rottenness. I, as a woman, must sit helplessly by, while my loved ones come close to death, and all I can do is weep.

Apology

The Green Caldron regrets publishing in the October 1938 issue an essay, "Golf," which was not the work of the student submitting it.

The name of the author of "Blue-Print Boy," printed in the October issue, should have been given as Gordon Phillips.

Rhet. as Writ

(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)

With a comb in one hand and a tooth-brush in the other, a thought struck me.

.

The recent political champagning in the South is a good example of what I mean.

.

A man, if he does wrong, he will not improve his wrong-doing if he is given a capital punishment.

.

Being a great lover of nature I get much enjoyment from the beautiful buildings of the campus and their surroundings and am greatly inspired by the instructors.

.

So far during my life I have been a person of extremities.

.

If a student of average ability is attending a school, who seemingly can't get ahead in his efforts for better grades, knows that some of his friends who make those desired grades are doing so by having outside work hired do, and cary prepared notes on tests, is he not going to feel that his efforts are wasted?

.

The marihuana smoker usually finds excess to some den.

.

Since George Washington, we have had some thirty odd presidents in the White House.

.

Walking down the street a few blocks from home, there is a large government project, consisting of repairing streets.

Then of course at the half and the two quarters, I would have a bar of candy, hot chocolate, hot dog sandwich in which to pass the time and to keep me warm.

But the best way of all is to have a hot chocolate in one hand a coed in the other and just yell and scream your head off.

Of course one has troubles in keeping warm, but there are all sorts of means in which to keep warm such as hot drinks, sandwiches, pop corn and peanuts.

.

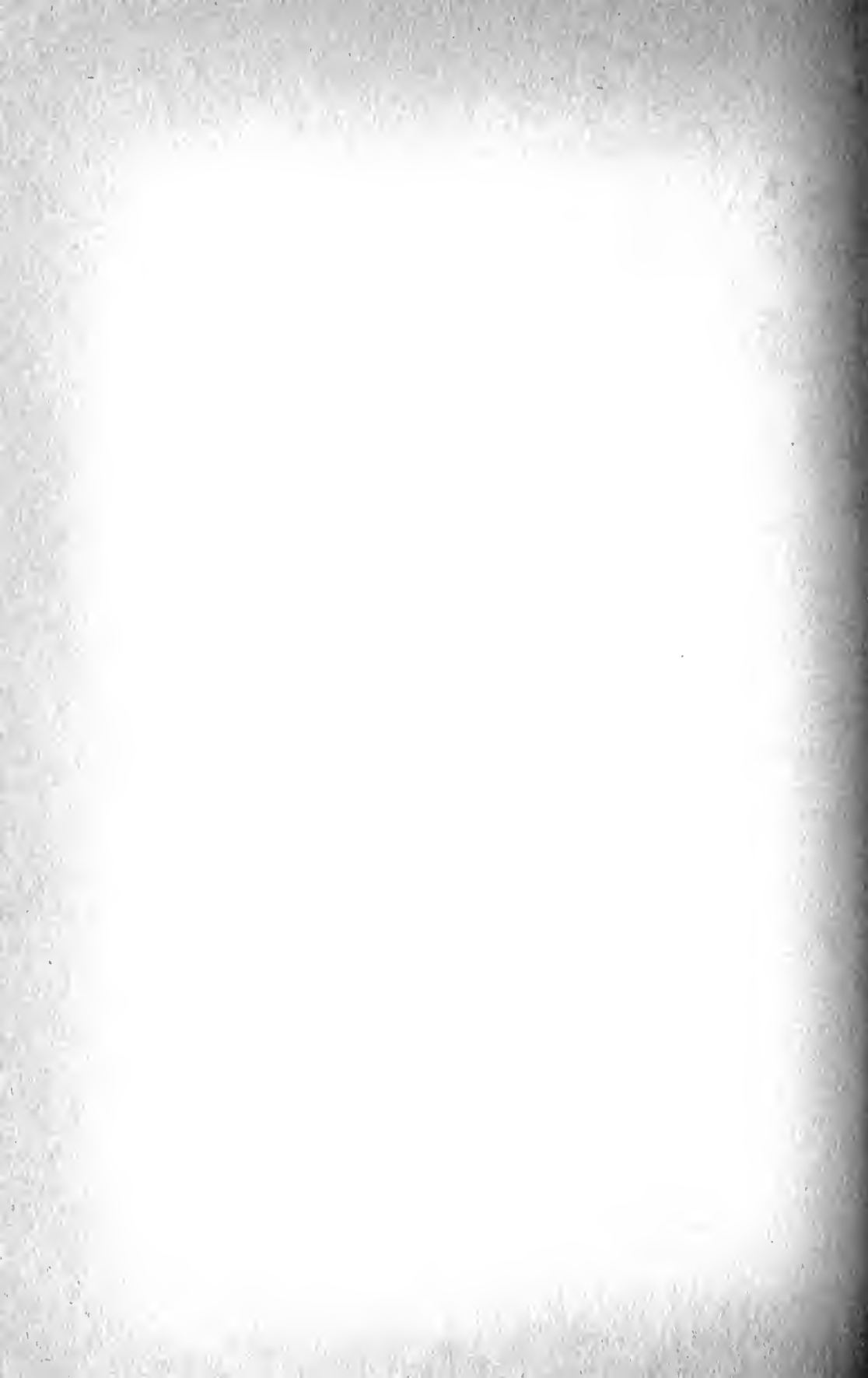
Everyday Americans have come to think of music as an everyday necessity. In the last few years people, song writers, and everyone in general have begun to write new versions of old songs so that more people, old and young alike, will get into the swing of nineteen-hundred-thirty-eight. In the olden days, when Longfellow and his fellow writers wrote, the idea was for poetry with a certain amount of rhythm to the stanza. Then go back to the verse writing when no rhythm was used and you will wonder how they stood it. The next step back brings us to the time when ballads were sung and written. If you will take note of this last step back you will see that we, in nineteen-hundred-thirty-eight, are just rewriting those old songs. In my mind, however, there is one song that has lasted since eighteen-hundred-and twelve to now and I believe and hope will never be over shadowed, this song is our dear old "Star Spangled Banner."

Honorable Mention

Lack of space prevents the publishing of excellent themes written by the following students. Some of these themes may be published in part or in entirety, in future issues.

J. ARNDT
IRA L. BANKS
ROGER BRADEN
BRUCE CARSON
RUTH M. CLASSEN
MADELINE CLEARY
GEORGE DACEY
EDGAR DRUCKER
DOROTHY EDDY
GEORGE H. FOSTER
LOIS FULLERTON
CHARLES F. GOLDSTONE
ANGELO GRANDINETTI
J. E. HAFNER
CARL HUTTER
BETTY IVEY
E. KAMARIT
MAX KELLEY
DONALD KELLY
KATHRYN KENWORTHY
EDWARD KOENIG
HELEN MARIE LUETH
CHARLES LEO MALCOLM
DAVE MILLER

HAROLD MINDELL
JUNE MORGAN
GORDON MUEHLHAUSEN
M. E. NELSON
ROBERT L. PAINTER
DEWEY PEGLER
VIRGINIA POWERS
SHANNON POWERS
L. E. PUTNEY
KENNETH RATHERT
LOIS REISZ
ALAN SAUNDERS
JACK SCHAPS
LOUISE SHAWVER
EDWARD SHILKARTES
BERYL STEIN
ALTON THOMAS
WARD E. THOMPSON
RICHARD THORSEN
GEORGE L. WATSON
E. R. WEBB
ARTHUR WEINBLATT
THOMAS WESTERLIN
RICHARD WOLFLEY



THE GREEN CALDRO

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes Mr. LESTER DOLK, Mr. CHARLES SHATTUCK, Mr. WALTER JOHNSON, Mr. STEPHEN FOGLE, and Mr. CHARLES W. ROBERTS, Chairman.

THE GREEN CALDRON is for sale in the Information Office, Administration Building West, Urbana, Illinois.

Poor Jupiter

ELEANOR F. EWING

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1937-1938

"THE Shorthorn steers in Class A will be shown in approximately thirty minutes," boomed the announcement through the loud speaker over our heads. "All club members with calves in this class should wait for the first call."

We had only a half hour left! Dad and I sat up much straighter, breathed deeply, and looked at the strange scene about us. Here was the International Livestock Exposition, the greatest livestock show in the world. This east room was filled with 4-H Club calves. Excited boys and girls hovered over their steers, giving them last-minute touches. A line stood at the water trough waiting to get water for the thirsty animals. Over in one corner two negroes in hip boots and thick rubber aprons vigorously scrubbed a bedraggled black calf. When the calf felt the soapy water running over his eyes, he balked, pulled back, broke the rope, and galloped off. One of the negroes, waving the wet brush furiously over his head, rushed after the calf, and a crowd of shouting men followed the negro. The group of people in front of the animal and his pursuers opened before them and closed after them as the Red Sea did for Moses and the Israelites. Finally, tired of leaping over straw bales and dodging between rows of stalls, the calf ran up to his own stall and stopped.

In another corner a peanut vendor cried out his wares. Crowds gathered in front of his stand and about the wash-room doors. Miniature tractor trains

came chug-chugging up the long runway and, traveling along the aisles, deposited bales of hay. Janitors tried patiently to clean the straw from the aisles. Other workmen followed to spray the grey-white concrete floors with a strong disinfectant. There arose an odor of barnyard, peanuts and popcorn, Lysol, and perspiration. Suddenly Jupiter, my calf, stirred restlessly and bellowed. I looked at Dad, and Dad looked at me.

I gulped and swallowed. "Dad, do something," I begged. "Please, Dad, I just have to win. You can make that 'dip' in Jupiter's back ago away. I know you can do it."

Dad said nothing, but kicked Jupie gently to make him stand up. After brushing him thoroughly, he wetted him down with an old soft brush dipped in Creolene water. Then, with a curry comb, he scored straight lines over his back, and finished the marcel with a stiff brush.

"Say, fellow," put in the man with the calf next to ours, "you don't expect to get any place with a 'canner' like that, do you? You might as well start your crying right now. You're not foolin' us guys here. You won't fool the judge either. Everybody knows that calf has a low back." The group of men standing around us laughed heartily. What a good joke this was! But to Dad and me the situation was tragic. My calf was nearly a stockman's dream. His legs were well-set and straight, he was "low down," he was made well over the loin, his head

was fine, and his hair was glossy. Jupie was a prince. If only his back were as perfect as the rest of him, he would have no trouble in winning. Dad and I were frantic. The crowd moved. Only one old man remained to watch us.

"I say, son," he said, "has that calf had anything to drink today?" Dad and I both stared at him in open-mouthed astonishment. In our great excitement over straightening the calf's back, we had completely forgotten to water him.

"I . . . I," Daddy started to stutter an explanation.

"Cheer up, son, and you, little girl. You've not lost yet. You, sir, go down below and buy four bottles of beer." The old man grinned, and his eyes twinkled. Dad registered blankness.

"What . . . what?" he began.

"Never mind," reprimanded the old man, "go do as I tell you." Soon Dad came running back with two bottles of beer under each arm. It was ten minutes before show time. The old man snatched the bottles, uncapped them, and poured the foaming beer into a clean water pail. The thirsty calf gulped it to the last drop.

"Boys and girls who have Shorthorns in Class A should take them down to the arena," came the second announcement through the loud speaker.

"But what'll happen?" Dad wanted to know.

"Everything's O.K.," reassured the old man, "get your calf down there." Dad hurried to put on the new brown leather halter with the shiny silver chain. He thrust the end of the strap into my hands and I started down the long concrete run-way leading to the arena. An attendant in white opened the white-washed wooden gate to the show ring.

"Remember everything I told you," Dad called after me.

"She'll do all right," said the old man.

Another attendant told us to line up on the left side of the ring. I tried to recall every rule in showmanship. The calf's head must be higher than his tail. His feet must be squarely under him. If he moved his foot, I must take my cane and punch it back in place. If he stepped forward, I must back him up. His head must be squarely in front of him. When he was nervous, I should scratch his neck and talk softly to him. I should always keep one eye on Jupiter and the other on the judge.

Finally the judge approached the line. Up and down he walked, coolly surveying each calf. Presently he sent thirty of them from the ring, and after a little while he resumed his slow methodical scrutinizing. All of a sudden I noticed Dad motioning wildly. He seemed to point to Jupiter's back. It was straightening out! What could have happened? Then I knew! The calf's stomach had been empty, and the gases from the beer were expanding and raising the fleshy part of his back! I fervently hoped the expansion wouldn't go too far!

The judge was deciding now between my calf and another. He flexed his hands over the sides and down the backs of the two to decide which had the firmer flesh. He concentrated on the other. Jupiter's back was just level now. He bawled and foamed at the mouth. The judge began to compare the two again—then he stopped, squinted, cocked his eyebrow, scratched his head, seemed undecided, and then wagged his fingers at me. I had won! The blue ribbon was mine! How was the judge to know what a little beer could do?

The Airplane Pilot—New Style

E. S. Doocy

Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1938-1939

THE modern airplane pilot follows, pretty generally, a definite pattern. Whether he is an American, a European, or an Asiatic—whether he coaxes outdated transports over the Andes, or manages a spick-and-span flight office aboard a Boeing liner, he tends to have a brilliant mind, a sound physique, and a pleasant personality. His training, whether in a private school or in the tough, thorough schools of the Army and Navy, has made him a competent, self-reliant aviator.

He admires the courage of his World War predecessors, who flew and fought in rickety "crates" that would appall a modern aircraft builder. However, he also feels a certain pitying scorn for these legendary heroes who, in an attempt to be dashing, risked, and many times lost, their lives.

Our pilot is rather conservative. Although self-reliant, he is trained to know his own limitations and those of his plane, and not to attempt to exceed them. He has a great respect for the new developments in safety equipment, and recognizes the value of radio, weather data, and navigational instruments. In this he differs greatly from the old-style pilot who asked for little more than an engine, some gasoline, and a few square yards of canvas.

The modern commercial pilot is usually a college graduate. The many diverse technical tasks of his business make

engineering training necessary. He must have a thorough knowledge of aerodynamics and physics; he must have a complete understanding of the intricate mechanical structure and functions of his airplane; he must understand weather and geography; he must be able to operate a radio, and (if in military reserve) understand gunnery and bombing.

The pilot is usually well paid. If he works for a large commercial airline, he receives between \$6,000 and \$8,000 per year. If he is a military flyer, he receives more pay than the average officer. He saves his money, usually marries, and after about fifteen years retires from flying and takes a position on the ground, in the maintenance or design of airplanes.

He is quite optimistic about the future of air travel. He has seen the airplane develop, in one decade, from a temperamental, unreliable mechanism, into a swift, luxurious means of travel, and he sees no apparent leveling off of this phenomenal rise. He believes that his trade will become one of the most important ones in the field of transportation.

The modern pilot has progressed a long way since the days of the erratic, hard-drinking barnstormer. He does not drink, and he does not barnstorm. Instead he flies carefully and safely. His clear-headedness and seriousness have earned him the title of "precision pilot."

A Defense of a Lack of Ambition

MARY ELLEN EDWARDS

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1938-1939

THERE is a diabolical force loose in the world to-day that would make every child a prodigy, every mouse a man, and every woman an Earhart or an Eleanor Roosevelt. Turn which way you will, there will be some one to prod you or to lead you after the pot of gold, crying, "You too can learn to play a musical instrument." Just try to sit down in the middle of the road sometime to think things over. You can't do it. A finger will point at you, and a voice will shout—"Look at him—he isn't doing anything—he isn't making a success of his life—he is just sitting—" Attempt to sink back into the namelessness of the crowd only to feel a relentless hand pull you forward and to hear a mocking voice in your ear, "You should be out making a name for yourself. You should be the leader of this crowd—not one of the led."

If you are wise you will pay no attention to the voices and the pointing fingers and the relentless hands. There are too many people trying to make a footprint on the sands of time that some one with bigger feet won't wipe out. And suppose you don't have the desire to go out and trap yourself a fortune. What difference is it going to make a thousand or so years from now?

Somewhere there must be a few courageous men and women who have dared to be different. Maybe they haven't given the world any great truths and maybe they haven't been rich or famous, but their lives have been unhampered

by foolish ambitions and desires to *make a success* out of life. When the lives of great men all remind them they can make their lives sublime, they sit down and think. Napoleon was no better off after he finished than when he started. Caesar built his empires only to be murdered by his friend. Kings and rulers have lived, and still do, in constant danger of being liquidated by one of their more public-spirited subjects. Bank presidents get old and shriveled early from too much contact with unsympathetic gold. Heads of corporations shoot themselves when the books fail to balance. You see if Caesar and Napoleon and all the others had never tried to set the world on fire with their own little flames, they might have spent their time fishing and hunting, doing nobody any harm.

There are books on this subject of succeeding that would give as examples for you to follow, the lives of such men as Washington, Lincoln, Livingstone, and Roosevelt. (Like the New England Minister, I mean Teddy.) But the authors fail to mention the most outstanding individualist of his time—Ferdinand the Bull. Now Ferdinand knew that he was expected to become a ferocious beast and paw the air and frighten the poor little matador to death, but do you think that made any difference to him? He went ahead and did as he pleased. Perhaps that is the reason why no one advises us to follow the example of Ferdinand. There is an organized plot on the part of school teachers,

wives, and mothers to stop all the Ferdinands of the world from sitting under their cork trees and smelling the flowers.

But I am afraid that I am not making myself very clear. Let me give you, as a specific example of what I mean, the story of Jonathan Jones. Jonathan was a dreamy youngster, not particularly dull, yet not extraordinarily brilliant. Jonathan's one pleasure in life was to sit on the bank of a shady stream, his fishing rod in his hand, and his old dog Rover by his side. Patiently he would sit waiting for a bite. And while he waited he thought his little boy thoughts, and he decided that he never wanted to do anything else, ever, except fish. Even when he didn't catch anything it was so nice and quiet in the little woods that he was perfectly happy. Jonathan never dreamed about being a millionaire or about being president. It wasn't that he was lazy but that he disliked the thought of the struggle involved in reaching the top.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones couldn't understand this trait in their boy. His aunts and uncles and grandparents and school teacher couldn't understand it either. They tried to put a spark of ambition into his soul by holding him up to ridicule before his playmates, and by bribing him with dimes and quarters to make A's in school. He didn't care if he didn't make A's. They didn't matter at all—they really don't, you know.

But as Jonathan grew older he found himself more and more ensnared in the trap that his enterprising relatives had set for him. He went to college and then on to law school. Even then he might have escaped if he hadn't had the misfortune to fall in love. Lucy had no sympathy with his lack of ambition. Really she thought he must be crazy for even having thoughts about not wanting to make a lot of money and to have a fine house and do the things it takes money to do. Finally Jonathan began to think he was a little silly. He choked out the fine side of his nature and prepared to climb to the top of the ladder wherever that might lead him. He is there now, a grim, cold man who despises his wife and himself for the bungle they have made of living. He makes me think of the sonnet of Wordsworth's that begins:

"The World is too much with us; late
and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste
our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a
sordid boon!"

I don't know what you intend to do about it. I really don't care. But I am going to sit, a rather conspicuous bump on my own particular log, and I'm going to laugh as the rest of you go skittering by, hurrying on to fame and fortune and your graves without discovering that there is more to living than the getting of *things*.

Robots

BILL GUYTON

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1937-1938

ROBOT! The very term sets the imagination to work, and evokes scenes in which giant monsters are killing off hordes of people, blood is flowing in streams around the wreckage of buildings, and women and children are running helplessly to and fro. For many centuries, almost from the time of his creation, man has been fascinated by the thought of mechanical men—men who would faithfully perform any task to which they were assigned. Writers of every century, recognizing the almost universal appeal of robots, have seized upon the subject, and have woven fantastic tales like *R. U. R.*, a play in which robots, made in the semblance of men, rise up in rebellion and destroy their human masters. Such literature has led to the belief that the robot is a horrible, fearful enemy of civilization. No such inference, however, could be drawn from the term itself, for the word, "robot," comes from the Czech word *robot*, which means *to work*. Robots are nothing more than automatic machines which do the work of men, and only by association with such preposterous writings has the term come to its present usage. "Fiction writers make a curious mistake about the robots. Always these are imagined as distorted images of humanity; gigantic, horrible monstrosities like store window dummies full of mechanical brains. Real robots are not like that."¹

Considering robots for what they really are, we find that they play a very significant part in our modern world. A

more plausible reason for skepticism about robots than fear of their power would be their effect upon labor. Who has not heard the uninformed, or the misinformed, radical blame the "machine age" for our present depression? In many industries, automatic machines, which are robots, according to our definition, are doing the work of many men. These robots are indispensable aids to our modern civilization. They create; they do not destroy. Can you imagine the modern daily newspapers, with their large circulation, printed one at a time by hand? Yet no one ever stops to think that it is a gigantic robot, working tirelessly, which makes the daily newspaper possible. Or can you conceive of the modern housewife sitting at home and weaving or knitting so that her family will have clothes to wear?

Many robots have been developed which seem to display almost superhuman abilities. Some have such sensitive "palates" that they can test chemicals accurately by "taste." The Product Integrator is able in a few hours to solve correctly difficult differential equations which would take weeks if worked mathematically. And, impossible though it may seem, this robot can perform calculations beyond the power of the human brain. In Washington, the "Great Brass Brain" predicts ocean tides with astounding accuracy. Giant ocean vessels have been guided and operated solely by the

¹E. E. Free, "Let Electrons Do Your Work!" *Review of Reviews*, 77 (Feb., 1927), 162.

gyroscope, with another robot, the fathometer, making automatic soundings every minute.

Countless examples of robots upon which we are dependent for our everyday conveniences could be cited. Who operates the many traffic lights of a large city? A robot. Who connects you with your party when you dial a number on your telephone? A robot. Why do street lights come on when it grows dark, and go off when it again gets light? Because a robot has been actuated by the degree of light reaching its eye, a photo-electric cell. With an almost inaudible "click," issuing from a little gadget on a wall, an infallible robot, which controls the temperature, humidity, and circulation of an entire building, is commanded to begin operations.

But such robots, though they are mechanical men, are not of universal interest. The robots which attract the most attention are those built in the likeness of living creatures. Life seems to be the one thing which science cannot explain, and any attempt, therefore, to create a lifelike robot excites the imagination and holds the interest of human beings everywhere. A very captivating example of such a lifelike robot was the mechanical cow developed for the "Century of Progress" in Chicago. It was designed to imitate accurately all the actions of a real cow. "The sides of the mechanical cow move in and out in regular rhythm to simulate breathing."² This mechanical cow "gave" milk, an automatic milker, a robot in itself, drawing milk from the udders in a continuous stream. "The head sways, the eyes blink, the ears move lazily and the jaws go through the process of cud chewing. The tail swings from side to side, and at intervals gives a vicious switch."³ Inside the cow, two small motors controlled the movements

of the entire animal. The "udders" were supplied with milk by a large tank, and, unseen by the spectators, the milk was pumped back into the tank from the milker through a pipe in the animal's hind leg.

By far the most interesting of the recently developed robots, however, was the televox, designed by R. J. Wensley. Before the development of the televox, many automaton in human form had been constructed, and "as early as the Middle Ages, Albertus Magnus made automaton in human form which could open doors and play musical instruments."⁴ But the televox was the first robot which could respond to a telephone call. It was originally developed to operate electric substations where the cost of stationing an operator seemed to be prohibitive. The televox, having been put in charge of the station, could be called up on an ordinary telephone, and commanded by an operator thousands of miles away. "The telephone instruments employed are not in any way altered and may be used in the ordinary way whenever wanted; distance is no barrier to the operator of the televocal system."⁵

Let us suppose that we are an operator calling up Mr. Televox to inquire about the condition of his substation. We pick up the telephone and call his number. On the other end of the line, Mr. Televox's mechanical hand lifts the receiver from the hook and he says, "Buzz-zz-zz," which means "Mr. Televox speaking."

Desiring to know the height of the water in the reservoir, we say, "Peep, peep, peep, peep, peep, peep?"

"Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz,"

²"Robot Cow Moos and Gives Milk," *Popular Science*, 122 (May, 1933), 33.

³"Mechanical Cow," *Scientific American*, 48 (June, 1933), 323.

⁴E. E. Free, *op. cit.*, 162.

⁵"New System Controls Machinery by Sound," *Scientific American*, 137 (Dec., 1927), 536.

which means, "There is twelve feet of water in the reservoir."

Deciding that that is all right, we say, "Peep," which means, "O. K. So long."

Mr. Televox hangs up, and our conversation is over. As you have noticed, the televocal system is not commanded by words, but by tones. There are three tones which are used, a high-pitched tone, a low-pitched tone, and an intermediate tone. By various combinations of these tones, the televox is operated. "The sounds, when received by the televocal apparatus, are passed through filters so that all but exactly the selected pitches are eliminated and extraneous noises are prevented from causing operation of the relays."⁶

Gradually, more for amusement than for practical use, modifications of the televox have been developed. "The Westinghouse engineers in their laboratory have refined the televox to such a degree that it will open a heavy door to the vocal call of 'Open, Sesame' and to no other sound or sequence of sounds."⁷ Some have been built in human form, and can do little odd jobs like ringing a bell, turning on a fan, answering a telephone, firing a furnace, lighting an oven, or raising a flag. "Some robots 'understand English'; they can respond to simple vocal commands like 'Stop!' 'Reverse!' 'Go ahead!' but care must be taken to use the words actually arranged for, and not their synonyms. For example, if you used the word

'Proceed!' instead of 'Go ahead!' the robot might mistake the two-syllable word for 'Reverse!' But if you use the code agreed upon, whether voice or system of whistles, the robot is infallible."⁸

Perhaps in the future, robots will be of more use than they are at present. The development of the televox has opened an unlimited field for research. "So far this particular device has only been used with land telephone lines, but it could easily be adapted to radio."⁹ The future development of these mechanical men should prove very interesting.

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⁹"Televox," *Current History*, 28 (April, 1928), 86.

Apology

We regret that "Night of Swing," published in the last issue of the *Green Caldron*, was not the work of the student who submitted it.

Ancient Egyptian Embalming

PAUL ISBELL

Rhetoric 11, Theme 6, 1938-1939

THE average citizen knows little about embalming. From this ignorance a queer set of ideas has developed concerning both ancient and modern embalming practices. The statement is often made that the embalmer of today cannot duplicate the "lost" art of Egyptian embalming. Since I am an embalmer with several years of service in the funeral profession, I know only too well with what horror the public would reject the bodies of their deceased loved ones if we should preserve them as did the Egyptians. For we can embalm as the Egyptians did. In order to understand why we do not do so we must understand the methods and results of Egyptian embalming. Today, we embalm in order to restore a lifelike appearance; preservation is second in importance. The ancient Egyptians, because of religious beliefs, embalmed their dead bodies to last for centuries; the final appearance of their dead was relatively unimportant.

The motivating reason for Egyptian embalming was the religious belief of the people. The Egyptians believed in the immortality of the soul. According to their ideas, the soul departed from the body at the hour of death and began its long journey through the underworld. This trip they called the "Circle of Necessity"—a very appropriate name since it is certainly a trip made only when it is a necessity. On this journey the soul was required to visit every plant, animal, fish, bird, and element in existence. Three thousand years were allotted

the soul for this arduous and monotonous task. At the conclusion of this period the soul was supposed to return to and re-enter the body. However, if the body had decomposed during this long period, the soul was lost for all eternity. Thus, at the very core of their faith in eternity was this requirement for absolute preservation of the bodies of their loved ones for at least three thousand years. The Egyptians developed a highly specialized staff of expert embalmers to meet these very strong demands. Many of the embalmers were slaves working under the vigilant eye of the master embalmer, but they repeated their one special task so often that they became highly proficient. The master was a priest, a physician, and an embalmer. The thousands of mummies existing today, after an interval of more than four thousand years, attest to his skill.

Egyptian embalming varied according to the social and financial rank of the deceased. The poor classes and the middle classes received only the crudest sort of preservation. It was the upper class which received the most skillful attention of the best embalmers. In order that we may understand their methods, let us follow a typical case of embalming from the time of death to the disposal of the body. We shall follow the case of Mr. Horuse Ovirus, a successful merchant of a prosperous town on the east bank of the Nile river. The scene is the Ovirus home. The time is early morning in the year 2161 B. C.:

For two weeks the aged Mr. Ovirus

has been very, very ill. On this cool, gray morning, just before sunrise, the little family has gathered around his bedside. The distinguished Horuse Ovirus of the trading firm of Ovirus & Isus is dying. He breathes heavily, gasps, then becomes very quiet and still. His soul has left on its Circle of Necessity.

As soon as they have ascertained that he is really dead, his two sisters and three daughters prepare to announce the fact to the little city. They wrap flowing robes about them but leave their faces and breasts bare. Then they smear black Nile mud on their faces. They appear on the dusty little street just as the sun rises in the desert sands east of their fertile river-bottom lands. As they pass up and down the street they wail and moan loudly. Thus notified, the leading townsmen hasten to the Ovirus home. As soon as all of the family has gathered in the main room of the house, the distinguished friends put the body on a stretcher and proceed to the temple of the embalmer. The friends with the body of Ovirus walk at the head of the procession followed by the sobbing family. The numerous friends of the family march along at the rear.

When they reach the temple the body is laid on the sand just outside the door. The chief embalmer comes out in his ceremonial garb of long black robes. Egyptians call him "paraschistes" or dissector and stand in awe of this man who handles the bodies of the dead. He comes up to the body of Ovirus, performs some ceremonial gestures, then makes a mark in the sand on the left side of the body where the incision is to be made. After this preliminary act, the family goes inside the temple to choose a pattern. You see, the bodies and faces of the dead will be so shriveled and brown that they cannot be exposed after

the embalming procedure has been completed; so they wrap the body, and paint the face in gaudy colors to represent some favorite god of the people. Mr. Ovirus has been a great figure in Nile River transportation circles; consequently, he is permitted the honor of being buried in the likeness of the popular god, Osiris.

The selection having been completed, the family and the embalmer return to the body. The paraschistes makes the incision in the left side of the body with a sharp stone. Immediately, he begins to run down the street with the family and friends in hot pursuit. As they run, they throw rocks and sticks at the retreating priest. It is their belief that anyone who makes a cut on a human body is sinful and should be killed. However, the chase after the priest is usually an empty gesture, and they have no intention of catching him. After this religious gesture, the family goes home and the embalmers begin their work.

Oil of cedar is forced up the nose and into the cranial cavity. This oil dissolves the brain and the resultant solution is drained out. Melted pitumin is injected and allowed to harden. The next step consists of removing all internal organs except the kidneys and heart. These viscera are cleaned, steeped in wine, and put into an elaborate vase. The priest will fling this vase into the Nile at sunrise after he has performed certain religious duties.

The body of Mr. Ovirus is placed in a solution of natron. Natron is composed largely of sodium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, sodium chloride, and impurities. For seventy days the body remains in this solution. All the fatty portions of the body are removed by the harsh chemical action leaving only the brown, hard skin over the bones. When

the body is removed from the vat, Mr. Ovirus could not possibly be recognized. The eye sockets are vacant, the mouth is drawn back revealing the teeth in a horrible grin, and the skin resembles brown wood or metal. The priests sew up the incision in his side and treat the skin with balsams, spices, and aromatic oils. Mr. Ovirus is ready to be wrapped.

Yards and yards of fine linen strips are wrapped about the emaciated body of Ovirus. A pitch substance is applied between each layer of cloth to make the covering air tight. A gaudily painted mask of the god Osirus is placed over the face, and the body of Mr. Horuse Ovirus is placed in a casket or sarcophagus of stone. Thus we see the mummy of Ovirus taken home, four months after his death.

The casket stands in a corner for a few days while the burial permits are secured; then it is carried to the east bank of the Nile for funeral services. A big river boat, with forty-two men dressed as the forty-two gods of Egypt and piloted by a charon, pulls up at the river's edge. The funeral orations begin, with all the friends of Horuse Ovirus eulogizing some act of his life. As soon as the services have been completed, the

casket is placed on the boat and carried west across the Nile to the grave, which has been cut out of solid rock. The body now becomes the property of the ages.

The processes used upon Ovirus were only fundamentally typical ones employed by the Egyptians. There were variations of these methods used, just as systems of embalming of today differ in some of their minor details.

Yes, the Egyptian embalmer was an expert, and we could embalm as he did by using his methods. But would people of today wait four months to have their dead returned from the funeral homes? Would they want the members of their family wrapped in strips of linen and wearing gaudy masks? Hardly. Each age has its own type of embalming, for it has its own reasons for the process.

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Modern Miracle

Cholera is cured by the simple process of increasing the water content of the blood and adding salt to it so that the osmotic pressure in the intestines is counteracted. Many times, during the epidemic at Haichow, one liter of salt water added to the blood of a seemingly hopeless case would bring surprising results. The patient would appear so shriveled up that he looked like a skeleton covered by some loose and wrinkled skin. The orderly or nurse would take a sample of the patient's blood to determine its characteristics. The patient would then have salt water pumped into his veins, the amount and concentration being determined by his physical build and blood characteristics. As his blood got back to its normal fluid state, he would begin to feel better, and in an hour or so he could get up and walk in perfect comfort. The old man who had been lying on the bed would seem to take on a new body and get up and walk around.—CARREL B. MORGAN

Misrepresentation in the Drug Business

R. D. BRITTENHAM

Rhetoric 1, Theme 10, 1938-1939

LAST year, while I was working in a drug store, I discovered something which I never knew existed—the misrepresentation of merchandise. Before I worked in a drug store, I accepted everything a clerk told me as fact. How often it was only a “line”! In the year’s time I spent in the drug business, I too learned the line. Now when a clerk in a drug store tries to “highpressure” me, I chuckle to myself because I have at some time tried to make someone else believe the same thing.

An outstanding example of misrepresentation is the sale of bulk mineral oil. Whenever a customer came into the store and asked me for a gallon of mineral oil, I asked him if he wanted the oil for ninety-eight cents a gallon, for a dollar twenty-nine a gallon, or for a dollar fifty-nine a gallon, and then proceeded to “highpressure” him into taking the highest priced oil. I then took his jug into the back room where stood the barrel from which all three prices of oil were taken, and drew off a gallon. I selected the correct label for the price paid and stuck it on the bottle. I gave him his ninety-eight cents worth of oil and rang up a dollar fifty-nine. Another example of misrepresentation I discovered almost accidentally when I was mixing some hand lotion according to a formula given me by a customer. The formula called for sixteen ounces of lotion consisting of eight ounces of glycerine, seven ounces of rose water, and one ounce of carbolic acid. I put in the correct proportions of glycerine and carbolic acid, but when I measured out the rose water I found there were only

four ounces left. I asked the druggist if I should put in the other three in water. “You know,” he replied, “you are certainly learning the drug trade fast.”

One of the main causes for misrepresentation is the money involved. As long as a druggist can buy one grade of merchandise and make all the way from thirty to sixty per cent profit, depending upon the price the customer pays for it, he thinks that he should take advantage of the situation. Another cause of misrepresentation is substitution in preference to loss of sale. In making up the hand lotion I substituted water because I had no rosewater. I knew the customer would never find out. Still another cause of misrepresentation is the customer’s taking everything a druggist says as fact. The customer lets the druggist talk him into buying an expensive article when he knows that one less expensive would serve him just as well. If the customer would question what the druggist tells him and stick to what he knows is true, he would save money.

There are remedies for the evils I have mentioned. No one remedy would cure all the evils, but a certain few would be helpful. If the public would buy nationally advertised brands instead of the merchandise put up by independent stores it would do away with the evil of the same grade of goods’ being sold at different prices under different trade names. If all producers listed all their merchandise under the Fair Trade Act, this listing would do away with two stores’ selling at different prices the same product put out by the same producer.

Stores are compelled to live up to an agreement of the Fair Trade Act which states that they must sell products listed under it at a fixed price. This solution would keep druggists in line both ways, preventing the neighborhood druggist from charging too much, and the cut-rate stores from charging too little. The best solution for the whole thing would be honesty on the part of the druggist. To ask for such a thing, however, is probably too much; where money is involved dishonesty usually exists. More-

over, honesty on the part of the druggist involves confidence on the part of the customer. And strangers never trust each other!

If all the evils of misrepresentation in the drug trade were wiped out, the goods purchased by the customer would be of a better quality; the customer would be more satisfied; he would depend more on the druggist's word; he would purchase more; both druggist and customer would profit.

Freedom of the Press

ALBERT SANNER

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1938-1939

"IN OHIO, six hundred and twenty-five of seven hundred newspapers were 'reached.'" "A large part of its claims was fraudulent, a large part of its output was poisonous, but it flourished, thanks to advertising in the press, and silence in the press." "All the newspaper women sent out Mrs. Roosevelt's statement. All of them said later they could find no trace of the statement's ever having been printed." —So it is with our "free" press, the American newspaper yesterday and today as shown us by George Seldes in his *Freedom of the Press*. In this volume the newspaper game is stripped of every bit of its mask of hypocrisy. The amazingly large number of directly or indirectly controlled newspapers—or more appropriately, the very small number of good ones—is most appalling and discouraging in this, a democracy which has as one of its greatest boasts and bulwarks a free press. While realizing that there exists a far

too great number of controlled newspapers, one is nevertheless shocked to discover that the very great majority of them, from small rural "gazettes" to the *New York Times*, are directly subsidized or owned by big business, dictated to by their advertisers, or simply bribed.

Such are the facts given us by George Seldes. The word "facts" is here used enthusiastically, because *Freedom of the Press* is the most concrete book I have ever had occasion to read. The author is a veteran news-reporter, thoroughly grounded in the subject about which he writes. One feels from the first that here is a man who actually does know what he is talking about. The book contains an endless amount of illustrative and documentary material and quotations from very many sources. Not one statement is made without one or more cases being cited to prove it.

A book of this sort might very well have been made very sensational, what

with the revealing of so many amazing facts. But it is not. The author does not seem to be bothered with sensationalism. It is evident that his own aim is to impart much-needed information to the public in the most intelligent and intelligible manner possible. He is entirely successful.

Freedom of the Press is an excellent book. It has excellence because it deals in an adequate, sensible way, with a subject vitally affecting all right-thinking American citizens. Mr. Seldes puts the whole foul system before you for inspection. It may well be taken notice of.

Tavern

JACK LARIMER

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1937-1938

THE glaring red neon sign read "Okey Doke Tavern," and below, "Falls City Beer on Tap." The bottle-strewn cinder lot surrounding the squat, unlovely wooden building was covered with cars and trucks of every make and model. From the open door the blare of a toil-worn phonograph poured out to profane the young night.

Two drunks argued loudly and coarsely on the fender of a battered '32 Chevy. A lanky youth of seventeen or eighteen leaned against the single, bumper-scarred tree and relieved his protesting stomach. He grinned vacantly as we walked carefully by him, and then groaned.

Inside, the venerable "hootin' Annie" ground out *Twilight in Turkey* in a desperate effort to drown the noise of clinking glasses, shuffling feet, and intermingled snatches of strident conversation. Behind the bar two dirty-aproned Latins racked up frothy steins and poured liquid dynamite from assorted bright-labeled bottles into double-ended shot glasses. The tipplers were a motley crowd, ranging from overalled farmers and dark-eyed miners with

thick, hairy arms to loud-mouthed, cigarette-smoking youths with wrinkled suits and opened collars. An effort to satisfy a thirst was the only bond between them.

Beyond the lighted bar, dancers swirled and bounced over a scarred hardwood floor. Couples glued themselves together, swaying and bending to the savage rhythm. A loose-mouthed youth marked with an ugly, puckered scar under one eye drew most of the attention of those in surrounding booths. Neither he nor his pale, black-haired partner seemed to be bound by frailties of the flesh. They twisted from one grotesque position to another without for a moment losing the furious beat of the music. Her long hair whipped about in disarray as the boy bent her lithe body far backward, straightened, spun rapidly several times, slid swiftly sideways with short, quick steps, and, as the trumpet hit the last blaring high note, swung her, with a swirl of her short black skirt, into a bottle-littered booth already partly occupied by another drunken couple.

The night air was cool and clean, and a single bright star hung low in the east.

How to Get Into a Sorority

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1938-1939

EVEN the undignified word "rushing" is too placid to give an indication of the cut-throat activity involved in a university sorority rush week. However, it seems that rushing is a necessary evil if girls are to get into sororities and if sororities are to get girls. Now that my rush week is long gone, if not forgotten, I feel free and also better qualified to discuss frankly the most effective way of getting into a sorority.

In the first place, if you're seriously interested in sorority life and know you couldn't possibly live without this or that little Greek letter badge, it would be best to begin your Greek letter campaign early in life. A good initial step is to keep your eyes open at alumni and parent-teacher meetings near your home town. Cultivate at these gatherings the friendship of the women who wear the better-known Greek letter pins (and also the conceited attitudes). Next, you must engage in a little personal research to discover which of the women has bought a chair or a lamp or some such article for her Greek letter chapter house. Having successfully sighted one such woman, you may begin to be your most charming self whenever you are near her. This involves, of course, a few unpleasant affectations of interest, such as listening enthralled to her story of the night she reigned as prom queen and hearing over and over again about the day she was acclaimed the ideal coed. If you're a good listener, these affectations will successfully win for you a sorority backer—

someone to write and recommend you to the chapter. The perfect system is to cultivate the friendship of two such women, for it is reassuring to feel their rivalry as each tries to induce you to join her particular group. I can't over-emphasize the importance of this lamp or chair or such article in deciding your fate—if it cost \$50, the alum's letter about your wonderful ability, personality, and intellect *may* be read—but if it cost \$500, you may be certain that any lack of these qualities will be overlooked when the girls meet you.

Your real test begins with rush week. Let us assume that your letter of recommendation came from an "\$150 alum." This means that if the girls see in you some of the virtues of a successful coed you will be placed upon their preferred list. They feel no *great* obligation to this alum, however; so the result is up to you. Perhaps the whole thing is an act of God, but, if you fail in your Greek-letter quest, you will be blamed—He won't. For your first rush engagements wear something at which your mother would scream in horror. I have seen nine preferential party invitations issued because an enormous glittering brooch had been pinned boldly—of all places!—on the back of a black glove. The sorority girls are going to try to remember you by some outstanding quality or article; so if you don't want them to talk about you as "that green-eyed, red-headed thing," you had better give them something real to remember. If you return to

the house a few times for breakfasts, luncheons, or dinners it is an absolute necessity that you smile—even if smiling is the last thing you feel like doing—and that you always laugh at anyone's attempt to be funny. Even the noise of a tittering laugh will be the object of gratitude. The active sorority members will thank you for having kept that moment from being a dead silence, and for having given them an interval during which a new topic might be prepared for conversational endeavor. If you can move your eyes quickly from place to

place, the actives will be really impressed by your vivacity. You needn't say anything along with this process—just be sure to smile. Having impressed the group as much as you are able during the time you can spend in the house, you will return from the last party a nervous wreck. All this seems an integral part of the system of rushing. Now all that remains is for you to wait until the pledge lists appear, and then proceed to your chapter house to be hugged and kissed by the girls as if you were their long-lost friend.

She Makes a Fuss About Eating

PHYLLIS GREENWALD

Rhetoric I, Theme 16, 1938-1939, Impromptu

SHE sits down at the table and stares disdainfully at the plate before her. Delicately, she picks up her fork and starts to toy with a piece of meat. Then she deliberately pushes her plate away, and with an air of "coax me to eat" says, disgustedly, "This food doesn't appeal to me."

Sylvia always fusses about eating. Day after day she walks into the dining room to complain about the meal served her. Naturally, she is a mere slip of a girl, and thinks it smart to look anemic. She eats, of course (the truth of the matter is, she has as large a capacity for food as the rest of us), but to hear her talk, nothing tempts her jaded appetite. Not until everyone has had a chance to coax her to "just taste it, anyway," does she consent to do us a favor and try to eat. Then, after picking at the plate just

long enough to impress us that she's doing it all for us, she begins to eat with as much enthusiasm as the rest of us, and I always wonder how she managed to control her appetite through all the time the little by-play has taken.

Her appetite never ceases to amaze me. From the amount of fuss she makes I always expect to see her push away a half-emptied plate, after delicately toying with its contents for some time, and walk away from the table, claiming to have eaten her fill. Instead, she is the first one to ask for a second helping! When she has finally eaten her fill, she pushes her plate away, grimacing to express her impatience with people who enjoy eating, and says: "I don't see why you girls rush home to meals. This food doesn't appeal to me."

The Winnah!

LOGAN MUIR

Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1937-1938

I BELIEVE that when I was ten my barbaric tendencies had come to perfection. For the same reason that Romans watched grim death from their stadii, for the same reason that orientals developed their famed tortures, for the same reason one hundred and seventy-five thousand people crowd to an auto race-track, I started an ant fight.

It was easy. I just located a black ant hill and a red ant hill and shoveled the latter into a wheelbarrow. I carted it over to the black ant hill, being careful to allow none of the teeming little rascals to escape. The red ones were angry. They rushed here, then there, then back; they twiddled antennae with each other; they dug furiously; they swirled and swarmed about looking for their antagonist. I dumped them and the remains of their castle about five feet from the black ant hill, and in a short while the Reds blamed the Blacks for their predicament. Ferociously they attacked the astonished Blacks, who quickly mobilized their own forces. Individual hand-to-hand encounters were taking place all over the area, but if a tired Black won out on the Red side he was soon annihilated, and vice-versa. A battle line formed. The Reds appeared toughest. They slashed and reared and bit and crushed until they had forced the Blacks to their own doorstep. On the left two Reds were attempting to pull a

Black in two. Next to them a pair were reared up, fighting toe to toe and tooth to tooth. Back a little from the line others were hauling off silent reminders of the slaughter. Corpses of both sides were carried down the holes, probably to the pantry. It wasn't long before I was siding with the Blacks, for they were the weaker, and they had been unjustly accused. My sense of fair play, warped though it must have been, could not resist the temptation to crush out a few Red lives where the fight was going particularly against the Blacks.

Time wore on and my favorites had been well aided. I was as much a Black ant in feeling as in size I was not. So absorbed was I in the battle that I did not see my father coming. He reached for the wheelbarrow and in so doing stepped on half the Black army. I looked up. I felt like a baseball fan whose home team has been sinned against by the umpire. I swore a black, black oath for my ten years. My father straightened, brought his other foot in on top of most of the remaining Blacks. One hand went down to my neck to make sure I kept my kneeling position, while the other swung in wide, fast arcs from high in the air to the seat of my pants. The Blacks and I were beaten. It was "Father's Day" all the way around. I shouldn't have provoked him—or the red ants.

When I Went to School

BEATRICE McCLELLAND

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1938-1939

AS I WENT past our small country school the last time I was home I remembered hearing someone say there was a new teacher this year. Sure enough, there she was out in the yard playing some kind of game with the children—her heels clicking and her short skirts flying. I thought of the difference between her and some of the teachers I had had—especially the first one.

Mother had taken me to school that first day and had left me all moved into my new desk. I was a bashful little towhead, and sat there, not daring to move. But out of the corner of my eye I gave the teacher a furtive glance, and I decided I'd like her, despite her appearance. She wore a nondescript, monotone dress over her dumpy figure—as she did the three years I went to school to her. Her skirts were ankle-length, and gathered at the waist, topped with a long-sleeved, high-necked shirt-waist. The long-sleeves and high neck were essential as she wore the traditional red flannels, which occasionally crept out from under her sleeves. Her shoes, always black, had high tops, which undoubtedly kept her ankles warm and probably held the red flannels down.

Her teaching was plain, thorough teaching—no wonder, she had taught for forty years. We had readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic every day; no music, no art, and scarcely any social life. The Christ-

mas program and the last day of school were the big events of the year, and even those were brief and simple—perhaps a reading or two, and songs. The songs were the most fun. There was an organ, old and rickety, but no one could play it, and anyway, we didn't need music, for teacher could sing. And she did, standing on the rostrum, one hand holding the song book, the other beating time. We all joined in lustily, each with his own version of the tune.

She was calm and placid, with nerves that must have been iron-clad, for no matter how much we yelled and scrambled about at noon and recesses, she read on, never being outside the schoolhouse except as she came in the morning and went home at evening. We found one way to make her angry though, and that was to whisper or play in schooltime. We had to study then, and study hard, so that we learned what was given to us. She depended on her own resources for her material for our work, and much of the equipment we used she had improvised.

I wonder if we didn't learn more of the rudiments of education in our simple school than the grade school pupils do today with modern principles and so many extra-curricular activities on their minds. No, I'm not against modern schools; they're all right in their way, but perhaps I'm prejudiced, for—well, that was when I went to school.

The Wheat Field

EVERT E. TICE

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1938-1939

IT WAS five o'clock in the morning. The alarm rang steadily and I scrambled out of bed, dull and drowsy. I stumbled over to the window and looked out. "My God," was my first thought, "I'll have to drive the tractor today." My clothes were lying on the chair, and I reluctantly began pulling them on. I dressed, ate my breakfast, then went to the tractor shed, and rolled back the door. There stood my charge for the day.

It was a caterpillar tractor, called the "Cat" for short. It seemed short and rather small at first glance in spite of its brilliant yellow paint. But I knew that under the steel hood there was plenty of power for all kinds of work. There was work to be done, and I couldn't stand admiring the Cat all day. It had to be greased, and the twenty-gallon fuel tank had to be filled. There are twelve grease caps on a Caterpillar tractor. It took about fifteen minutes for me to clean these caps and, with a pressure grease-gun, to squirt about a quarter of a pound of grease into each. It was a struggle, and I came out of it with grease on my hands, my clothing, and even my face. Then I carried fuel for the tank, water for the radiator, and added a quart of oil. I removed the oil filter and, finding it with about a quarter of an inch of dust and dirt in the bottom, cleaned it out. I screwed the filter back on after filling it about half full of clean oil. The Cat was ready to crank.

I turned on the switch, checked the position of the gears, and began crank-

ing. Cranking can be done only a quarter of a turn at a time, but on the second quarter turn the motor caught. My brother, who was to operate the combine that day, came up just then, and, with an agreeable glance at each other we climbed to the seat. We stopped by the house to hook on the trailer, which contained the supplies needed to prepare the combine for its day's work. Then we headed for the wheat field. The combine was sitting there ready to go to work. Well, almost ready. It needed grease in about thirty-five grease caps, the draperies had to be put on, the motor checked, and the inside of the outfit had to be cleaned out. It was my job to check the motor and put on the draperies.

Checking the motor was easy work. Just gas, oil, and water, with two grease caps to fill. But putting on the draperies was another matter. The draperies of a combine are long strips of heavy canvas three feet wide with wooden slats spaced at regular intervals along their entire length. They are used to carry the cut grain into the combine. There are three of these draperies—or canvases, if you prefer—on almost all combines. On our outfit one canvas was twenty-four feet long, another was eight feet long, and another was seven feet long. I had no trouble with the short canvases, but the long one was wrongly rolled. I could not simply slip it around the rollers as I unrolled it; so I laid it on the ground, unrolled it, and then re-rolled it in the correct manner. When that had been

done, the canvas slipped around the rollers very easily.

I looked around. Homer was still greasing the combine, but when he saw I had done my job, he said, "Clean the combine out, kid. I'm not done greasing yet."

"Someday," I thought, "*I'm* going to tell *him* what to do." I buttoned the collar of my shirt and went into the open elevator hole. The beards on the inside managed to work inside my shirt and next to my skin in spite of my previous precautions. I threw dirt and chaff out of the combine in nothing flat and climbed out of that dirty hole in a very few minutes. While I tried to get some of the beards out of my shirt, Homer walked through the standing grain to see if it was dry. When he returned he said, "Let's go, kid. If we're going to get this field done today we'll have to step on it."

But we had very bad going for the first round. We choked the combine down three times. When a combine chokes down, it gets so much straw in the cylinder that it can't take care of it all, and as a result the straw stops the cylinder. We usually choked down because of wet straw or because of driving too fast. We picked up a very large "slug" the first time because I was driving too fast. To remove the slug one must turn the cylinder backwards by means of a long-handled wrench. After turning the cylinder a full turn backwards, Homer gave the motor full throttle, and threw the combine in gear. Eventually the slug was broken up by the cylinder enough to pass on through the combine. But such a method took a lot of time, and it also required patience to wait for the slug to go through when we knew that we were losing valuable time.

After that first round Homer kept yelling at me to drive slower, even though I was doing my best. He was a back-seat driver in the strict sense of the word. When we stopped to empty the grain tank, I was peeved. "I'm running the tractor," I said, climbing from the seat, "and you're running the combine. I'll run the tractor my way, and you can run the combine your way."

"O. K., kid," he answered, "but remember, the fellow on the tractor is the one who keeps slugs from going through."

That outburst did the work, all right. Homer didn't say anything to me about the way I was running the tractor, and I noticed that he was watching the combine better. We weren't cutting so much straw, and as a result the grain was cleaner. We worked on until noon, when we stopped. Homer didn't want to lose any time; so he said, "You take the whole outfit by yourself for a round while I eat my dinner; then I'll take it while you eat."

I objected at once. "How is one man going to run that outfit by himself?" I asked. "You can't raise or lower the platform from the tractor or throttle the combine motor, either."

"We'll set the platform and leave it, and we'll set the throttle on full," Homer replied. "What's the matter? Don't you want to tackle it by yourself?"

I didn't want to let him show me up; so, with some misgiving, I climbed on the Cat after setting the combine platform and throttle. I traveled very slowly and was able to complete the round without a stop. Then Homer started out while I ate my dinner. I walked over to the shade of a hedge-tree, sat down, and unpacked my lunch box. It was good to be able to rest after listening to the roar of two motors all morning. Then I

noticed that I didn't hear the sound of the Cat as plainly as before. I looked up and saw Homer was stopped. He was trying to get a slug out of the combine. I smiled. He had been driving too fast, and the combine had choked down. "I'll have to tell him about that," I thought and went back to my dinner. I finished eating, smoked a leisurely cigarette, then noticed that the combine was stopped again. I walked over to it. "Want some help?" I yelled. Homer just glared at me. I helped him get rid of the slug, then climbed on the Cat. The afternoon's work was beginning.

It seems that farm work is always most tiresome in the afternoon. Combining wheat is no exception. When a person watches a stream of yellow grain flow into the elevator of the combine, he is bound to get sleepy. I did. In fact, I went to sleep. When I was awakened by an ear-splitting yelp from Homer, I saw that we were heading diagonally across the wheat field instead of down the side as we should have been. I straightened out the direction of travel, then looked sheepishly back at Homer. He was grinning from ear to ear, so I laughed, too. At least we could still laugh.

But more than wheat went into the combine. We were moving along at a fairly rapid rate when Homer yelled. Instantly, I stopped the Cat, and looked around. There was a bull-snake on the platform. Before we could stop, however, the snake was carried up into the cylinder. Nothing to do but keep on going. But I wanted to see what happened to the snake. I supposed that he would be killed and pretty well cut to pieces. But about five minutes later, the snake came out. It was alive, and as soon as it hit the ground it humped

its back and started crawling. How it ever came through the combine alive, I do not know, but it was certainly alive when I last saw it.

We were due for more trouble. Clouds began forming on the western horizon, and we knew that we would probably have a thunderstorm soon. Without waiting for Homer's signal, I pulled the throttle back. It was a race now to see whether we could finish the field before the rain started. Everything went along well until just before we were ready to finish. Suddenly there was a terrific clatter somewhere in the back end of the combine. We stopped. Homer and I both glanced at the sky and then rushed to the source of the noise. A grain elevator had become clogged.

Working hastily, we took off the top of the elevator and found the grain buckets full of green waste which we had picked up during the course of the day. I turned the combine slowly backwards while Homer cleaned out the buckets. Finally we were finished and ready to start again. All this time the clouds were coming closer. We couldn't waste any more time.

We finished at six-thirty. At once we covered the combine, because the first drops of rain were falling. I went inside the combine again because it had to be cleaned out before the rain got inside and soaked the beards and dirt which had collected. When I finished and crawled out, it was raining steadily. Homer and I climbed on the Cat. We were tired, wet, and dirty, but both of us had satisfaction in our hearts. We felt that we had done a good job. Probably other men have felt the same way about their jobs, but I can't believe that their satisfaction is as deep-rooted as the farmer's.

The Table Groans No More

RUTH JINKINS

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1938-1939

WHEN the inventor of the combine fastened the last nut in the wheel and stood back to survey his work, he probably pictured a revolution in wheat production the world over. I wonder whether he foresaw the effect his machine would produce on that great Mid-Western institution, the old-fashioned threshing dinner. I remember anticipating that event from the day the grain began to assume the peculiar whitish tint which meant the hot June sun's rays were taking effect. When the threshing season actually began, and Dad finally announced that the machine would reach our fields in a few days, I began to watch the sky for any small clouds that might develop into thunder showers and postpone the day still farther. I went to bed each night and woke each morning with the number of days yet to pass always in the back of my thoughts.

Nor was I alone in my expectations. Mother began to clean the house almost a week before the threshing machine was to arrive. Curtains in the dining room had to be freshly laundered and the rest of the downstairs made "spic and span." At least three or four days before, Mother began to worry over her menus. Dad was quizzed about the dinners served by neighboring women, and Mother attempted to think of different dishes. Strange to say, Dad never remembered what he ate beyond the kind of pie and whether the meat was well prepared. If we were to serve dinner only one day, there was a most judicial weighing of the respective values of

escalloped oysters or corn combined with roast. I always wanted fried chicken, and Mother had to remind me every year that neither Nathan Kendall nor Fred Rossnut would so much as touch chicken meat. Then, too, there was John Miller. He never ate anything except roast beef, sweet potatoes, and white bread.

Of course, all the silverware had to be polished and all the extra table leaves brought down from the closet upstairs. The huge roaster had to be scoured and a five-gallon crockery jar washed in preparation for the meat and iced tea. About two days before the dinner, Mother became even more particular than usual about flies, and my little sister and I were given swatters and sent scurrying over the house in chase of the half a dozen merry little monsters that had managed to slip past her watchful guard of the screendoors. Dad was known to have suffered severe embarrassment once when a fly buzzed over the table during a threshing dinner, and Mother tried her best to prevent another such catastrophe.

At last the great day came. Mother arose long before the workers began to arrive. The pies were in the oven, and the beans were boiling on top of the stove before seven o'clock. Mother and I washed the breakfast dishes in between her frequent peeks into the oven to see whether the pie shells were browning evenly or whether juice was bubbling from the fruit pies. My little sister posted herself at the dining-room window where she announced the arrival of

each rack and grain wagon with delighted shouts. By seven-thirty Mother began to look anxiously toward the clock and wish that Aunt Goldie would hurry (she was always late), and when she finally arrived, she and I were hurried away to town with the list of meat, bread, cheese, extra ice, and other supplies that could not have been safely purchased the day before. By the time we returned, Grandmother Fisher and several neighbor women had arrived to help and were all busily at work under Mother's direction. When the meat had been prepared and stowed away in the oven, the dinner was considered well on its way to preparation.

The kitchen was a compelling spot all morning, with its delicious odors and busy chatter. It possessed the same fascination for Dad that it did for me. He always found excuse to stroll in several times during the morning, ostensibly to report upon how the threshing was progressing and "how much the wheat was making," but usually leaving with an apple filched from under a busy paring knife or a piece of cheese rescued from the grater. Then, too, he seemed to feel that despite Mother's years of experience, the dinner could hardly be served on time without his guiding advice.

By eleven-thirty most of the dishes were prepared except for last-minute touches, and I began to watch at the rear kitchen window. From there I announced the arrival of the first men at the wash basins beside the rear porch. Then began a hurry and bustle unequaled yet during the morning. I was allowed to fill the glasses with iced tea and to help carry vegetables into the dining table. Finally, surveying the crowded table in triumph, Mother announced that dinner

was ready, and Dad called the men. They filed in, the older men talking easily, the younger men silent and bashful, and took the chairs Mother assigned them. Grandpa Jinkins always sat at the foot of the table and Dad at the head. After a brief offering of grace, Mother handed the huge platter of bread to Dad and started the other dishes on their circuit of the table. The first few strained seconds over, the group became very jovial. Verner Ghere always asked Mother if there were enough coconut cream pies for him to eat two pieces, and Fred Rossnut told his latest dry joke. I reveled in my important duty of refilling the tea glasses. One shy, stuttering boy was in great fear of my iced pitcher, and I enjoyed seeing just how near to him I could come without actually touching him. The dinner took a surprisingly short time, considering the amount of preparation it required. After repeated refusals of another piece of pie, the men rose and retired to the side yard to sit and smoke under the trees. The women cleared the table and dished warm food for themselves. Relaxed after the last few hours' strain, they sat at the table much longer than the men, talking of their morning's work and of "how well the men had eaten" certain dishes.

Providing the men were not to return next day, the afternoon was a definite anti-climax after the morning's excitement. Since everyone was lazy, it was late before all the dishes were washed and stacked away. I wandered about listlessly, trying to decide whether to find a book to read or just listen to the women's conversation. If we were to serve dinner next day, the afternoon was a repetition of the previous one. Small tasks were completed; and menu

changes, influenced by the enthusiasm the men had evinced for baked beans or salads that noon, were discussed.

Very little cooking was done the day after the threshing dinner. Dad moved on with the machine, and we who were left at home ate cold beef sandwiches and reheated vegetables. When the table had been shortened and the roaster greased and stored away, I realized with regret that my share in the year's threshing season was over.

Of late more and more of the wheat harvesting has been done with combines. One by one the old threshing machines are being retired to their sheds and used only for small crops of oats. The rumbling racks and grain wagons are being replaced by powerful trucks. Combining is entirely mechanical, and requires the aid of few hands. Since the only "extra men" are those who drive the tractor and operate the machine,

women are losing the art of preparing enormous dinners as they did for threshing crews. The combine men either bring their lunches from home and stop only a few minutes at noon for a hurried meal or work in shifts during the noon hour. Housewives have no incentive to think of new dishes or strive for unusually enticing meals under such circumstances. Very ordinary food of little variety is served, and one woman alone can prepare all that is needed for one crew. The combine is undoubtedly a great improvement in economy, time, and efficiency over the old threshing machine. Yet all must regret the loss of the atmosphere attending the old method. The art of cooking will suffer greatly, and the younger generation will lose many moments of happy anticipation and excitement, when the threshing dinner becomes completely an event of the past.

Industrial Dictatorships

MAX KELLEY

Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1938-1939

THOSE of us who are not too indifferent to international problems usually give way to a more or less vehement curse when we read the latest account of Hitler's or Mussolini's method of handling resentful subordinates. Concentration camps and firing squads are indeed inhuman though effective means of getting a desired result. We as Americans will all agree to this. Yet in our own supposedly superior democracy,

we have many situations where dictatorship is just as much present as in any European government. I do not refer to the higher politics of the land, for anyone who can diagnose so complex a situation must certainly be a genius, but I speak instead of the dictatorship which is present where the residents of a community are dependent upon one industry for support.

Let me use, for an example, a small

Middle-Western town, the name of which I will not state. The entire life of the town is subject directly or indirectly to the will of one man. The man is, of course, the head of the central industry. Not only the industry is directed and controlled by him, but also the social life, the educational system, and the political and the financial affairs of the community, if they happen to be of interest to him, are subject to his wishes. On the surface everything is as calm as the placid exterior of a hospital, but let any man protest a measure too loudly and he will find himself unemployed and marked as a troublemaker when he tries for another position. Since the industry is controlled by one man, everything he wishes need only be made plain, and "presto," it is done. There are always ready henchmen for the dictator, and this industrial ruler has little trouble in finding men to carry out his bidding. No act which forces an unruly subject into submission ever points directly to the head man, but nevertheless when one looks twice he sees that this one individual is the only cause. In the town to which I have reference the superintendent of the industry is also president of the board of education, and the other nine members are men who are directly below him in the industry. Recently when the superintendent of schools became too conscientious and pointed out the incompetency of the school system to a state inspector, he was given his dismissal within twenty-four hours. Not only the educational system but the public offices as well are controlled by men who are in one way or another so dependent upon the industry that no proposal is carried

out until the "boss" has sanctioned it. He sits in on the meetings of the bank's directors, and it is well known to every man present that if the financial end of the situation is not handled to please him, the bank will not handle the company's funds any longer. Since handling these funds is its principal function, such an action would mean disaster to every man present. Consequently, no objections are made.

Because of the existing situation, the progress of the community is retarded. The educational system is barely adequate, and there are no public improvements unless the worker and not the industry is taxed. What taxes are placed upon the industry can easily be modified by a hint of what might happen if. . . . Everything is run by one man; in his little puddle, he is the only big frog. All of his associates know that this frog will turn cannibal if they begin to grow up; so they remain pollywogs and do not drop their tails as they get older.

This is only one example of what actually exists in hundreds of similar cases. I am not advising labor unions as the remedy to this problem, for I think that they merely put the balance of power on the other extreme and cause the situation to exist in the reverse. My point is that it is not the right of an industry which is dominated by one individual to say what shall be done outside of the actual carrying out of the manufacturing process. Let the politics, education, finances and social life be directed by the people of the community to whom they are of vital interest and not by an industrial dictator who is more concerned with saving his business money than with the welfare of the citizens.

Black Gold

MARY ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Rhetoric 1, Theme 17, 1938-1939

A LITTLE less than three years ago, Mattoon was merely a small, sleepy town in southern Illinois. It saw its greatest activity each Saturday night when farmers overran it to do their weekly marketing. Then suddenly, under the very noses of the residents, Mattoon was metamorphosed into a thriving and prosperous city. Now it is well-nigh impossible to find parking space in the business district. Almost every other building downtown has a new and modern front. Membership in the country club has been restricted—an unheard-of thing—because of the demand to join it. The cause of this tremendous change in Mattoon is the drilling for and producing of oil in the surrounding territory.

A newspaper recently dubbed Mattoon the "oil capital of Illinois." For Mattoon has become the Illinois headquarters for oil companies. Twenty major companies have located there and more are coming in each week. The population has increased four hundred because of the influx of oil men and their families.

Although oil was discovered in Illinois in the nineteenth century, it was not until 1935 that the Carter Oil Company made extensive surveys of the land. The company began to lease land rapidly. Other companies followed the example. Then the companies began to cast about for a community suitable for permanent headquarters. All oil companies locate in the same place in order to secure cer-

tain information from each other. An alert Association of Commerce, represented by its secretary, a Mr. Seldomridge, was responsible for Mattoon's becoming the final choice of the oil companies. Mr. Seldomridge is a man with a great deal of energy. He instigated a round-up for all men interested in the development of oil in Illinois. He sent invitations to oil companies in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and those temporarily located in other southern Illinois towns. The business men of Mattoon entertained these companies with a dinner and dance at the Mattoon Country Club. About five hundred guests attended the round-up. The attendance exceeded expectations so much that, in order to take care of the guests, a huge tent was erected beside the clubhouse. This was in 1937. Because the party was an overwhelming success, it was repeated in the early fall of 1938. This time eight hundred guests came and there were two tents. The leading department store gave each lady a fine linen handkerchief, and a floral shop provided corsages. Mr. Seldomridge was especially active in comfortably locating the oil men in offices and homes. Mattoon society accepted the oil people at once.

Mattoon, however, has more to offer the oil companies than its hospitality. The principal requirements for the successful administration of the executive branch of an oil company are trunk-line railroads, adequate telephone facilities,

good hotels, and ample office and residential accommodations. Mattoon meets these requirements better than any other southeastern Illinois city. It is situated on two main railroad lines, the Illinois Central and the New York Central, and on two state highways. The telephone company has enlarged its switchboard because of the increased number of long distance calls. One of Mattoon's hotels has just built a twenty-room addition. All available space in the buildings in the business district is being turned into offices.

With the arrival of so many people the housing problem naturally became an important one. The hotels began to be filled to capacity every night and houses to rent became very scarce. Rents became high enough so that several Mattoon home owners took small apartments and rented their homes very profitably. Many private homes rent one or more of their rooms. Since my mother had not advertised a room for rent, she was surprised one day when a man called to inquire about a room. He explained that because no rooms were available he had simply chosen a good neighborhood and was going from door to door hoping someone would take pity on him.

About two months ago, in order to relieve this desperate situation, a local realtor converted a sixteen-acre tract of land at the edge of Mattoon into a residential subdivision of the city. The city immediately passed an ordinance incorporating the subdivision. One approaches it over a wide avenue along which young elm trees have been planted. All the lots are on a circular drive. Landscaping is under way on each lot. A sanitary system has been completed. Electric light and power service is ready to be furnished at any time. Already nine houses have been built. Elmridge, the name of

the subdivision, is a truly beautiful, as well as necessary, addition to Mattoon.

The oil industry has given employment to hundreds of Mattoon people. The restaurants are employing more waitresses. Since a large per cent of the oil people live in hotels or rented rooms, the restaurants enjoy their steady patronage. Stenographic positions with oil companies are abundant. Many girls in my graduating class obtained jobs as stenographers immediately upon being graduated. Two years ago only a favored few high school girls were lucky enough to get jobs in Mattoon so soon after graduation. Moreover, the Elmridge project, a result of the oil boom in Mattoon, has furnished work for W. P. A. workers, contractors, lumber companies, plumbers, and countless others. Since the project was begun, the average number of W. P. A. workers has been sixty-five. At times there have been as many as one hundred workers.

Many towns have become, on the discovery of oil in the vicinity, dirty, unsightly places with the rank smell of crude oil penetrating every corner. Often ugly oil derricks pop up in the middle of the street or in the neighbor's back yard. Mattoon is fortunate in having received all the advantages of an oil boom and none of its disadvantages. Although Mattoon is within a radius of sixty miles of the oil fields, it has not yet smelled the odor of crude oil nor has its increased population included any of the riff-raff who come to work as manual laborers in the oil fields. The immigrants consist of executives of companies, independent speculators, and geologists.

Several wells were drilled recently just outside Mattoon. Although they were dry wells, Mattoon has had the foresight to pass ordinances placing re-

strictions on the drilling for oil in the city. No wells may be drilled in the business district, and only one well may be drilled in each city block. Even with these precautions Mattoon's future is, to say the least, uncertain.

SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN

The Mattoon oil field has been opened. It has proved conclusively that the Michael oil well located in Mattoon has a potential pumping production of one hundred twenty-five barrels of oil a day.

The Ugliness of My Home Town

E. S. Doocy

Rhetoric I, Theme 14, 1938-1939, Impromptu

TWO railroads intersect in the center of my home town. To an aerial observer they would give the appearance of some strange stamp of destruction, covering the city like a cross, and blighting everything it touched. Within two blocks of the railroads the blight begins to make itself felt. The houses become poorer and more closely spaced. They assume a dull, depressing grey color, which nearer to the railroad, deepens to black. The people in those sections follow the same pattern. On the outskirts of the blight they subsist moderately well and, except for a slight grinniness in their attitude toward life, appear unaffected. Up at the very edge of the black railroad right-of-way, the people live in a constant inferno of noise, sulfur fumes, and black smoke. They are apparently so completely bewildered by the din and the gases that they do not feel their squalor and misery.

At the juncture of the four arms of the black cross, the dirt and despair bursts, as if under pressure, out into the

heart of the town. Garish neon signs, gleaming through the smoke and steam, invite the workers to let their bodies sag over greasy bars in stinking, smoke-filled rooms, and absorb cheap adulterated liquor. Late at night they reel down unswept, broken pavements toward home, temporarily elevated, thanks to "white lightning," beyond consciousness of their intense fatigue and despair.

The people in the large, well-kept old houses in the "better" parts of the city live in a fine up-and-coming little metropolis. To them the railroad means business and money in the town. They call it "the backbone of our community," and are proud of its large handsome stations and offices. They never mention the slums around the shops and switching yards, however. Indeed, only when some vagrant gust of wind blows a cloud of suffocating, black and yellow soft-coal smoke across the residential section, do they become vaguely conscious of the more sordid effect of the railroad.

The Nineteenth Day

JOHN DOWDALL

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1938-1939

AND still it rained. It was the Wednesday of the third week of rain, seventeen days of interminate, driving rain without the sun's shining for even a few fleeting moments. The first few days had merely been days of discomfort, days when clothes were always wet and when washings had to be dried indoors, days of wet feet and colds, days of slush and mud and tracked floors; but the few days had become seventeen, the colds became a flu epidemic, and discomfort had given way to disbelief as the rain continued, and finally to despair and dismay. For Beardstown is built along the low east bank of the Illinois River, and with each day's rain the river rose higher than on the day before, higher and higher, more and more menacing. And on the seventeenth day Fred Rohn had told us that "she" would rise to at least thirty feet, six feet higher than ever before, and what Fred said about the river, we took as fact. Fred had been born in a house boat, and he lived in one; he made his living clam-shelling and fishing; he knew every bend and turn of the channel, every tricky eddy of the river for many miles up and down stream; and most of all he studied the river. By checking the speed of the current and the rainfall upstream, he had predicted the crest of the annual spring rise for the past fifteen years, and always within two feet. Fred said thirty feet, and our levee was built to withstand only twenty-eight.

On the eighteenth day we began to reinforce the levee even though the stage

was only twenty-two feet. Fred organized the work and broke us up into crews, each crew having its own special job. One crew was to haul sand and pile it along the levee; another had to collect strong stakes and boards and gunny sacks; another was to fill sacks with sand; and the last crew was put to work patching the weakest parts of the levee. Fred bossed this crew himself, and I was one of it. We filled in holes with cinders and rocks and riprapped where the water would have its strongest sweep against the levee. We worked fourteen hours that day, always in the cold, bitter rain of late March, with Fred accomplishing more than any of the rest, for that was his world—a world of water and mud and rain and conflict. In those fourteen hours the river had gained only five-tenths of a foot, and we began to think that perhaps Fred was wrong. But he only hitched up his hip boots and countered, "Thirty or higher unless this rain quits. Don't let her fool you, 'cause she's goin' to really come up in the next couple of days."

The next morning we knew too well how right Fred had been, for in the night the river had changed its slow, gradual rise into a pounding, driving wall of water that each hour claimed three or four inches of our precious levee, and the current had jumped from ten to fifteen miles an hour. At eight o'clock the water passed the old high mark of twenty-four feet. Fred called upon every able man in town for emergency duty, and Beardstown was like a

town under martial law. Normal life and business ceased; everyone was doing his bit to help. By nine o'clock we had added a double row of sand bags, two deep, to the levee, but the river kept pace. We had added eight inches; the river had moved up six, its solid pressing six against our untried eight. Again in the next hour we added our double row, two deep, and again the river claimed six. And sand bags by themselves can not be trusted to hold back the force of a river, so at Fred's direction we spent the next two hours staking the bags and reinforcing them with planks, a sort of splash board system. In those two hours the river had gained nine-tenths of a foot and stood at twenty-five nine, a rise of a foot and nine-tenths in four hours. It seemed beyond all reason that we would be able to save the town, but we had to fight, had to try. The river had become a personal enemy, a living and challenging enemy defying us with an arrogant knowledge of its superior strength. And fight we did.

In the next three hours the crest had moved upward another foot, and by two o'clock the muddy stream was licking away at the top row of sand bags. If the bags held, we had an outside chance of keeping pace with the rise until the crest had been reached. Those bags held, and each hour we added the two rows, always two rows. Even Fred could make us do no more than that, for we could work only so fast and still work well. We had to work well, for one single poorly placed bag would have been the break through which the river would have poured into the town. And so we worked as rapidly as possible, but carefully, and Fred asked no more of us.

Night came early on that rain-soaked day, and still the battle continued—a battle silently fought, a battle of current

and rain drops against manpower and grains of sand. At four o'clock Fred had ordered all low-lying houses evacuated and the furniture of houses on higher ground moved to the second floors. It certainly was not a heartening command, but it was an honest one given as man to man. By seven o'clock one fact loomed large in our minds, the fact that soon the battle would be settled. The river was rising from four to six inches every hour, and from all upstream indications, would continue to do so. The river stage stood at thirty-one feet, and four of those feet were held back only by sand bags and boards. Sand boils had developed in many scattered spots along the levee, not really dangerous, but troublesome and requiring extra men and bags to well them off. By ten o'clock the houses had been evacuated; the river was at thirty-two three; and leaks had begun to develop, leaks that were extremely difficult to plug. Fred came walking down behind the levee and stopped at one of the grave danger points. He stood full in the white light of a flare and looked quietly about him. The glare danced on his wet slicker and face and on the long shiny barrel of the shot gun he held carelessly cradled in the crook of his left arm. He called the men together and began to speak quietly. "We're licked, men, and we'll be better off if we admit it. If we quit now, the water'll simply run over the top. I hate to see the town flooded, but we can't help that; it's beyond us. If we keep on abuildin', we may get up to thirty-six or thirty-seven feet, but sooner or later she's goin' to give on us. And when it does, it won't be like water running over the top of a cup; it'll be like a cup with a side knocked in. The water'll really wreck then, and it may kill. So we're just goin' to quit now

before that happens. And remember, I'm boss here, and I know the river. We can't stop it now, so I'm doin' this as the best way out. You may not like it, but that's how things stand. Jim and some more of the boys are scattered up and

down to help me carry this through, and we'll do it!" He looked down slowly to the gun in the crook of his arm and waited. No one spoke, and in an hour the river was running slowly over the levee like water over the edge of a cup.

This Is Home

MAX KELLEY

Rhetoric I, Theme 12, 1938-1939

PERHAPS it was the sun shining on the red, warm-looking bricks of the south side of the building which made me stop in my tracks and think. The building was the hospital where, for the past three and one-half months, I have worked for my meals, but now for the first time I noticed the feeling of comfort which the atmosphere of the place gave me. The familiar outline of the roof, the neatly kept lawn, and even the maples along the parkway gave me a satisfied feeling when I looked at them. But why should they affect me like this? Then as if a smoke screen had been lifted, the realization came to me. This was home! the university, the hospital, my rooming house—all these were "home" to me now! "Home," I repeated to myself, unable to believe my senses—"That can't be." Nevertheless, the fact remained. This new life was no longer new to me. Slowly, gradually, without my realizing it, I had grown into my new surroundings until now they had become so familiar that the past seemed very remote and far away. These new surroundings are more home to me now than the place I left only a few short months ago.

If I had been observant, I would have noticed before this that I was growing away from the environment I had formerly lived in. If I had asked myself why I was glad when I reached my room after returning from the Thanksgiving vacation or why the light in my room and the outline of my roommate's shoulders beckoned so welcomingly when I came up to my room last night, all would have been very apparent. This is home to me now, and often as I have cursed the clanging chimes in the Law Building because they kept me awake into the early hours of the morning, I know that I would miss them if I were to go away. Do I long for the life I knew so well before I came to school? Do I want to go back? No, certainly not! I am adjusted to the new surroundings and the new way of living. Now the hum of traffic on Green Street is as familiar as the buzz on the old Main Street at home. I'll wager that now, as I walked up to the entrance of the hospital, an onlooker would have detected that familiar swing which a man has when walking into his own house. I know, at any rate, that the door knob had a homelike creak.

Rhet. as Writ

(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)

Campus life is not care free. This is shown by the fact that a large part of college students are earing their way through college.

.

Strachy started part of the philosophy of their period by showing the seamier side of Queen Victoria.

.

We can belong to whichever religious sex or creed we so desire.

.

The sooner civilization realizes that "preparedness" paves the road to ware, the sooner the earth will cease to be rocked by this devastating conflagration.

.

People realized, too, that their children, nourished on tin cans and carbon monoxide fumes, were not getting the best out of life.

.

After eating and taking pictures of the ledge, which they were on, and of the lake which lay so beautifully at their feet, the two decided to get back to camp.

.

When a person is of some little use to humanity, no matter what, there is value in human life, and when the value of each person is put together, the value of humanity is valuable.

.

When the NRA went into effect, the titians of industry objected.

At first I thought as I was coming home after attending one of the Freshman Mixtures, that something had gone wrong.

.

Progress of civilization has been marked by the battlefield, the scaffold, and the steak.

.

Then, also, many men have not mental intellect to constitute a living, hence they live in poverty.

.

Hyphens are used for separating words at the end of the line if there is not enough room for all of it. They are also used to separate cities from states, and now there are many words which are made up of more than one word and have to have a hyphen between them.

.

Tennis and swimming are two favorite summer sports. A bright flowered swim suit is very attractive with the new cork soled bathing shoes, while tennis shorts are worn so that you will be able to run to the spot where the ball lands.

.

With the gun he could shoot game to eat as well as use it for Indian protection.

.

The unfortunate men had to work naked in the jungles cutting timbers in the presence of tropical aunts, mosquitos, and many other insects.

Honorable Mention

Lack of space prevents the publishing of excellent themes written by the following students.

ROGER W. BRADEN

LOUIS BRIGGS

HELEN BRINKMAN

WM. R. DAVIDSON

DAVID L. EVANS

JUNE FOSTER

WINIFRED HOPPS

CARL N. HUTTER

E. KEEBLER

DONALD KELLEY

CHARLES MALCOLM

MERRITT MOORE

P. NEIL RANDALL

RUTH SHEARER

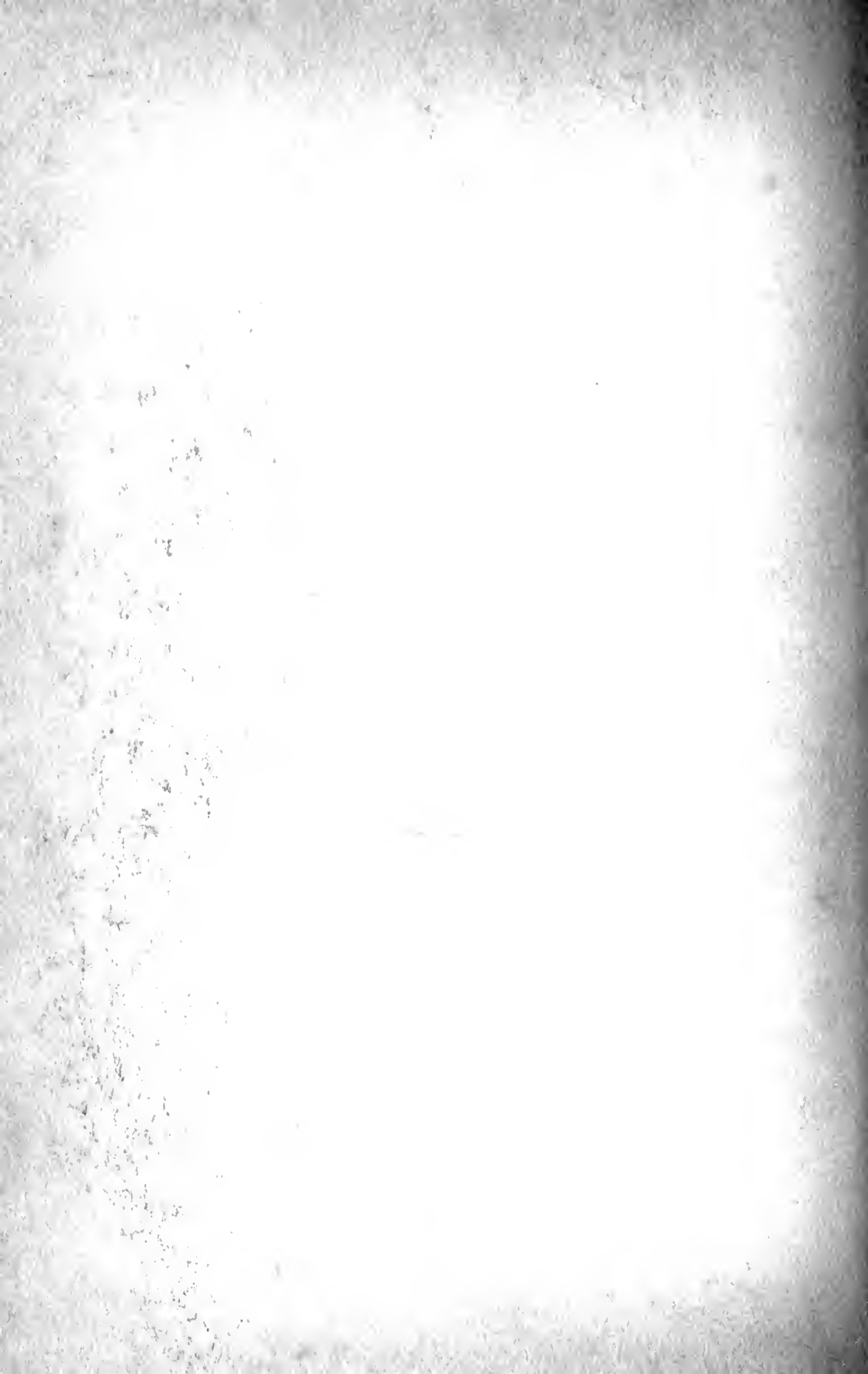
FLORENCE SPENCER

BETTIE TEETOR

WARD THOMPSON

DEAN WESSEL

DOROTHY WILBOURN



THE GREEN CALDRON

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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes Mr. LESTER DOLK, Mr. CHARLES SHATTUCK, Mr. WALTER JOHNSON, Mr. STEPHEN FOGLE, and Mr. CHARLES W. ROBERTS, Chairman.

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Breakfast, Lunchfast, Dinefast

MAX MILLER

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1938-1939

"AMERICAN-speed-and-efficiency" is becoming a byword throughout the world. The visiting foreigner is inclined to marvel openly or secretly at some of the ingenious Yankee time-saving devices. But nothing is so apt to impress and distress him as the peculiar custom that Americans have developed of bolting their food whole. To him a meal is a rite which is to be performed four or five times daily under conditions somewhat conducive to digestion. He is accustomed to allow the better part of an hour for each of these ceremonies. In other words, he takes his eating seriously.

Imagine his confusion then when he enters the bedlam of an American public eating place. He hunts a table as remote as possible from the clatter of dishes and shouting of orders. Before he is comfortably seated, a waiter has placed ice-water in front of him and awaits his order impatiently. (Incidentally, I wonder why ice-water is always served first, for it is a serious hindrance to digestion. Perhaps the glass of water is used as a marker to indicate which of the customers have been served. Or perhaps it is merely put there to divert the patron's attention until his food arrives.) But to return to our bewildered alien—he orders hastily beneath the waiter's restless gaze, and his food is delivered immediately. Delivered, not served.

Hardly has he sipped his soup and nibbled a cracker when the man across the aisle, who ordered at the same time, folds his napkin and departs. In a vain effort not to make himself conspicuous he consumes his food in fifteen minutes and takes his leave, only to suffer from acute indigestion all afternoon.

Actual tests have been conducted by a university hygiene instructor in restaurants on this campus to determine the average length of time that students spend on their midday meal. It was found to be just eight minutes from the moment of arrival to the time of departure.

This practice would be harmless enough if the human body were equipped with a gizzard, strong digestive juices such as the python enjoys, or a system of regurgitation and cud-chewing like that with which the cow is endowed. These handy anatomical devices having been overlooked, if we wish to derive a few calories of energy from the food of which we partake, we must learn to eat slowly and masticate thoroughly while in a contented state of mind. If proper digestion, absorption, and metabolism are worth a little of our over-estimated time, then let's spend an hour on each meal and conserve the world's supply of sodium bicarbonate!

Ice-Boat Versus Train

PAUL FOXMAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1937-1938

MY BROTHER and I went down to the train depot one Saturday morning to meet a friend arriving on the nine o'clock train. While waiting, we met our old friend Mr. Jenkins, the testing engineer for the Erie Railroad Company. "Well, boys," he said, with a voice reflecting his pride, "I'm testing a new engine today. Expect to make the ninety miles in an hour and a quarter. Cuttin' off thirty-five minutes from our old run. That's going some, isn't it?" My brother and I looked at each other and smiled in derision.

"That isn't going so fast, Jenkins. With the wind blowing the way it is this morning, we could beat your train any old time."

"You could, could you," he roared. "I'll bet you a turkey dinner that, with an even start, I'll be at the Albany Bridge half an hour before you."

"You're on, Jenks. Don't forget that turkey."

"All right! The train will be leaving in about an hour."

Henry and I hurriedly left the depot and drove to the Yacht Club. We pushed the *Fury*, our ice-boat, over the rough ground on to the ice. The *Fury* shook and quivered, in the blustery north wind, as though imbued with life, and seemed to be silently laughing at the stored summer boats it was leaving behind. Those boats were like snails in comparison to this spirited racer that could travel faster than the wind. We went over the lean frame, carefully testing and tightening every nut and bolt. After

hoisting sail a half hour later, we waited for the train to come round the bend on the track that parallels the Hudson up to Albany.

The train roared into view, sparks flying from the stack. It looked fast as it thundered up, with its huge drive wheels pounding the track. "Henry," I said, "it seems as though we've got a tough job on our hands. We'll have to go some to beat that outfit." Jenks waved to us from his engine cab and tripped his whistle, which emitted a long shrieking blast, the signal for us to start.

We hauled in the boom to flatten our sheets. The rope, supporting the mainsail, broke near the top and the sail fell with a crash. My brother scrambled up the mast, and by working fast was able to splice the rope before the biting, icy wind could stiffen his fingers. The train, by this time, was almost out of sight. Again, we pulled in our boom and shoved off. The *Fury* crouched for a moment, caught the impact of the wind, and the sails flattened with a snap like the crack of a pistol-shot. The boat heeled up in the air like a frightened cat, and, in the next instant, we lurched forward. The heavy steel runners dug into the ice with a sharp, crunching noise. My brother eased over the helm, dropping the port runner slowly to the ice, and in less time than it takes to tell, we were rapidly gliding at an eighty-mile-an-hour clip.

The day was glorious. The sun shining out of a clear, blue sky sparkled from the icy hummocks in a dazzling glare. All we could hear was the wind whistling

through the lines and the steady scraping noise of the runners, interrupted only when we hit a rough patch of ice. The *Fury* would crack into the ridged ice with sudden rending jars, throwing it in a crystalline spray that reflected the sun's light—a cascade of diamonds. The feeling of the swift onward rush of a bird was ours, a sense of flight, and new freedom; the exhilaration of swooping over boundless space. From the middle of the river we could see the mountains on each side, covered with a soft, fleecy blanket of clean white snow, with here and there a precipitous black rock showing its bare face, accentuated by its very blackness.

Rocketing along, we could see the gap between us and the train steadily dwindling. We closed in near the shore and, as we drew alongside, we could plainly see Jenks yelling and waving from his cab. He sounded a long blast; then most of the passengers looked out to see what was happening. They spied us and waved as we went past. Propelled by a terrific burst of wind, we curved around in a tight figure eight to come back in a long sweeping curve alongside of the train. We were laughing at Jenks and he must have realized this. Rolling black clouds of smoke poured anew from the train stack as he tried to eke out every ounce of speed from the straining train. All his efforts were unavailing, for we were increasing our lead constantly.

The *Fury* rocked violently from side to side as it hit small clumps of ice, which were now becoming quite numerous. The runners ground out their high-pitched, steely song. As we came closer to the river's bank, the landscape flashed by in one long, continuous grey blur, a blending of checkered white and black. Ahead of us loomed an open stretch of water, some twenty-five feet wide. Be-

fore we could gather our startled wits together, we had leaped across and were scooting on.¹

The ice was getting rougher as we progressed and we knew that we would have to loosen our sails and slow down. We couldn't keep crashing on at the pace we were maintaining without something giving way. The *Fury* was very strong, each runner weighing about seventy-five pounds, but it was made of only wood and steel. We slowed down and proceeded at about fifty miles an hour. The train gained on us, and, as it passed, Jenks gave us a few short mocking whistles. It was his turn to laugh now. The passengers waved to us from their warm, comfortable cars. The scene was as new to them as it was to us and they must have enjoyed it immensely.

We anxiously looked about, but as far as we could see the ice was very rough. The wind howled through our rigging, but we couldn't use its full force. "It's going to waste, Henry," I said. "I know that we could beat the train if only we had some smooth ice for the remainder of the trip. We're only about twenty miles from the Albany Bridge. If we don't get smooth ice right away we're licked."

"Let's try the East Shore," my brother said with sudden inspiration. "We might find a clear channel over there." We altered our course and crossed at an oblique angle. We could not find any clear ice and were about to give up when we sighted a smooth, clear channel twenty feet off shore. "Smooth, black ice," shouted my brother. "Let's go."

It was rather dangerous running so

¹Speeds as high as one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour have been recorded in timing one of Mrs. Roosevelt's ice-boats. Many ice-boats, having attained sufficient speed, have crossed the open water passage created by the ferries.

close to shore, but we wanted to win the race and the turkey dinner. We flattened our sails until the ropes strained and the mast creaked ominously. We were taking chances. The runners once more sang their high-pitched song. The stays quivered and the whole boat vibrated like the steel strings of a guitar. We saw the train on the other side of the Hudson falling back, and as we looked forward caught our first glimpse of the

Albany Bridge. This whole gleaming section of the Hudson was clear of any roughness. We set a diagonal course so that we could come closer to the train on the opposite side; for we were sure of winning. We had a superabundance of speed. With a final burst, a gift from howling Boreas, we swooped under the Bridge a quarter of a mile ahead of the train, winners of the race and a turkey dinner.

When I Went to Sunday School

HAZEL BOTHWELL

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1938-1939

IN THE little town where I spent my childhood, one of the prevailing customs was that the children go to Sunday School. I adhered to the custom.

Every Sunday morning I was scrubbed a shiny pink, dressed in my very best plaid dress, and with a clean handkerchief and a penny in my pocket, I was rushed down the path to the road just in time to be picked up by our neighbor. His five children made room for me in the bottom of the wagon, and we were off on our pleasant, bumpy, mile-long journey to church.

The church was one large room with a stove in the center, wooden chairs on both sides, and a small partitioned section at the rear where the secretary sorted the Sunday School papers, took care of Mrs. Jones' baby, and checked the attendance for this Sunday and the last.

The procedure of the school followed a regular routine. The organ wheezed out a few familiar hymns, despite the fact that there were three keys missing on the treble clef, and the people sang loudly. The announcements told the people of a pie social to be held in the Town Hall, reminded them of the Sunday

School picnic at Deer-Tail Creek, and said that the threshers would be at Lem Campbell's place on Tuesday.

When classes assembled, each went to its corner of the room and a little cloth screen was placed in front of it. This shut in the view but not the sound, and a hum pervaded the air like the buzz of the locusts that plagued Israel. Out of the din emerged snatches about rustic principles of good living, about how to check hog cholera, and how to pickle peaches.

Two chords sounded on the organ, signifying that class was over; the little cloth screens were put away, and the people stood while the preacher prayed.

He was a strong man, who plowed six days a week and rested in the Lord on the seventh; he was kind to his family, swore gently to his horses, and helped his neighbors. And when he said, "We thank Thee for Thy blessings," he was giving thanks for the sun, and the rain, and the green fields.

Softened sunlight streamed gently through colored windows on to bowed heads and shed a mellow glow on the weather-beaten faces.

Back Diving

MARJORIE KANE

Rhetoric I, Theme 12, 1938-1939

“ALL THE girls in the first two rows go down to the deep end of the pool; the rest of you will stay here in the shallow end where Miss Graham will help you with your breast stroke.” These are the instructions Miss Vaught, our swimming teacher, gives us as we enter the pool. The girls unlucky enough to be in the first two rows, myself included, move down to the deep end of the pool where we begin our instructions on the back dive.

First of all, our instructor asks if any of us have ever attempted diving backwards before. But two have. Miss Vaught then walks out to the end of the diving board and goes through the motions showing us the basic steps, though not actually diving in. She then calls the first girl and shows her how to stand with just the balls of her feet resting on the board. With Miss Vaught holding her around the waist, the girl leans backwards and falls in head first.

The next girl starts falling in backwards, then becomes scared, and leans forward. She hits the water as if she were going to sit in a chair. The third girl pulls too hard after she leaves the board and goes over backwards too far.

She lands on her stomach and produces a small tidal wave.

Then I hear the fatal word—“Next?” and I step forward, with what I hope appears to be self-confidence. Actually I am quaking within. I stand straight and tense in front of Miss Vaught as she gives me my final instructions. “Now as you go in, bend backwards first with your hands, and then follow with your head, and keep pulling even after you hit the water.”

I start with my hands straight out in front of me at shoulder height and bend backwards. Over, over I bend until suddenly I am released, and I fall face down toward the water. Terrified, I have visions of what could go wrong; with a “sinking into the unknown” feeling I think, “What if I don’t bend enough and sprain my back as the girl in the last class did? What if I bend too much and hurt my stomach? What if I am hurt so much that they have to drag me out of the pool? What if—” and then I feel the water slip away from my body as I go down to the bottom of the pool in a pile. After untangling myself I rise to the surface and swim to the edge. I can hear Miss Vaught saying that next time I should keep my knees straighter.

From a Five-hand Horse

CHARLES B. BARR

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1938-1939

WHEN our family moved back to the farm, my father paid a very high price for a gigantic white mare. Maude, as the horse was called, was the gentlest of the herd and the most faithful in the harness. Now as Maude was growing old, we wanted a colt from her to carry on her good qualities. One would expect the colt from such a wonderful mare to be black, naturally, to be well-built, to have long legs, and to possess all the vim and vigor of a healthy colt. We had agreed, several days before the colt was expected to arrive, that if he should be a blazed-faced colt and should show signs of being gray, his name was to be Smokey. With great eagerness we awaited the birth of what we thought would be the greatest colt in the community. (We still think he is the greatest, but we have very different reasons.)

The morning of June 7 dawned bright and clear. The bright red sun beat down on the dew-covered world with the severity of an acetylene torch. This morning my mother had prepared the farm breakfast as usual, but when it was time to eat, my father was nowhere to be found. Fifteen minutes after the breakfast hour, the simple conjecture of "Oh, he'll be in after while" was no longer sufficient, and we began to speculate on what was wrong. We wondered if a cow had broken through the fence, if one of the pigs hadn't come to the trough, or if old Maude might have had her colt. By the time father did appear, the whole breakfast had grown cold: the biscuits, the crisply fried eggs, the two or three

slices of bacon, and the gravy had lost much of their appeal. My father remained silent until after he had washed, and then he began to tell why he was so late. He said that old Maude had found her colt, and that he had been helping it to its first meal. In our eagerness to hear more about the new colt, we began asking all sorts of questions. My father said that when he had seen the tiny colt, he had said to Maude, half-aloud, "Oh, you've had twins!" Failing to discover another colt, however, he had directed his attention to the one which he could actually see existed. My father avowed that he had never seen a smaller colt than the little pile of flesh that he had seen that morning. The colt was not able to stand up, and consequently it had not had anything to eat when he found it. He had taken some of the mother's milk and had fed the hungry colt its first meal from his cupped hand. He said, however, there was very little chance that a great horse would develop from those small beginnings.

After breakfast we loaded ourselves into the rickety old car and started out across the fields in the direction of the strange animal. Upon arrival, we saw a little creature with a large blazed face and a body little larger than its head. We had brought a pan with us and gave Smokey a square meal. He drank the milk with all the ease and grace possible in so young a baby. Since we were curious about the small heap of quivering horseflesh, we lifted the helpless being to his feet and held him erect.

The muscles in his lower legs were so weak that he stood, not on his dime-sized hoofs, but on the hock joints. Because his rear legs were much shorter than the front ones, a neighbor who came to see the freak a few days later likened him to a giraffe. We chose a dried weed for a measuring pole, and broke it off even with the colt's shoulder. Measurement of the weed showed that the colt stood thirty-one inches high—all of five hands! The colt was so unusual that it became for a while a topic of gossip. Whenever, during the next several days, any neighbors saw my father, they said to him, "Say, Manning, I hear that gray mare of yours had a colt." If they had seen the colt, they asked whether he had shot it yet, or whether those legs had straightened out, or whether its twin had been found yet! Although we frequently joked about a twin, not one of us believed that there actually was one. It was, therefore, a very great surprise when, about four days after Smokey's birth, a twin was born! The twin, although larger and apparently a much finer horse, was born dead.

As mentioned earlier, Smokey was not able to get his own meals at first, and, therefore, had to be fed from a pan or bucket until he became strong enough to nurse for himself. At first his diet consisted of his own mother's milk, but since the demand soon exceeded the supply, it was necessary to use a substitute. That substitute was naturally cows' milk, which, contrary to any sense of pride that he ought to have felt, he relished very much. Feeling, however, that he should have more nourishment than was afforded by so thin a liquid as cows' milk, we added peppermint-

flavored cod-liver oil to the diet. From the first, I had much desired to feed the colt. As soon as it had learned to eat well enough, I was made his special nursemaid. It was my duty to watch the clock in order that, when mealtime rolled around, I could take up a bucket containing the proper mixture of milks and medicines and hurry for the pasture. There the hungry little baby drank heartily, showing all the gratitude that little horses can show. After he had become strong enough to run about over the hills and to kick at stumps, I had only to call him by name when I wanted him to come. He soon learned that "Smokey! Smokey!" meant rich milk and peppermint. Frequently, the colt was in need of "doctor's" care. Once he was kicked on the head by another colt in the pasture, and another time an injury to a leg, caused either by a snake's bite or by barbed wire, left the leg stiff for months. During these periods of bitter struggle to make something from nothing, all of us came to consider the colt more precious than any other.

Smokey has become a horse! We were successful in producing something worthwhile from the tiny, misshapen colt. Today, after a tremendous growth, Smokey is able to walk right along beside the best of horses. He is not yet white, but he is graying very rapidly; he is not quite as tall as his mother was, but he is equally blocky. Buyers have made many offers for him, but none have been of sufficient weight to cause us to part with him. Although most of the work on the farm is now done by a tractor, Smokey is, nevertheless, assured of a permanent home.

The Value of the Companionship of Horses

ROBERTA WILSON

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1937-1938

THE increasing number of people who are donning boots and breeches, saddling their horses and mounting for a ride in the fresh open air are as sure a sign of the coming spring as the first robin. For, as those who are connoisseurs in sport will tell you, there is nothing like a ride over the quiet country trails on a spirited horse to relax the body after a winter of cold, cramped inactivity in the city. It is only by riding under trees budding in the new warmth of the sun and hearing the comforting thud of the horse's hoofs on the thawing earth that one can appreciate the new tang in the air and the yielding of the land that announces the coming of spring. After the artificiality of the city, the contact of the horse's body, the feeling of his sure, rhythmical movements, the earthy odor in the air allow one's nerves to relax in the knowledge of the complete peace, power, and well-being of the re-awakening Nature.

However, as one who has had close association with the horse, I have come to appreciate him not only as a means of exercise but also as a distinct, almost human personality. Those eyes which at first look merely blank and sad are found to express emotion, fear, anger, or placid contentment. The two ears, apparently prosaic and uncommunicative, are soon seen to be delicate signals, indicating the horse's inward state of feeling as accurately as a dog's tail indicates his. It becomes interesting to notice, too, that a horse will develop habits and idiosyncrasies that are as much a part of him as

the greeting, "My Friends," is a part of the president of the United States.

Because I have learned to observe horses closely, I have come to remember those with whom I have been acquainted, not as animals, but as old friends. One of my favorites was old "Pete," a farm horse. Pete was a big-bodied, ponderous Clydesdale. From his size it seemed he would be sloppy and ungainly in his movements, but when he leaned forward in the collar to pull the plow through the heavy earth, there was a facility of movement and beauty in the coordination of muscles rippling under the shining, dappled chestnut hide that was hard to equal. When Pete was at work, all of his actions were calm, purposeful, and unhurried. But Pete had a temperament like that of Dr. Jekyll. As soon as he was turned out to pasture, he lost his air of calm and docility. He became, instead, flighty and domineering. He could swing that heavy body around with amazing speed, and those back legs could strike out with snake-like accuracy. He did not assert his authority unless it was absolutely necessary, but after one try, no horse cared to challenge again Pete's claim to kingship of the pasture. All in all, Pete resembled an equine Wallace Beery in a "tough" role. Like Beery, no matter how often he was cleaned and brushed, Pete always looked unkempt. Like Beery, too, he endeared himself to all by hiding his strength and forcefulness under a bland, beguiling naiveté.

A perfect foil for Pete was "Billy," my first riding horse. Whereas Pete hid

his strength and courage by an air of benign and meek obedience, Billy tried to mask his cowardice by a front of dashing bravado. Billy was a sleek, small-boned, bay gelding. Because he was unschooled as riding horses go, and because he was getting old, my friends laughingly called him a "plug." But to my mind, Billy was too intelligent, too full of natural style and spirit to be called a plug. For, old as he was, Billy still loved to show off. The moment he felt someone watching him, he arched his neck a bit more, he picked his feet up a bit higher, he pointed his ears a bit more intently in front of him, and carried himself as though parading in front of the judges at the International Horse Show. Whatever he did, Billy did with a flourish; whether it was chasing the cows in the pasture—an irritating trick of his which he always chose to play just before milking time—or trying to frighten innocent bystanders. Billy would never try to frighten people in the way the average horse does, by laying back his ears and striking at the person next to him. His victim was always some person standing just outside the pasture fence. Billy would stand, calmly eyeing the person for a few minutes. Then suddenly, without apparent reason, he would lay back his ears, swish his tail angrily, and thunder dramatically toward his victim, looking for the world as though he intended to clear the fence in one mad leap. But, of course, he never did. It just wasn't Billy's nature to carry out those threats. In all the time that I knew him, I don't believe he ever actually kicked or bit a person, for Billy was the Jimmy Cagney type—cocky, arrogant, but hiding a "heart of gold."

Of the three horses whom I know best, Eddy, my present riding horse, is perhaps the most perfect gentleman.

Eddy is a large, upstanding, five-gaited black gelding. While he is not a "smoothie" he combines beautifully the qualities that one attributes to a gentleman. Outwardly, Eddy does not have the perfection in his style of going that would enable him to compete very keenly with top-rank show horses, but inwardly he has the nobility of character, the intelligence, loyalty, and steadfastness that come of good breeding. Eddy, of course, lays no claim to perfection—and his greatest fault is his stubbornness. The day he arrived at the farm, we were nonplussed by his refusal to enter the barn. It was growing night, and Eddy was hungry and thirsty; but no matter how much he wanted the pail of cool water or the tempting bucket of oats that had been placed just inside the door, he still would not step over the sill. Eddy was very pleasant about it all. He walked agreeably around the yard with us, he submitted graciously to the petting of those who came to admire "the new horse," but enter the barn—no. Finally, in desperation, we took him to a neighbor's barn, which he entered after only a few moment's hesitation. After a few days of experimenting we discovered the cause of his refusal. Eddy did not want to enter a single-door barn. The solution to this problem may seem simple, but when one has a single-door barn, and a horse that stubbornly insists upon a double-door entry, it can cause no end of complexity. This stubbornness, however, while inconvenient at times, only helps to emphasize the strength of Eddy's character. Eddy, in fact, with his intelligence, gentlemanly ways, and his insistence upon clinging to his own beliefs, reminds one of the well-trained, well-bred, aloof Harvard graduates.

Thus, as I have said before, I enjoy both the riding and the companionship

of horses. The rides have kept me out in the open air and have helped me build a healthy body. I have learned to keep alert by watching the road and countryside at all times for objects that might frighten the horse. I have learned, too, to observe his ears, at the same time, for signals of his actions. By riding horseback, I have come to know the Michigan country side as few people in this age of fast-moving motor vehicles do. I have felt the thrill of exploration even in this civilized world, by riding through virgin forests and by ambling over long unused country roads.

During the hours spent in the saddle I have learned to relax and enjoy the scenic beauties of our Middle West. I have felt the glowing, inspiring calm of the earth that comes only after a day's rain, when the whole country-side again becomes bright with color as the clouds in the summer sky grow rosy in the reflection of the summer sheen. I have

found the beauty in the sight of the cool, green, fragrant mint that grows acre upon acre in the coal-black earth of our swamp lands.

From my association with horses, I have discovered many character-building qualities. I have learned the value of emotional poise, because one can get nowhere in training a horse by being quick-tempered and exacting at one time, but gentle and lax at another. I have learned the value of good-nature, perseverance, and tact. Most of all, I have learned the value of a well-rounded, even disposition.

Those who like their exercise fast and vigorous can have their tennis. Those who are stay-at-homes and like their exercise mild can play croquet. But the person who likes a sport that can be by turns relaxing and invigorating, the one who likes to enjoy his exercise with a friend that is faithful and loyal—let him go riding on his favorite horse.

Grandfather's Pride

Grandfather's personal pride was noticeable in his church work and in all his other social activities. He spent his last years in our home, where I had an opportunity to observe him closely. At the age of eighty-five, he would get out his old bucksaw, go out behind the wood shed (where all the neighbors would be sure to see him), rub a bacon rind across the saw blade, set his left foot up on an eight-inch log, and saw away as if his life depended upon it. As the years sped on, however, he gave just a little more time to rubbing the bacon rind on the saw blade. He was more particular in his later years than he had been earlier in life about the trimming of his full beard. On the "Inevitable Day," he ate a hearty meal, sat down in his easy chair, opened the daily paper with great gusto; then he passed quietly away. Had he known the nearness of death, he would have been too proud to lie down.

—MINTON W. ARNOLD

Don't Ever Choose the Easy Job

JOHN HANSON

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1937-1938

HERE it is spring and time to start hunting for a summer job again. Believe me, this summer I'm going to try to find really hard, manual labor—a job that'll keep me busy and active and healthy. I'll mix cement, dig a ditch, or push a wheelbarrow,—anything that'll keep me working.

Last summer I spent my time, or rather wasted my time, chauffeuring for an elderly friend of my mother's. When I was offered the job, I thought that I had been handed the golden egg—but I soon changed my mind. I was to drive five and one half days a week for Mrs. Jones. I was to start at eight in the morning and quit at five-thirty in the evening. I was to drive a thirty-six hundred dollar Packard, keep it clean and shiny and in good running condition—here certainly was the ideal job! Why, if I had not been working for Mrs. Jones, I would probably do about the same things at home—wash the car and drive it around a good bit of the day.

When I went to see Mrs. Jones about the job, she received me very graciously. She was a rather determined sort of person. Did I know how to drive well? She had heard that I did. Could I change tires in an emergency? Would I be willing to entertain her nieces and nephews when they came to visit her? I sat on the edge of my chair nodding my head at the proper times, feeling rather ill at ease as she continued her monologue. I was to act as sort of a companion-driver-handyman,—oh! sort of a jack-of-all trades. She had decided upon a young person

because she felt that she had young ideas. Would I take the job for a week on trial, so that she could determine whether or not I was qualified for it? I guess I must have looked sort of glum, for she smiled and said that she thought I'd do.

"It'll do you good, John. You'll learn to meet older people as well as the young—to talk with them, to hold their interest. You'll learn to appreciate better music and books—I'll want you to read to me sometimes." I wondered, secretly, how I'd ever be able to read to her if she talked that much all the time.

She stood up. "All right, I'll expect you here on Monday morning at eight; we'll see what we can find for you to do." I found myself being gently ushered out the door.

I stood a moment to collect my thoughts. What was I going to be, anyhow, a janitor, social secretary, nursemaid? She hadn't even spoken of a salary—was it to be a full-time job? Oh! well, it sounded easy. I guessed I had no room for complaint.

Monday morning I arrived bright and early. My first task was to take Mr. Jones to the train. He looked me over and said to wait and he'd explain everything about the car to me. He lectured a good long hour on the technique of driving a Packard. He touched lightly on the advantages of a large car over a small one, the history of transportation, and the world peace situation. (I still think I know more about an automobile than he does.) As he left the car he said,

"Just do everything Mrs. Jones' way, Johnny, and you'll get along fine."

Mrs. Jones was waiting for me impatiently.

"Johnny, I want you to start washing these breakfast dishes. Then take the dust mop and vacuum cleaner and go over the whole house. Dust all of the furniture, empty all of the ash trays and the waste baskets. Be sure to water the plants and change the water on the cut flowers." I washed and dusted and polished. The only thing I lacked was an apron and a lace cap to be the perfect chambermaid. I scrubbed floors, washed shower rooms, cleaned the Venetian blinds—a fine chauffeur I turned out to be.

"Johnny, you run along have lunch now. I want to be taken to Cooley's at two o'clock. If you hurry you can have the car washed and cleaned in plenty of time. I'll give you rags to clean the windows. You'll find the brush and vacuum cleaner for the upholstery in the garage. There's a special brush for the white tires. Oh, yes, run up and fill the tank with gasoline. All you need to wear is a suit and tie when you're driving—you can change while you're home for lunch." I wondered where I was going to find time to run home for lunch.

I raced downstairs, grumbling. How did she expect me to do all of that work on that big hearse before two o'clock? It was twelve o'clock already.

I washed and sweat and polished. Finally I straightened up and looked at my watch—gosh, one-thirty. I immediately vetoed the idea of washing under the fenders and cleaning the upholstery, and also of eating lunch. I raced for the gas and oil, washed, threw on a coat and tie, and made it back by five past two.

"Very well, Johnny; I see you finished up in good time. Now, I have an engage-

ment in the loop at the University Club at two-thirty. I must be there on time."

I wheeled that massive Packard onto Sheridan Road, headed for Chicago. The loop was twenty miles away—I had twenty-five minutes. It would take me at least ten minutes to get through the Loop. What did she think I was, a race driver?

I clamped my teeth together and pushed the accelerator to the floor. I'd either get her there on time or lose one good Packard in the attempt.

My eyes ached and my head spun as I finally pulled up to the loading ramp at the club at twenty-five minutes to three. Mrs. Jones was pale and shaken.

"I didn't realize that you'd have to drive that way to get here on time. I want you to run down to 63rd Street and pick up my silver fox at Kolinsky's. I'll be ready to leave here in an hour."

I drove by blind, instinctive judgment to get back to Mrs. Jones on time. I abused that beautiful car, skidded around corners, slammed on the brakes, ground the gears—but I did get back on time.

At four o'clock we returned to Evanston. I was so keyed up that my hands trembled as I opened the door for my employer.

"I'm going to rest until dinner. I want you to drive to Trobsen's in Lake Forest and pick up some cut flowers for me—and then call for Mr. Jones at five-thirty at the train."

I picked up Mr. Jones about fifteen minutes late. He took one look at me and motioned me out of the driver's seat. My eyes were blurred, my back ached.

So ended my first day as chauffeur. Each succeeding day became more nerve racking. I felt tired and miserable—stale from sitting behind that wheel all

day long—nervous from the strain of fast driving in city traffic.

My easy job soured completely by the end of June—one month of torture; I quit and joined a construction gang as

laborer. Now I felt that I was accomplishing something, not wearing myself out to satisfy the whims of an eccentric old lady. My so-called easy job turned out a nightmare.

Roadbuilding in the Mountains

R. L. ROPIEQUET

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1938-1939

NOW I could understand why this narrow gravel road was named the "Million Dollar Highway." I had been laughing at the misnomer ever since we had left Durengo; it had seemed the height of absurdity to me to refer to a sharp-curved, steep-graded, one-lane bridle path as a road costing a million dollars, for I had been comparing it with the four-lane, super-speedways back in Illinois. I changed my opinion of this road when I saw, right before my eyes, the difficulty of its construction.

Ahead, the road was choked with an enormous quantity of irregular rocks, which had been blasted off the cliff. The mass was being attacked from this side by a caterpillar tractor, and from the far side by a throbbing steam shovel. The steam shovel was nibbling carefully with its toothed scoop, gathering a little debris at each nibble. When the shovel was full, the engineer swung the arm over the edge of the precipitous cliff and dumped the rocks. Down, down they thundered, careening madly until they came to rest in the valley one thousand feet below. Then back went the shovel for another load. The steam shovel was inefficient however, compared to the small Caterpillar. On the front of the tractor was attached a curved plate of heavy steel,

much like a snowplow. As it drove, this plate shoved whole masses of rocks over the edge as easily as a snowplow pushes snow aside.

One huge cube of rock almost four feet on a side nearly thwarted the Caterpillar. We onlookers had a lively debate whether or not the little tractor could handle it. The tractor backed up, rushed forward, and butted the rock with a resounding crash, but the rock did not budge. Again and again the tractor butted, with little results. Finally it managed to get a hold on the back corner of the rock, and with seeming ease shoved it over the cliff. We all gave an involuntary cheer and rushed to the edge to watch the stone's mad flight down the mountainside.

It was an hour and a half before the construction gang had cleared enough of the road to let the cars through. And they had cleared just barely enough—our tires were only a few inches from the edge of the cliff when we hugged the inside as close as we could. When I saw the difficult task it was to clear even this narrow space, I could easily see why these little narrow mountain roads cost so much money, and I had much more respect for them from that time on.

Ski Jump

J. W. McINTOSH

Rhetoric I, Theme 16, 1938-1939

STANDING on top of the runway of the Olympic Ski Jump, I can see over to the left the massive Olympic Arena towering over the rest of the village. Farther to the right, Lake Placid and Mirror Lake sprawl white, glistening against their dark background of evergreens. To the left, the Olympic Bob Sled Run snakes down Mount Van Hovenburg, a silver thread winding down the steep, pine-covered slope. From all sides the landscape tumbles toward me, a maze of white snow and dark evergreens, leaping down steep granite crags, rolling slowly over knolls down from the mighty peaks of the sky line.

"There he goes!" The cry travels through the crowd lining the runway.

A dark figure hurtles down the steep runway off into space. Beautifully balanced, he begins to come up from his crouch, his arms circling slowly. Suddenly he slips; the wind is under his skis; the rhythm of his movements is broken; he reels through the air, hits the slope and comes to a skidding stop, a small dark blotch at the bottom of the run. Two white figures move toward him, lift him on a stretcher and carry him toward the club house.

"Twenty-three on deck."

I suddenly realize that within a minute I shall be riding the Olympic Ski Jump. I glance at my hickory jumping-skis, long and heavy, leaning against the railing. The wax is evenly coated over the flat bottoms and over the three straight grooves. The heavy, low-slung

leather bindings, the steel shoe plates and clamps, the bright chrome jumping springs all seem strong. They'll never slip or let go. I cannot account for the feeling of nausea in my stomach or the vivid memory of the dark figure sprawled at the foot of the run. I climb onto my skis, snap the bindings, and for the first time I look intently down the runway; a hundred yards of thirty-degree slope, it looks almost perpendicular, with the drop below; then far below, the landing, the grandstands filled with people; the colors of the crowd clash and begin to swirl and sink farther away; below the hop-off there seems nothing but emptiness. The sick feeling becomes more intense.

"Ready, twenty-three?"

The flag drops. A last look around. A deep breath. Quick strides left, right, and I'm riding. I pick up speed down the runway; I crouch deeper to offset my speed, my arms coming back as the drop rushes toward me. It seems that my old instructor is riding with me; I can hear his crisp German voice clearly: "Crouch deeper, back with the arms . . . not yet, steady, cool . . . now!" My arms swing forward, my body straightens, I lean forward from my hips. As I lean into the wind, I leave the runway; I'm in space, actually flying, with nothing but two boards under me! My arms rotate slowly in wide circles to help maintain balance. The landing slope is coming up now; I lean slowly

backward, carefully maintaining my balance. Now the acid test of the jump. The skis settle easily, perfectly flat, close together; springy knees take up the

shock of contact. It's over. I ride the landing slope and up the stopping slope; a quick skid turn, and I stop in a spray of powdered snow.

Grand Hotel

WEBB MILLER

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1938-1939

I CALL IT the Grand Hotel because it is representative of middle-class, big-city hotels. Its real name is not that, however, nor is it "The Little Biltmore," which every member of the hotel staff derisively called it because it clung to the little, airy pretensions of a time when handle-bar moustaches were *de rigueur* and derbies were the order of the day. It was built prior to the old Chicago World's Fair (1893), and, for the time and place, it must have been a sumptuous hotel. In those days Hyde Park was an individualistic little prairie village watching the gap of prairie between its city limits and those of encroaching Chicago dwindle with each year. Dr. Jager, who came from Heidelberg to become chief medical officer of the Columbian Exposition and who had stayed at the hotel ever since, used to say, "My boy, I can remember during the second Cleveland administration when fine ladies in voluminous silk skirts, balloon sleeves, and hats twice as large as their parasols would drive up in hansoms, tiptoe over the mud, enter that door, and walk right down this very aisle, their hands resting daintily on the arms of their dandy escorts. Yessir, then the Holland Hotel was known all over the country." The place had not decayed, it was still rugged, staunchly built, well-

preserved; like fine old whiskey in an oak barrel, it had mellowed.

New blood was to be infused into the hardened arteries of the Old Holland: new paper on the walls, new carpets on the floors, new bookkeeping system for the front office (the old system was contemporaneous with the architectural style of the building), and a new night clerk for the desk (I was the new clerk). The new deal for the Old Holland was dealt in early 1934 before the opening of the second year of the Century of Progress Exposition. The motto of the new owner was "No room in business for sentiment"; his ukase, "Collect the rent or plug 'em out." In a few months the reputation of the hotel, and the doddering, old, Victorian character of the place changed completely.

With the possible exceptions of the professions of undertaking and the ministry, in no business is the aspirant more completely remoulded to conform to the popular conception of the professional "ideal" than in the business of being a hotel front office man. To be successful in most fields one must have usual qualifications such as those possessed by anybody; in addition he must be able to acquire skill with practice. Thus anybody who can acquire the technique of handling corpses can become an under-

taker, provided he has an amorphous, putty-like demeanor which he can change to suit the propriety of the death bed; similarly he who with practice becomes more and more dexterous at saving souls may be a potential Bill Sunday, Dean Inge, or S. Parkes Cadman, provided his face is flexible enough. But, your successful hotel clerk can be no cenny-meeny-miny-mo fellow, no run-of-the-mine hunk of coal. He must be an extraordinary creature, as resourceful as money; his thought, poise, tongue, and action must be extemporaneous and always correct. His ear should listen willingly to Old Man McDonald's oft-repeated tale—"When I was your age, we used to raise . . ."; he should say, "Right, absolutely right," when the small-fry business man in 617 fulminates against the government. His political coat will be of many colors, for he must also be of one accord with the guest who drapes himself over the desk and castigates "them damned Republicans." The elderly maiden lady in 201 would move out of the scandalous hotel if she found out that you, the clerk, are not the fine young man she thought you were. You must be hail-fellow-well-met with the young, respectable element of the hotel but be careful about fraternizing too much with them. You must be a holy terror to all disorderly drunks from without, and assertive, yet gentle, to those within the hotel. You must be glib, courteous, and genial, but not too much so when called upon to "bounce" a bellicose drunk.

My first nights as a clerk were spent handling the mad mobs come from all corners of the earth to see the glorified county fair called the Century of Progress—gaping Carolina hill-billies, total strangers to elevators—guileless Ozark

folk, first time out of Boone County, Arkansas, looking in every corner for gangsters (one jungle-jack asked me to keep ten dollars in the hotel safe for him: "I heard all about this town . . ."). Any hotel clerk is an information bureau; when thousands of strangers are his inquisitors as during the Fair, one has to be, and I was, a Baedeker of everything and nothing. "Oh, clerk, how do we get to the slums?" "Madam, we have no slums in Chicago; however, we do have some depressed areas. Take the car in front, transfer at twenty-second . . . be careful of the hatchet men in Chinatown; tong war, you know." "We want to go where Dillinger was killed." "Nothing there, madam; show, tavern, alley . . . no, I didn't see the shooting nor dig up the bloody bricks."

Unavoidable accidents will occur requiring police, ambulances, and a cool head. At three o'clock in the morning, Bill Keane, a young Irish waiter at Burke's Tavern, came in drunk, staggered into his room, six floors up, and staggered right on out the open window. His moans awoke the entire hotel. The only access to the court to which he had fallen was through the kitchen of an apartment occupied by an Oklahoma farmer and his family, just arrived to see the Fair. I all but broke down the door to enter the apartment. The farmer's eyes were like banjos; women with hanging hair were all over the place. When I carried the bleeding body of Keane back through the kitchen, the old woman fainted dead away. "I knew something like this would happen," post-prophesied the old man. At sunrise the family confronted me en masse. "I'm not staying in this place another night," vowed Father as he turned in the key.

"Stick around, and we'll throw somebody else out the window," the manager retorted as the door closed on them.

Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God—small recompense for the difficult situations through which the poised hotel clerk daily moves. Sometimes these situations resolve at a raised voice. Early one morning I, in my official capacity as night clerk and unofficial one as arbiter of inter-room affrays, stood at one end of the fifth-floor hall (this was the "jinx" floor, all illegal acts stemmed from the fifth) and advised the occupants in my best top-sergeant manner, "The next guy that throws a coffee pot is going to get thrown himself, Swedish count or not." The disputants, an engineer, reputed to be a Swedish nobleman masquerading as a "commoner," and his fiancée (she of the coffee pot-projectile) effected a *rapprochement* and abused me. Sometimes the cries of "Gentlemen, gentlemen," are ineffective in keeping peace, as in the case of the hard-boiled, well-to-do inventor who resorted to persuasive force when his veracity was impugned. He had always maintained that it was he who killed Grat Dalton, one of the Oklahoma desperado Daltons, during the famous bank robbery in Coffeyville,

Kansas, in 1891, in proof of which he would show a photograph, taken at the time and scene of the crime, of the corpses of Grat and Bob Dalton and of an uncouth individual, Texas Jack by name. The brawl which started in the lobby when a Kansas guest called him a liar stopped only when I called three bell boys and conducted the ex-vigilante and his libeler to the street. I have partially investigated the inventor's story, and it is plausible that he did kill one of the Daltons.

Hotel people are notorious Jekyll and Hydes, but not because they are deceitful by nature. To keep his job the hotel "front man" must keep his reputation; therefore when he relaxes in the cup that cheers, to which he is inevitably driven by incidents herein described, he repairs to a locale where he is a stranger. The veteran hotel man behaves scandalously when not "on location." He may be a gem of deportment "behind the front" (on duty), but away from his job, away from the flock of sheep that is the public, his insincere grace is gone, and the gem is not so flawless. Few "gentlemen" are in the hotel business. They cease to be hotel men or they cease to be "gentlemen."

. . . .

As desolate as a February scarecrow.—MARTIN CORBELL

. . . .

Her laughter had splinters in it.—JOSEPHINE FARRELL

Master Production

MARJORIE ANN HAGEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1938-1939

THE CURTAIN closes on the second act of *The Merry Masons or Granpa Steps Out*, and Miss Carson, the director of the play, and Mary Pitts, the charming leading lady, step momentarily outside the curtain. As the hushed murmurs of the crowd subside, Ann presents Miss Carson with flowers and begins, "The cast of this play wish to present you with these flowers as a token of their appreciation for your splendid and cheerful direction of this production." Whereupon Miss Pitts responds with comments on the most unusual cooperation shown by all members of the cast.

I relax in my third-row seat and with an all-knowing chuckle say, "Nuts." I'm willing to stake my last dollar on the fact that Miss Carson wasn't cheerful and that there wasn't any cooperation shown among the cast except, maybe, at try-outs and on this final evening. I know; I've been in plays directed by Miss Carson myself, and if there was any cooperation it certainly wasn't apparent. Nevertheless, these high school plays are wonderful experiences—in more ways than one.

However, the first step in obtaining such an experience is securing a much-envied part in this mammoth production. Therefore, the day of the try-outs finds everyone present from "Half-Pint" Harper, whose voice is changing and consequently has an inclination to be a bit squeaky in spots, to Henrietta, who will probably be cast as the fat cook, pro-

viding there is a fat cook in the play. Of course, everyone is just trying out for a lark or because he didn't have anything else to do for the time being, and no one expects to get in the play. Should the more honest nature of those concerned show itself, I'm certain that we'd hear tales of posing for hours and grimacing before a mirror. To be sure Josephine didn't spend all last evening ejaculating in a tragic voice, "Curfew must not ring tonight," for her own amusement.

The list of prospective members for the cast is posted in the morning, and certain people (not to mention any names) find it necessary to come to school considerably earlier than usual—to do some studying, of course.

The tension and strain that we have been laboring under for the last twenty-four hours finally break when we find that "we made it." Hardly able to repress the emotion that is surging within us, we see visions of our future stage career expanding to the point of putting Bernhardt herself to shame.

After a week or so of grueling practice the novelty wears off and enthusiasm begins to wane. The director sets Tuesday night as the deadline for having Act I learned. Tuesday night arrives and naturally no one knows his part. Every one either had to study for a Chem exam or had to sit up all night with a sick friend. (It's rather strange to note the unusual amount of illness that seems to be prevalent among the friends of the

cast.) Thursday night comes and still no one has memorized Act I. Then our director gathers her little flock around her and delivers a very effective lecture on the importance of learning one's lines when they are supposed to be learned. We all promise faithfully to go home immediately to study; but we don't. I should say not; it's too much fun to pile into George's Model T and "crate" around town after practice. After all, we can study our parts in English class tomorrow.

Each night it's the same old story—no one knows his lines. Oh, maybe a few suckers make a feeble attempt at memorization. In desperation the director invites the principal of the school to attend rehearsal. As he sits and glares, we stutter and stammer through our parts, all the time wishing we had done as we were told.

Now that the play is progressing more smoothly, we begin to pay more attention to life back stage than to what's going on out in front, and practice takes on added interest. Granpa, played by George, becomes so infatuated by the little blonde who's sitting on his lap that he forgets to watch for his cue and is startled by the shriek, "George, where are you? Please! Please! Pay attention!" George spills his blonde on the floor and rushes on stage, meanwhile forgetting his line. Then our charming director calls us around her once more and informs us that if we don't get down to business there will be no play.

Each night the cast misses more cues and the director gets more irritated, until finally getting a little talk on what we must and must not do is merely part of the natural routine.

But merely getting the cast to learn lines is not the only difficulty in the pro-

duction of a play. About three nights before the presentation in public someone discovers that all the girls have blue dresses for the first act, yellow ones for the second, and green ones for the third. No one will listen to reason, and each girl stubbornly refuses to change her costume since it was purchased especially for the play. In the end we all wear some other dresses which we know look positively hideous with our eyes or bag horribly in back.

To make matters worse, the leading man refuses to practice properly his big love scene with the leading lady. He positively will not kiss her, because his girl is going to see the play, and she might not like it. And finally all the male characters unite in an effort to resist any application of make-up and grease paint.

Dress rehearsals! They positively should be eliminated. There is nothing so detrimental to the outlook of success for a play as these. About a third of the people don't bring their costumes, and Jim is sure to forget the alarm clock he is supposed to bring in at the end of the first act. The leading man forgets his lines and makes a perfect mess out of the second act, and Granpa, who is interested in that blonde again, doesn't hear Mother as she stand on the stage and screams, "There comes Granpa now."

The curtain rings down on the last act, and our final instructions are, "For heaven's sake, go home and get some sleep." We don't. The "Model T" still runs.

The final night, which a month ago seemed but a spot on the horizon, looms large before us, and we begin to think that maybe our director was right. We should have paid more attention to prac-

ting. Since it's too late to think about that now, we face the ordeal with an "I can do it—I hope" attitude.

The lights are dimmed; the auditorium is darkened; the footlights are turned on as the curtains slowly part for the first act. There is a silence which petrifies us with fear; beads of cold perspiration stand out on our foreheads and trickle down our left eyebrows. We chew our fingernails and fondly pet the rabbit's foot that we brought along for luck.

The play is on. As we step for the first time upon the stage we suddenly become calm. This is nothing. Tonight we are no longer high school students reciting lines, but, as if by magic, we are

transformed into our characters. Granpa remembers his cue, and Jim brings in his alarm clock at the right time. The play runs smoothly on.

Everyone is happy and thrilled by the glamor of the stage. All dissension and harsh words have been forgotten. At the end of the second act, the director and the charming leading lady step momentarily outside the curtain. As the hushed murmur of the crowd subsides, the leading lady presents the director with a bouquet of flowers and begins, "The cast of this play wish to present you with these flowers as a token of their appreciation for—"

Same old stuff, same old story—it's all in a high school play.

Slow and Easy

"Here's Art—you're going to work with him a while." Swede, my foreman, motioned in the direction of a tall, seemingly loose-jointed and awkward Bohemian. After the Swede had left, Art looked down at me and rubbed the stubble on his chin with the palm of his hand, as if to say "What can I do with this little fellow?" Finally he said, "I guess you can stick a few of these rivets into this bin—like this." He picked up a shovel, scooped up about thirty-five pounds of rivets, and tossed them into the bin over his head with a movement of his forearms and wrists. After watching his carefully timed movements for a few moments, I realized that his awkwardness was a mere illusion created by his height. "OK—now you try'er," he said, leaning back against a bin and taking a huge bite of "chaw." While watching my first, rather amusing efforts, he pushed his safety goggles up on his forehead, and I saw that he was smiling, not with his mouth, but with his eyes. "Wal, tak'er slow and easy and you'll get there," he drawled, and I suddenly realized that this was the rule he used to time his own actions. His slow, careful speech, his ambling gait, his methodical work methods, all fitted in with his easy-going nature. He was as tolerant of other people as he was of himself, so that working with him was a pleasure.

—GEORGE R. EVANS

Memories

JAMES I. FENDER

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1938-1939

ONLY a boy who has lived in a small town—a Simmons Corners or a Hickory Junction—knows the true spirit of that favorite time of year for all boys and outdoor men—hunting season. To the boy who lives and goes to school in a town of six or seven hundred, where the only paved street is the state highway through town, and the men loaf in the post office every morning until the mail is out, it is more than a time to kill birds and animals, destroy property, and break laws. To him, coming as it does on the heels of Thanksgiving and lasting through Christmas, it is a sacred season, one which shows him new wonders, or perhaps the forgotten wonders of last year, and teaches him that it is good to be alive and able to enjoy God's outdoors.

Groves is just such a town, and Jim is just such a boy. All week the sound of far-away shotguns has reached his ears above the voices of wearisome school teachers. Now it is Friday. School is out until another week. Jim leaves the old stucco building, takes his books home, then goes up town.

Up to the hard road and around the corner past the furniture store and Doc Wharton's dilapidated office, to "The City Market," and Thorton's drug store. Standing on the sidewalk are small groups of men—threes and fours in huddles of high-topped boots fringed at the top with cockleburs imbedded in fuzzy wool stockings, dull khaki breeches, stiff canvas hunting coats, and half-exposed shell vests studded with the yellow brass heads of unused 12-gauge cases.

There is something unusual, something chill and smoky in the air, that makes them feel good way down inside as they talk hurriedly, once in a while pointing in some direction to indicate where the luck has been good.

Truck drivers and village loafers, suddenly come to life, talk easily with bank presidents from Chicago and baseball players from St. Louis. Here tired men have come to seek a few days away from the busy outside world. Money and prejudices are forgotten. The rich meet the poor, the poor the rich. It is as God wants things to be. It is hunting season.

How Jim and the other boys admire the grown-ups' hunting outfits—shiny automatics, oily boots, their clothes, and cars equipped for outdoor men. They think of the years ahead when they can come back in hunting season, and promise themselves to take some kid along with them, for they know how much happiness it will bring them both.

Down past the stores Jim goes. All the delights of an old Christmas and some of the new shine out from every window, for the slatey, scurrying clouds overhead have brought an early darkness, and now the stores are lighted. In red-and-green-decorated windows framed with strings of small Christmas tree lights are tin pails of candy—sticks, lumps, chunks,—every color of the rainbow. Cheery holly wreaths hang on the doors and "Merry Xmas" signs in every window. It isn't advertising; the home people who run the stores really mean it.

Inside are baskets of nuts and golden popcorn, jugs of cider, apples, cranber-

ries, sticky kegs of mince meat, pumpkins and sweet-smelling vegetables just spilled from the horn of plenty. Through the steamed windows of large ice boxes plump turkeys and chickens, hams and freshly killed beef show white and waxen. On worn wooden counters are boxes of cookies which each customer "samples" as he leaves, fruit cakes, and punchboards with "a delicious fruit cake to the lucky winner." Even Jim's young heart catches the spirit of good cheer, friendliness, and plenty.

Inside the drug store, its shelves loaded with cellophane-covered boxes of candy and bottles of every patent medicine ever invented, Jim stands near the old stove and listens to tales of the day's hunting told by the town's prize marksman and tall-story teller. Then he goes home to supper, listens awhile to the Montgomery Ward radio, and goes to bed.

There is enough city boy in Jim to keep him asleep until eight-thirty or nine o'clock the next morning, a late hour for that wide-awake country village. He is awakened by shouts of "Jim, someone to see you."

"Who?"

"Mike."

"OK, I'm coming."

Out of bed he tumbles, downstairs, and in his pajamas opens the back door. There stands Mike, his chief buddy, a chubby-faced kid who doesn't get mad when he's called a "Dutchman."

"'Ey, Jim, le's go huntin'." Jim could have told you the exact words before Mike spoke.

"OK, where?"

"Le's go down to the crick," says Mike.

. . . .

Ten o'clock finds the two "down to the crick," Jim in a new hunting coat carry-

ing his oft-shined .410-gauge, single-barrel gun. There is a tremendous bulge in the game pocket of his coat—part of a tent and a Boy Scout cook kit. On his feet are a pair of trim ankle boots, just purchased, after a long wrangle with Mom and Dad, on the grocery bill down at Morris's store. Mike ploughs through the briars along the crick, letting brute strength and a second-hand pair of briar-proof breeches rather than established paths make his way easier. Cocked over one arm rests a single-shot 20-gauge which gave some mail order company seven dollars' worth of business when it was purchased.

All morning, ever since it drizzled at seven, the sky has been cloudy, but as the two started out the sun peeped through the clouds as if to give them assurance of not being soaked by a chilly Illinois rain. Now clouds are again covering the sky, and both boys begin to discuss the possibilities of being rained on. They feel as soldiers must, though, prepared for anything. Their clothes are made to shed water, and besides, there is that part of a tent which they have with them.

The bare crab-apple trees fringing every little draw are purple and hazy, and the last leaves of autumn cling to the trees in Moore's orchard where the boys stop to fill their pockets with apples. The familiar grove of catalpas is grey, sombre, a square block of shadows. Overhead a hawk circles silently, and the boys squat, hoping it will fly their way so they can have a shot at it. There is something about the place, the entire countryside, which stirs up feelings known only to those who have experienced them. The fields and trees and creeks are lonely and still, but they make the boys want to be lonely and still. The vastness of it, the haze as they look down

across the shallow valley, the brown weeds cracking underfoot, sweeping their arms. Many boys have felt the same way, but only God can show all this to someone who has never been "out huntin'."

The knock, knock, of a farmer tossing shucked corn against the backboard of his wagon comes to their ears as the two temporarily leave the creek and go down an abandoned road, the trees and brush on each side grown so high and thick that they almost meet in the middle. Guns ready, they advance, anxiously awaiting that whirr of wings which they hope to hear, and which will give them shots at their king of game birds, quail.

The road leads back to the creek, and there they leave it. Through weeds as high as their heads they go down an almost indiscernible path paralleling the shallow, weed-choked strip of water. Suddenly the brush to their right explodes, shooting up a dozen grey-brown, speeding feathered balls. Bang! Both guns go off almost as one, and there is a puff of feathers in the air where a second before was a bob white.

"I got one," Jim yells, and Mike just flashes his sheepish grin, clears his throat and spits as he slips another shell into his gun. Jim retrieves his bird from the soggy edge of the creek, fondles its camouflaging feathers, and slips it tenderly into the game pocket in the back of his new coat. It is the first quail that has ever been there.

The path meanders back to the left, up the side of a slope on the old creek bluff, and there the two leave it and go along the side of the hill through a stand of old elm trees that has been all but cleared. A hundred yards in this direction they come on an old fallen tree, whose upturned crotch will make a fine

shelter if they only lay the part of a tent across it.

Mike fishes it out of Jim's back pocket, and none too soon, for as he does, it commences to rain. Quickly they construct a makeshift hut, facing the open side with bark and logs to keep out the drizzle. Enough wood to last for a long while is gathered and put in out of the rain. The quail is cleaned, a fire coaxed from the partly damp wood, and a snack of quail and sausage is cooked. The warm food makes them feel good, but the rain falls faster and harder—it soon is a good old Southern Illinois rain, penetrating, cold, and damp.

The water begins to come through the top of the tent; their clothes shed it. Now even their clothes are becoming damp. They swear in their own mild-mannered way, cursing the rain, but inwardly wishing it to continue. Peace and contentment come to them as they huddle there, looking out over the valley bottom, up and down the hill, and into the jungle-like woods, drinking in every drop of its beauty and solemnity. The world looks better through the rain.

Finally, after two or three hours, at about three o'clock one of them makes a motion to head back for town. There's something exciting about walking in the rain, especially when prepared for it as these two are. Like soldiers breaking camp they put out their fire, tear down the shelter, pack everything but the guns in their hunting coats, and start the damp trek back to town some two miles away. The rain gets in their eyes; it collects in puddles on their pocket flaps; but they love it. Soon everything becomes so wet it is soaked through, and every time they turn their heads, drops spill down their necks. For them it's fun.

An Old Boat

A. C. THOMAS

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1937-1938

IT ALL happened one sunny afternoon at the old boat junkyard at Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. My friend, Dick Blackwell, and I had been swimming and rowing around the bay, looking for amusement. We finally sensed adventure in the atmosphere around the musty old lake boats rammed up into the shallow water on the north side of the bay.

We rowed along the port side of the *Clinton*, a comparatively new-looking lake steamer which had once seen brighter days. She was about 250 feet long, I judged, and her bow rose steeply out of the shallow water, towering above the smaller boats at her side and the fishing shacks at the water's edge. The first deck was from five to ten feet above our heads and extended out over the water. Steel beam supports were braced between the under side of the deck and the heavy plates of the hull. I rowed cautiously between these beams under the broad aft deck, until the prow of our row boat jarred into the hull with a hollow boom. Dick and I peered through one of the small portholes into the gloomy interior.

"Looks like the galley," I said, and my voice was muffled by the overhanging deck.

"I bet it's the hold," guessed Dick.

By pushing our noses up against the thick glass we were able to discern a large table in the murky gloom.

"Let's board her," suggested Dick.

"How?" I questioned. The deck was too high above our heads to reach, and we had not seen any way up on the starboard side.

I glanced toward the great paddle wheel twenty feet forward, and contemplated climbing up between the spokes. As we drifted near, I saw such a feat was impossible.

The prow of our small boat turned out from under the deck, and Dick caught sight of the end of a thick rope hanging over the rail near the stern.

"Look!"

"Good," I agreed, "we'll make a noose of our tow rope and slip it over that stub with an oar. We'll board her yet. I don't see anything else to catch hold of, do you?"

We worked an hour all told before we shinnied up that rope and climbed over the rail. Soon our bare feet were pattering around the dirty deck, as we looked for open doors. There were none. We climbed like monkeys to the second deck on braces near the old paddle wheel, and soon found a stateroom door ajar. From this room another door opened on to a balcony looking over the ship's ballroom. There were Christmas decorations about, and I spotted an upright piano directly below us. Hanging by my hands from the balcony rail, I dropped to the top of the piano and down to the floor of the ballroom. Dick followed, and I cautioned him about glass and broken decorations at my feet.

"Swell place," he said, panting.

"Sh-sh, not so loud. There might be a watchman aboard her."

We slid between a heap of deck chairs piled at one end of the ballroom and reached a door which opened onto the stairway leading to the third deck.

"Let's see the pilot's cabin," I whis-

pered. "Then we'll go down into her hold."

The top deck or roof of the boat was open to the sky. Black tar covered the floor. There were four big gray life-boats hanging on either side; so I walked over to peek into one of them. A gray tomcat jumped out.

"Oh, oh! how did you get aboard?" Dick asked, as it rubbed his leg. "I can't see how you or anyone could get on board, judging from our experience."

We sat down a moment to look out over the bay and rest from our exertions. I noticed my hands and feet were black, and Dick's brown body was covered with dust and grease.

"Guess we had better take a look around for the bath room," I laughed. "Looks like we need baths."

We could not get into the pilot's cabin, but from the window it seemed to have been left in first-class condition. The bright copper and nickel on the instruments glistened, and the dust could not wholly hide the polish of the maple woodwork. It was not hard to visualize the pilot's hand at that great wheel in front.

Soon we were down on the ballroom floor again, looking for a way down into the galley or hold. I made a noisy clatter and a cloud of dust in trying to remove some of the deck chairs from the entrance to the bar. Dick was looking into the game room.

During a pause for breath I was startled by a throaty voice, saying "Hey, you kids, get out of there!"

I jerked around but could see no one. My heart pounded. I tiptoed over toward the game room and whispered, "Dick, there's a man on board."

Soon his startled face appeared in the doorway of the billiard room, and to-

gether we tiptoed behind a stack of broken card tables. Beads of sweat stood out over Dick's body, for it was suffocatingly hot in that dusty room. For several minutes there was no sound but the faint slap of the water against the paddle wheel outside. We ventured forth, taking pains to avoid upsetting the chairs and tables. Half way across the dance floor we stopped dead still, hardly daring to breathe. We could hear footsteps along the deck on the starboard side. He was coming this way!

In two bounds we reached the piano, but Dick accidentally stepped into the pile of glass I had warned him about.

"Yow!" he yelled, and the pursuit was on in earnest. A burly Swede banged open the deck door and strode across the floor.

"Scram, you kids. Get the —— out of here!"

And did we scam! Up and over the banister, through the stateroom and out onto the second deck. As we ran toward the great paddle wheel, near which we had ascended, I heard footsteps on the deck below us. We were headed off.

"Over the side," I panted. Dick stood on the top rail and dived gracefully into the water twenty-five feet below. I hesitated a moment (diving was new to me); then I, too, plunged toward the cold, gray water, which was still foaming from Dick's dive. I vaguely heard a shout from the watchman and caught a blurred glimpse of his face as I shot past. Splash! Water rushed by my ears. Down, down, I went; then there was an eternity of frantic kicking before I shot to the surface eight feet from the boat. Dick had cast off and was rowing toward me with all his might. I could still hear the curse of the watchman in my water-clogged ears as I clambered in.

My Hobby Is Diving

DON PRANKE

Rhetoric I, Theme 18, 1937-1938

OF ALL the many ways to discover the principles upon which a diving helmet operates, I think we took the most difficult. By trial and error (for we had almost no scientific knowledge to build on) we developed a very practical diving bell, so useful that the city later employed us on numerous occasions. It was purely by accident that our club turned its energies in this useful direction.

One day, while out swimming at a lake near our town, I came upon an old bucket. Being air-tight, the bucket would float upside down upon the water. I found that by putting my head inside it I could go completely under the water and yet continue to breathe. After we had exhausted the limited possibilities of this primitive diving bell, we decided to spend a little time and money to construct a real diving helmet.

After considering several objects we decided that a hot water tank would best meet the demands of the shell we needed to work on. Selecting a tank that was big enough in diameter so that one's shoulders could almost get into it, we had a welder cut it into two pieces, each three feet long and each having an open bottom and a closed top. Because of a crack in the side of one half we discarded it and turned all our attention to the other half, which formed an air tight bell. On the open end of this piece we cut grooves and padded them with canvas so they would fit snugly over the shoulders of the wearer. On one side of this bell we made a window by cutting

out a rectangular piece of the side and replacing it with isinglass bolted in so securely that it was air-tight. In order that the helmet might be raised and lowered by those above the surface of the water, we fastened a rope to the top by means of a hook. So that the diver would have greater stability while under water, we fastened four twenty-five pound weights to the bottom of the helmet. To complete the helmet we attached a non-kinkable hose to what was formerly the water outlet at the top of the tank. To keep the air from rushing out of the bell instead of going in the direction desired, we put a valve in the surface end of the hose, which allowed air to go only down. An air pump forced fresh air into the bell, the stale air finding its way out in the space around the diver's body.

At first we tried our new toy out only in shallow water, but with mounting confidence we ventured into deeper and deeper water until we reached the maximum depth of thirty-five feet. As we continued to dive day after day, the town's people became interested in the practical use to which our instrument might be put. As a result, we were invited to give a demonstration at the local high school swimming pool. One of my friends conceived the idea of attaching a telephone to the inside of the bell and connecting it to an amplifier, so that the diver at the bottom of the pool could talk to all the spectators. Now thoroughly convinced of the usefulness of this in-

strument, the city officials made us members of the local fire department and allowed us to keep the phones, which became a permanent part of our equipment.

When two boys were drowned in Lake Pana last summer, we were called in to assist the fire department in finding the bodies. The grappling hooks used by the department failed to locate the boys, but after two days of fruitless search in muddy water, we accidentally bumped into one of the bodies and brought it to the surface. Very near the same spot we found the other body. It was my bad luck to be the one who found both corpses. My groping hand had touched one of them while searching the black water, and by running my hands over my find, I made sure it was really one of the bodies. I called to the surface and asked to be pulled up. Claspings the body tightly against me, I awaited the welcome tug on the helmet which meant I would soon be relieved of my gruesome burden. The boys at the top were certainly surprised when the corpse and I suddenly broke through the surface of the water. One of them who was bolder than the rest grabbed the hair of its head and pulled the body on to the raft. In the excitement I was almost forgotten.

I shall never forget the awful silence that greeted me as we rode back to the bank. It seemed to me that most of the town was waiting there, just staring at

us. For a long time the memory of this occasion had a dampening effect upon the pleasure we used to get from our diving helmet.

One of the more pleasant aspects of our hobby is the money that we can make from it. For years the city had been paying from two to three hundred dollars to have a gang of men build a temporary derrick to remove a screen over the intake valve to the waterworks. This valve was at the bottom of the lake, and the screen which covered it to keep out as much silt as possible would become coated with muck sometimes a foot deep, which had to be cleared out at least once a year. The last two years the city has paid us ten dollars apiece and also given us a two-year lease on our cabin on the lake for going down and clearing off this screen.

Because our club adopted a useful activity for an outlet for its energies, it has not only gained considerable local fame, but it has also earned for itself a fine hangout in which to meet. What began as a week-end amusement developed into the main financial support of our club. We seldom dive for pure amusement any more, although there is still the same old thrill in going down. As I think of it now I can hardly wait for the return of summer so that we can try out the new hose which we bought the club for Christmas.

Rushing

Once in the house, the rushee is given his choice of amusements. Would he like to play ping-pong, shuffleboard, Chinese checkers, bridge, rummy, or would he just like to sit and listen to the radio-phonograph, he is asked in a most patronizing tone. Deciding upon "just sitting" he finds he has chosen the most strenuous sport of all. At intervals of about thirty seconds he is introduced to newcomers, half of whom he has already met. After bobbing off the mohair and on again for about forty-five minutes he is ushered in to luncheon.—JAMES HENRY

Mountains and Mole-hills

EDGAR DRUCKER

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1937-1938

NELSON and I had heard a lot about Grand Teton, the most difficult peak in the United States to scale, and also the most dangerous. We knew that it was located in the heart of the great Teton range of mountains which forms the western border of the state of Wyoming and extends over into Idaho. To the east, at the foot of the range lies Jackson Hole, a large glacial moraine covered with sage brush and a coarse growth of prairie grass. The altitude of Jackson Hole, we discovered, was about 6,000 feet, while directly from the edge of the moraine rose the Tetons, climaxing their greatness in the peak of Grand Teton, more than 13,900 feet high! We knew that we would never be satisfied till we conquered Grand Teton: we set the date for August 12.

I wish I had time to tell you of all the hair-raising experiences we had on that trip. Ever since, I have, from time to time, taken to counting my blessings, for I know how many misfortunes can befall me when luck turns against me.

We got a glimpse of the Tetons before the sun set Saturday night; they were far more wonderful than we had ever expected. We agreed perfectly with whatever writer it was who observed that the Tetons looked more as mountains really should look than any other he had ever seen.

The next morning we were up early. If we were to be back by sundown we'd have to start our climb just after sun-up. So after a quick breakfast we set out to find the ranger-naturalist to get some maps and directions for making the

climb. The morning was cold and clear, and we knew we'd have a fine day for climbing. We were at the edge of Jenny Lake, on whose surface the Tetons are mirrored in a succession of blue ripples; and from the far edge of the lake, just opposite us, rose a steep bank of green foliage, with here and there a Douglas fir stretching above the thickets. But the bank did not recede after a few feet. It extended upward and upward until the great firs gave way to scrub pine, then a few scraggy bushes, and finally—when it seemed that we were looking almost straight up—to the snow line capped by the glistening peak. Here was Grand Teton in all its immensity. Could we climb it? Could anyone ever reach that impossible height? Our courage began to fail us then, I'm afraid. But further disappointments were to follow, and our amazement was to increase.

We found the ranger at last, just as he was finishing his breakfast in his rooms at the back of the ranger station. We told him what we wanted to do. Our intention was to climb Grand Teton that day. It looked rather a tough climb, but at least it was close—just across the lake. Then for an hour we listened to a lecture on mountain climbing—and what a vast amount we learned! That peak just across the lake? That was not Grand Teton, but Teewinot, a relatively small peak; almost anyone with normal strength could climb it in just a day and a half! Grand Teton, we learned, was a real peak; it towered more than a quarter of a mile higher than Teewinot; we couldn't see it from where we stood

for it was hidden by Teewinot and lay some fifteen miles farther west. Yes, it was possible to climb it; one or two parties reached the summit every summer. Of course, more people were killed in trying to make the ascent than ever reached the peak; but it was possible to reach the top. We thanked the ranger for his kindness and asked if there were not some smaller peak that would make a nice day's climb. No, we hadn't given up the idea of climbing Grand Teton; we'd be back and do it—sometime.

Fortunately, there are many lesser peaks in the Tetons, and at the suggestion of the ranger, we decided on Mt. St. John, a mere stump in the forest, as it were, reaching only to some 10,000 feet.

The first ten miles were fairly easy. All we had to do was hike around the lake, climb a tortuous pass up some 2000 feet around the edge of Teewinot, cross a small glacier, and then we were all set to attack the peak. We sucked some lemons—the mountain climber's substitute for water—munched a Hershey bar and then started up. As we began the climb Nelson turned and smiled; I suppose he meant to give me courage, but it seemed to me that the smile was turned down at the corners, and his cheeks were a chalky white. But perhaps it was just the effect of the lemon and the reflection of the sun from the snow.

It was mid-August, but my teeth were chattering, and the cold pierced my leather boots and two layers of woolen socks. But we struggled on up—at times our very lives depending on the rope, knotted around each of our waists and holding us together. We clambered from rock to rock, cutting our gloves and scratching our arms against sharp corners of rock and ice. Sometimes we had to "lasso" a piece of over-hanging rock and then climb the rope, only to

have the piece of rock crumble away, dropping us back on a stone ledge from which a cliff sheered straight down—1500 feet. Finally we reached the peak, and both of us fell exhausted on the several square feet of table-like rock which formed the summit. A half hour later, after we had recovered a little from our climb we began searching for the sealed tube containing records of ascents made. Every mountain of any size, you know, keeps a sort of visitors' register, furnished by the government, and all sealed in a little metal tube containing a piece of paper for you to sign and record your achievement. Personally, I always thought they were to make one feel ashamed of himself to see how many people had "beat him to it." But to our amazement, we found no tube anywhere! We had to leave some memento of our triumph; what were we to do? Nelson came to the rescue though. Taking a scrap of paper and an old tin match box he carried with him he wrote, "Norton Nelson and Edgar Drucker. Ascent made August 12, 1937. Arrived summit 12:00 noon." We set the box in the center of the peak, and piling a few stones around it, started our descent. We hadn't climbed Grand Teton that day, but at least we had conquered Mt. St. John! We had climbed our first mountain!

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Nelson and I staggered into the ranger station with aching feet. We told our story to the ranger and thanked him for the information he had given us. Yes, we told him, we had climbed St. John's peak, and though we were most grateful, we didn't understand why he had to pick out such a terribly hard climb for a pair of beginners? Then we mentioned not finding the metal tube. At this, the ranger seemed surprised. No container? Why, St. John's peak had a register with

142 names. Then we learned the truth. After listening to our description of the climb he told us we had missed St. John's peak by more than four miles. What peak had we climbed? Well, he could show us on the map—just a mere speck it was—at least 1000 feet lower than St. John's. Had anyone ever climbed it? No, no one had ever before considered it important enough to climb. It had no name. We could name it if we wanted to!

But Nelson was disheartened. Have his name attached to some little pile of rock for everyone to laugh at? Not much. So it happens that somewhere in the midst of the Teton mountains lies Mt. Drucker, but Nelson and I will be the only persons ever to know where it is. For you see, it's much too small ever to be named on a map, and never again will Nelson and I go back to christen it; we're going back to climb Grand Teton!

Luncheon

KATHRYN KENWORTHY

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1937-1938

"I WONDER—five weeks in advance is a long time to make a date. Summer time, too." She stepped from the electric train and hurried down the platform. "I suppose I should not have told my aunt to meet me at four. I could go straight home and not have to bathe." The crowd was pushing, so she had to watch her step as she climbed the stairs and passed through the swinging doors. "I hope we don't go to a large place." She shook her head as a man asked her to buy an apple which he shoved in front of her. "Wonder how his brother is and the rest of the gang he had down with him." She paused to peek into a mirror above a one-cent weighing scale. "He mentioned an exhibit. Maybe we could see Martha Raye. Well—" She stepped from the tunnel stairs onto the street.

She saw him standing in front of the Art Institute. As she approached him he glanced at his watch.

"You're a minute early."

"I can walk down to the corner and back and be on the dot," she offered.

"Well, just so you're not late."

They walked along the avenue. He was a head taller than she. Each of his strides equaled two of her steps.

"In a hurry?" she asked.

"Not particularly, but I thought we'd head for Field's tea room right off," he returned.

"I'm rather hungry," she murmured. "But say, didn't you want to see an exhibit at the Institute?"

"Had thought about it."

"Well, shall we go back?"

"No, let it go."

"But if you want to," she insisted.

"We have plenty of time."

"I have to be home at two."

"Two—why?"

"Be careful," he cut in. "You're not used to avenue traffic, are you?"

"Oh, I don't know," she returned slowly.

They crossed and proceeded toward Field's.

"There's quite a crowd downtown today, isn't there?" she commented lightly.

"Not any more than usual. This is

Wednesday. You should be down on Saturdays."

"Saturday's always a big day at home, too." She paused. "How's your brother? Music still take all his time?"

"Yeah. He practices all day except for a little time out. Tennis and a swim."

"How's the rest of the gang? See much of them?" she asked.

"Saw a couple yesterday."

"Did they have anything to say?"

"Not much. They wanted me to go sailing today. I said I couldn't."

"Did you tell them that you were coming downtown?"

"Hun-unh," he grunted, opening the door to Field's.

They entered. Maneuvering through the aisles brought them to an escalator.

"Want to go up this way?" he asked.

"If you wish."

They stepped on.

"Dad contracted these last fall," he said.

"Oh?"

"Yep, he's an architectural engineer. This's not the only kind of thing he does, though."

"Architectural engineer? Sounds nice."

"Betcha life it does.—What'd you say then," he said quickly, turning to look at her.

"Nothing." Smiling.

They went up six floors by escalator. Entering the tea room, he asked the hostess for his table. They were shown to a small one in the centre of the room. When they had seated themselves, they were given menu cards and order pads. Both looked at the cards.

"What would you like?"

"If you will, please order for me."

"Thanks," he exclaimed. "This is all on me today. Wanted to keep it down to seventy-five apiece if I could. I've got four dollars and fifty-three cents. No

allowance before I go East next week."

"I have two fives if you need them."

"Why—," he began, glancing toward her purse, then to his pocket.

"You're going East?" she said inquiringly.

"Yeah; had my personal interview for entrance to Brown University last week. Passed it too. The family's taking me out to make final arrangements."

"I plan to go to Illinois."

"Say, I wouldn't go there for—"

Their meal was placed before them. While they ate, they looked at one another's snap shots of their vacation. When they had finished, he paid the check and they went downstairs.

"Is there anything you want to see?" he asked as he ushered her through the shoppers.

"No, not particularly," she said, shaking her head and wondering about two o'clock.

"Is there a show or something?"

"No. But would you mind taking me to the I. C. station?"

"Not at all. I'll take you."

They left Field's and headed for the railroad terminal. When they reached the stairs leading down to the station, he said:

"If you don't mind, I'll leave you here," then murmured something about having to catch an "L."

"You may," she consented.

"Well, fine lunch we had together," he said, shifting his weight.

"I appreciate all your efforts," she returned.

"Well, so long, then," he said and left.

She looked at the watch and smiled. Ten minutes after one. She had time to see Martha Raye before she met her aunt. She turned from the stairs.

"After five weeks," she thought, and smiled again.

Rhet as Writ

(Extracts from themes written in Rhetoric I and II)

Its length was twice its width, and as high as it was wide, looking much like a box.

. . . .

Hair was worn up during the greatest part of this reign, but if whigs were used they were dyed the color of the queen's hair.

. . . .

To the south of this street is a small park which contains a bandstand.

. . . .

Subjective complement is a pronoun which makes the statement more pacific for example I hit him not her.

. . . .

. . . . the queen busy at her work of laying eggs. If you do not think this work is hard, try laying ten thousand eggs some day and see how you feel after you are finished.

. . . .

Cut the neck off close to the body and use this with the goblets as a base for a rich gravy.

. . . .

Without the garlic the sauce falls flat, and lacks the twang which it should have.

. . . .

I for one am always attracted by the shrieking of the fire siren and blaze against the sky.

The greatest of all fires, the Chicago

fire, changed greatly the destination and lives of thousands of people. Hundreds of people were burned to death; hundreds of others were turned from their beloved homes that were completely demolished by that terrible lashing tongue of fire that got a conquering and dominating foothold, that could not be curbed.

. . . .

Period fault is use of a period after the fragrance of a sentence.

. . . .

Miss Josephine, terrier-stricken, uttered a cry.

. . . .

Causal relationship, a non-emotional relationship or plutonic friendship. A causal relationship is impersonal and persons involved are not usually in constant contact.

. . . .

Madam Perkins holds one of the highest seats of the land as Secretary of Labor under President Roosevelt.

. . . .

For recent statistics I would consult the *Daily News Almanac*.

. . . .

I don't think newspapermen need reason or logic; all they need is an imagination, and all they want is a pay check. The easiest way to earn this check is to feed the glutinous public with scandal.

Honorable Mention

Lack of space prevents the publishing of excellent themes written by the following students.

JACK CLARK

DOROTHY COX

CHARLES FOWLER

WILLIS HELMANTOLER

FRANK HONSIK

RALPH IVENS

JOHN KAUFMANN

LINCOLN K. LIEBER

MORTON LORD

RAY O'KEEFE

STEPHEN PARRISH

SALLY RHODE

ELIZABETH ROSS

F. W. SMITH

GENE STERNBERG

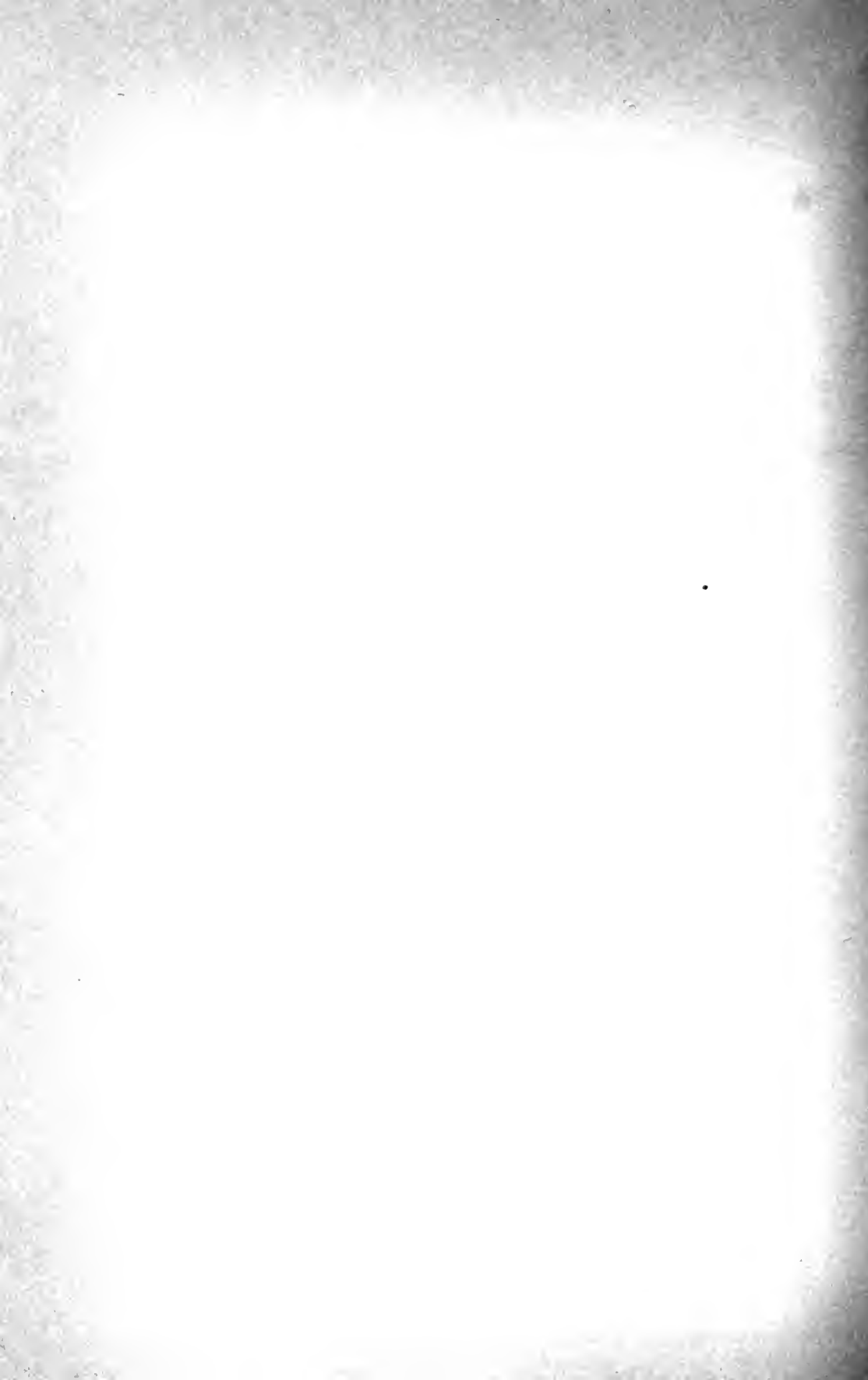
BERNARD STRICKLER

JACQUELINE WEBER

ROBERT WHITAKER

PERRY WOLFF

J. F. ZYGMUNT



THE GREEN CALDRON

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"So You're Going Away to College!"

PHYLLIS GREENWALD

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1938-1939

"SO YOU'RE going away to college! I suppose you realize, dear . . . " And with that statement, or one very much like it, I began, about the middle of August, 1938, to find out all sorts of things about myself, college, men, and the world in general. I had always considered going away to college a comparatively simple, natural thing for me to do. After all, I had graduated from high school with honors, and I considered myself quite a young woman of the world, capable of getting along very well away from home. But apparently I was mistaken, for I soon found out, from a host of friends, well-wishers, and relatives, many things I not only didn't realize, but hadn't even thought of.

My friends, of course, were enthusiastic, thinking it perfectly thrilling that I was going to Illinois. I was immediately deluged with practical advice on what they considered the most important phase of college life—namely, how to make friends and influence fraternities, and they obligingly trotted out their stories of campus gossip for me. The girls were all eager to help me shop for clothes and to give farewell parties in my honor, and the boys were curious to see whether college would turn me into a sophisticated "smoothie" between September and the Thanksgiving holidays. I think they were all more excited and impatient than I was. All of them, that is, except Al.

Al wasn't exactly my boy friend, but he thought he ought to be. He's a nice looking fellow, tall and well built, with blond curly hair and moustache, brown

eyes, and dimples in his cheeks when he smiles. Al felt heartbroken because he was sure I'd meet so many other young men at school that I'd completely forget all former friends (meaning himself). He begged me to go to school in Chicago, telling me and my parents that I wouldn't be happy away from them, that it wasn't practical because of the expense involved, that Chicago schools had better faculties; and he even went so far as to say that Illinois would spoil my innocent sweetness. He almost convinced my mother that he was right, too, but I remained adamant until he gave up the struggle and kept further arguments to himself. I reassured him that I wouldn't forget him, and I promised to write every day. So that quieted one conscientious objector; calming the storm of disapproving aunts and uncles, however, was not such an easy matter.

We were at a family gathering at Grandmother's the Sunday afternoon my parents first mentioned that I was going to Illinois in September. We had been sitting in the living room, a large, dreary, old-fashioned room furnished with itchy overstuffed mohair sofas and uncomfortable straight-backed chairs, when the subject was broached, and the relatives' reactions were instantaneous. As usual, they immediately split into two factions, the "disapprovers" siding with Aunt Maria and Uncle Archibald, and the "approvers" backing up Uncle Joe, and the arguments began.

Aunt Maria, my maiden aunt, of which species there is one in every family, was "simply horrified." But then,

of course, she *would* be. She's one of those absolutely perfect people who have never made an error; she's never got far enough away from home and mother to find the opportunity to make one. She's a mousy woman, gaunt and emaciated, with gray eyes and a yellow complexion, and she never wears rouge or any other cosmetics. Her hair, like the rest of her, is drab and not at all attractive. She wears it brushed tightly back from her face and in a knot on the nape of her neck. But although she may be mousy in appearance, she has a definite voice in family affairs (she sees to that) and she disapproved very heartily of my going away to school. From her I learned that I was a mere babe in arms, incapable of taking care of myself away from my family's apron strings; nor was I able to protect myself from the ways of the world and the wiles of designing men (Aunt Maria isn't familiar with the term "wolf," but I imagine that's what she meant). I was quite surprised. I considered myself ready and willing, as well as quite able, to safeguard my innocent virtue, as she termed it.

Uncle Archibald looked at the matter from quite another point of view. He's the financier of the family and is so practical and dignified that no one would ever dream of calling him Archie. He isn't miserly, but he *is* very careful when it comes to parting with money. He's the solid citizen type, tall and stout (but don't dare tell him so) with an alderman's paunch, white hair, bristling moustache, and a ruddy complexion. He hemmed and hawed for a while, and then, with a characteristic bluntness, came right to the point. Through his intervention I discovered that I was a selfish, inconsiderate girl, a hopeless parasite, and a drain on my family's finances. He told me that college was

the wrong place for me, and that it was high time I got myself a job and helped out at home. Uncle Archibald is very proud of the fact that he left school at fifteen and got a job selling papers, and he thinks a college education is entirely unnecessary, especially for a girl. I thought I was pretty young to start supporting my parents, especially since they didn't want me to, and I told him so. I'm sure, from the explosion that followed, I was promptly taken out of his will for my impudence and ingratitude.

I suspect that my Uncle Joe got himself disinherited, too. He's about the only one in the family who'll stand up, openly, against Uncle Archibald, and he certainly came through for me. He's a grand person, who's always doing something to make others happy. He's about forty-five years old, small in stature, bald, and physically not very strong. He enjoys life tremendously, and the twinkle in his blue eyes draws people to him instantly. He has retired, and would have enough money to live on very comfortably if he weren't constantly doing things for others; "live and help live" is his motto, and he follows it implicitly. He told Uncle Archibald and Aunt Maria that my going away to school was no concern of theirs, and that he was quite sure I was capable of taking care of myself and of knowing what my parents could and could not afford to do. He said a great deal more, too, but by this time Uncle Archibald looked very explosive, so my parents and I "sneaked out" of the civil war we had so innocently precipitated, and went home to peace and quiet.

As far as I know, my relatives are still disagreeing among themselves as to the advisability of my going away to school. I have ceased to care—I am here and I intend to stay.

"Out to Dinner"

GERALD N. HARDY

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1938-1939

"SURE, I'll come over, Harry. Thanks for asking me."

Harry, whom I had met in the hospital, had invited me over to his fraternity for dinner, and I had accepted. I had told him I didn't think that I would ever pledge a fraternity, but he had told me to come anyhow. His generosity surprised me because I had heard that the fraternities didn't want anyone who wasn't sure of pledging to come out to the rushing parties.

As I sauntered up the curved walk, I reflected to myself that it was a beautiful house, one in which I would be proud to live. It was a three-story flagstone building covered with vines and surrounded by stately Lombardy poplars. One of the men was smoking on the low, awning-covered porch as I walked up the steps. He jumped up and grabbed my hand. "How are you, Neil? I'm in your tennis class. Remember?"

"Of course. You're Olson, aren't you?" I queried. Harry was standing in the door, and when he was about to introduce us, Olson said, "Don't bother, Harry. Neil and I are old friends. Aren't we, Neil?"

"Sure," I said, hoping to appear at ease and nonchalant.

From then on it was a great back-slapping and hand-shaking contest. First the president, next the vice-president, and then the other officers and actives became fast friends of mine. At first I was a little bewildered and frightened, but soon there was a silence and I realized that it was my turn to do the talking. I think my remark had some-

thing to do with the eating of rats. At any rate it was very well received. The men at my rooming house had never really appreciated my witty remarks, but these men laughed loud and long. I guess I really "slayed" them.

One of the men took me aside and offered me a cigarette. He asked me what school I was in.

"Commerce," I told him.

"I knew it," he replied. "All the smooth boys are in Commerce."

Another fellow joined us and asked me if he hadn't seen me somewhere.

"Maybe it was at the Interfraternity dance," I told him. "I go to all of them." The other lad commented on how I "sure got around."

Just then the dinner gong rang. Harry informed me that I was to sit beside the house president. Quite an honor, I reflected, when there were half a dozen other guests at the dinner. After a short benediction we were served. I had expected a wonderful meal, but the food was beyond my expectations. As we ate, the conversation at our end of the table centered upon my home town, my favorite sports, my choice of dance bands, and the fact that I had been out of high school four years before coming to college. The president said he could tell that I was older than most freshmen. The boys were good listeners and seemed satisfied to let me do all the talking. When the conversation shifted to University grades and I had been informed that their house had ranked near the top scholastically the last semester, I was asked what my average had been.

"About a four-point, I guess," I replied, still trying to be nonchalant. "You got a four-point on the head," Harry ventured. "I looked it up yesterday." Damned nice of him, I thought, to be interested enough in me to look up my grades.

After dinner we remained at the table, and the men sang their house songs and finished up with a school song, in which I chimed in enthusiastically. The president remarked that I had a good tenor voice. I thanked him.

After dinner I was shown all through the house by Harry and his roommate. The rooms were furnished beautifully, and I couldn't help comparing their neat orderliness with my dingy, litter-strewn room scarcely two blocks away. I unconsciously began to add up my own room and board expenses and compare them with the amount Harry had told me that he paid every month as a house-bill. Why, the difference didn't seem so much, and when I considered the difference in environment I was all ready to pledge.

Harry had been explaining the reason

for the good breeze through each study room during the hotter months. I felt like telling him to stop—that I had heard enough, but I realized that I couldn't act the same as I would when I was buying an automobile because maybe I hadn't pleased the president or the rest of the men. Maybe I wouldn't be wanted. This fear was soon silenced, however, when Harry invited me over to dinner for the following Sunday.

"These first dinners are kinda tough on you," he said. "Come over Sunday and really get acquainted." I thanked him and accepted.

My roommate, whom I had told that I positively wouldn't pledge a fraternity, met me with, "Well, I suppose you had a swell meal, saw their trophies, and are surprised to find out what a helluva good guy you really are?"

"Uh, huh," I grouchily retorted.

"And you are all set to pledge?"

"I was going to anyway. You don't think I fell for that palaver, do you?"

"No-o-o, hell no."

Precise Words

Why did man evolve a means of communication with his fellow tribesman? Certainly not to tell him that a snake was *living*, but that there was a snake *directly behind* him! He did not want to tell his primitive brother to go pick up a stick—he could have pointed in the direction of the pile—but he wanted to tell him *which* stick. Man's superiority has come about, not because he could hold his child from fire, but because he could tell the child exactly *what* it might do to him. Of course words were far from precise in the beginning, but their evolution accounts for our not *grunting*, today! The effectiveness of words in conveying a thought became the yardstick for improvement, giving the language a continual increase in concreteness and preciseness.—RUSSELL PARK

Homecoming: A Definition

J. F. ZYGMUNT

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1938-1939

WHAT is Homecoming? Homecoming is trouble. Homecoming is joy. Homecoming is hurry, excitement, splendor, labor, fun, sentimentalism. So numerous and widely diversified are the synonyms applicable to this yearly event. To state any one of these words singly as the true meaning of the celebration would be to produce a distorted image, a partial and incomplete one. The error would be the same as that made by saying that a rainbow is red. Surely the statement is correct, but it is incomplete. A rainbow in addition to being red is blue, green, yellow, violet, pink. One can thus understand why it is necessary to go beyond the limits of mere synonyms or even of single-sentence definitions and step into the broader field of expository composition to define and explain truly a word of this sort.

What is Homecoming? To the returning alumnus it is a period of happiness and enjoyment, of revelry and hilarity. He is king for the short time. For him are erected the magnificently elaborate welcoming displays. For him are presented countless entertainments and amusements. The whole of "Chambana" is his kingdom. This festal observance is also a time of active reminiscences for him. He recalls and relives the dear past. Under the influence of his surroundings, his old friends, his former professors, the classrooms of his school days, he experiences the feelings of yore. Past aches tear hard at time-worn scars. His blood rushes high at memories of conquest and victory; low at recollections of defeat. Past friendships are

renewed, recreated; past enmities are crushed, subdued. Such is Homecoming for the alumnus.

What is Homecoming? To the student it is fun. Overjoyed at seeing Mom, Dad, and friends, and stimulated by the spirit of the entire situation, he too participates with full vigor in the joyful event. To the fraternity man it is, in addition, a period of competition, for at this time he calls to the front all his creative, artistic, and imaginative powers to aid in the building of prize-winning welcoming displays. Of him the time demands hospitality, even to the point of personal inconvenience. He gives up his bed to the old fraternity member very gladly (or, shall I say, very judiciously). To the student waiter the celebration means hard work, for he must exert himself as never before to satisfy the onrushing, hungry visitors. But to him also it is a time of compensated effort, because his patrons reward generously. To the student chambermaid it means more beds to make, more cleaning to do. Such is Homecoming for the student.

What is Homecoming? To the townspeople it is a Roman holiday. Joy and excitement are infectious, and these people prove themselves especially susceptible to these infections. All are happy and satisfied. The store owner, the restaurant keeper, the souvenir seller—all recognize this great event as a period of great profit.

Homecoming is all this—and a great deal more, which does not yield itself to verbal expression.

Labor Problem

CARL HUTTER

Rhetoric I, Theme 15, 1938-1939

THE MEN stand about in idle groups. They are heavily and clumsily clothed, huddled together in the freezing cold. Ice and snow cover the frozen ground. The bare trees and snow-covered houses become the quiet observers of a desolate scene. In a vacant lot lie snow-capped piles of sand and brick. Bags of cement seem to shield the idle cement-mixer from the chilling blasts of cold wind. The men appear unwilling to grapple with the task at hand. And who can blame them? Winter is no time to be paving a street.

Yet, says the government, regardless of season—yes, even regardless of cost—the unemployed must work. It matters little whether the labor is productive. Two men operate an overgrown version of a blow torch, melting the ice from the street and softening the asphalt which covers the brick. Two men with crow-bars in hand slowly pry the old brick loose, as a line of ten to fifteen men idly wait their turn to load their wheelbarrows, also by hand, brick by brick, and transport their small cargos to a vacant lot. Here, seated under a temporary shelter, a crew of forty huskies, mallets in hand, patiently but awkwardly pound the brick into gravel, which will be used later in the cement mixture.

After the street is cleared of its former paving, it must be covered with excelsior to protect the ground from the freezing cold. In a few weeks the new curbing will be laid. The excelsior is then removed, and the cement is poured. Finally, the street must be enclosed, a small section at a time, in a temporary structure, heated to facilitate the proper drying

of the pavement. In this manner a group of seventy-five to one hundred able-bodied men exhaust their efforts in drudgery, repairing a street at the rate of about twenty-five feet per week, at exorbitant cost.

Is it any wonder, then, that desolation prevails among the laboring class? Why doesn't the government employ modern machinery in its projects? The two men with the blow torch, the two men with the crow-bars, and the fifteen men with the wheelbarrows could all be replaced by a steam shovel and truck. A stone-crusher could easily replace the forty "malleeters." By waiting a few weeks for milder weather, the extra work of the spreading and later removing of excelsior, and the tedious process of drying the pavement in enclosed structures, could all be eliminated. Consequently, the same job could be completed in one-fourth the original time, with less than one-fourth of the original labor force, at a cost of less than twenty-five per cent of the original—and the men would not suffer the discomforts of cold!

The money saved on this project, moreover, would finance approximately four more similar projects, with the result that all of the original labor force would be productively employed, and many more streets would be paved, at a cost no greater than the original single project. Thus, government laborers would find greater satisfaction in their efficient work, and, even more important, the people would gain new faith in their government.

The Revolt of Tennis and Women

VIRGINIA POWERS

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1938-1939

THE WOMAN in tennis today is a type entirely different from the one of yesterday. Our mothers played the game too, but they were far removed from the fighting, fiery, fast females that now conquer the courts. During the last thirty years American courts have become a meeting place for all modern girls—whether they be debutantes who go to the “swank” country club or sales-girls who monopolize the grassy fields of the public parks. Tennis is now the test of fashion, just as knitting was during the war, and this new type of tennis-woman, the revolutionized “one-set gal,” the indoor lass turned out, has made it so.

In about 1900, one hour of one afternoon a week (perhaps a month) was set aside for a “bit of exercise.” Preparations for that day involved the tedious task of being outfitted. One had to have a hat of enormous width and tremendous weight, often bedecked with accumulated varieties of fine plumes, to keep the long tresses silky and the delicate skin satiny; a tight bodice to maintain self-confidence; and a full, ankle-length skirt to—well, I’ll say to make the game more difficult. The girl’s skill at the sport was determined by the years that she had studied in Miss Peabody’s School of Dance for Popular Young Gentlemen. The forehand drive involved a graceful, uplifting movement that ended with the

pointed toe forward and the little finger crooked. The backhand shot was much the same, only it made possible a catching, coy look over the right shoulder. Truly, one must marvel at these creatures. How valiant they must have been to risk a sprained ankle, a dirty hand, or the ruin of their taffetas as they swished over the white lines for a “bit of exercise.”

In perfect contrast, we have Miss Tennis herself, the modern lass with the modern swing. From sunrise to sunset, she wields a championship racket. In only a minute she dresses for the challenge. She leaps into scanty, starched, spotless shorts of white linen. She whisks white wool anklets over slim, evenly-tanned feet, the toes of which are smoothly pedicured with a bright shade of red nail polish. She tosses a sporty shirt over loose curls and trim, wide shoulders. Finally, she throws a white angora cardigan sweater over her arms, for the settling of high temperature after the game. She emerges thus. She sprints as the sun bleaches her hair and darkens her skin. She smiles frankly through smudges of brick-dust. She pants when she’s tired. She’s graceful in her awkwardness. She displays her freckles; she flashes her knees; she’s fast as a fish. She’s alive; she’s dynamic; she’s the tenniswoman of 1938!!

My Ten Years in a Quandary by Robert Benchley

RUDOLPH MRAZEK

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1938-1939

THESE are indeed troubled times. After a hectic day, spent in preparing for that stiff Psych quiz, digesting the facts of the latest grabs of the European dictators, and marvelling at the efficiency of the political machine in Chicago, it is a great relief to escape the oppressiveness of the present by sinking into a book which professes to contain only nonsense, *My Ten Years in a Quandary, and How They Grew* by Robert Benchley.

The book is written in a pseudo-simple style and could be understood by a grammar-school child, but a mature reader will find that the author is not naively simple but a clever satirist who is poking fun at our society. The chapters of the book, which consist of loosely connected anecdotes, tell of the floundering of a bewildered chap who simply can't see the hang of things. All his feeble attempts to advance in the world seem to end in frustration. But this camouflage of Bob's (you'll call Benchley "Bob" too, after you've read the book) only enables him to satirize the complacent sophisticates of today. And he has an uncanny way of finding the true reasons for our silly little habits and exposing them, pretending that the faults actually are his, in an innocent self-condemnation. Do you smoke? Why? Bob doesn't accuse any of us, but it is not by chance that he explains that he smokes only because lighting a cigarette is a debonair act and elevates him in the eyes of his companions. He confesses

that, if sophistication would permit it, he would love to be a non-cigarette smoker.

Bob interrupts his stretches of mild satire with pure, unadulterated gobs of absolute foolishness. Mr. MacGregor, whom I always associate with a handlebar mustache, would be a comfort to any disconsolate railroad worker. You see, Mr. MacGregor lost a locomotive and the railroad accountants don't know where to charge the loss; neither does Mr. MacGregor, but since he doesn't like tangerines and his cynicism might destroy the morale of the office force, it is best to forget the whole matter. Don't stop to make sense from this gem; go on to wonder why Mr. John Strickland of Blackpool, England, couldn't quite tell why he set a new world's record of 122½ hours of consecutive piano playing, alternating his hands, cheeks, and chin, or whether Mr. MacGregor's "fine frogs for fussy folk" were for fighting, breeding, steeplechasing, or just were. Do you have defective judgment, retarded perception, restriction in the field of attention (Bob's can only be had by lashing him to a table and sitting on his chest, and even then his eyes wander), lack of skill in motor performance? Are you in a stupor? You may not fulfill these requirements, but I'll wager that Bob can prove that you suffer from *dementia praecox*. And just why did a London newspaper advertise for 5,000 hedgehogs?

These absurdities are illustrated by the

clever sketches of Gluyas Williams. As a confirmed follower of "Suburban Heights" I was especially pleased with the illustrations. Williams's plates have just the right vagueness to portray the frustration, bafflement, and quandaries that bedevil Bob.

Whenever your cares seem to get too large for you, take a few hours out of your crowded schedule and read

My Ten Years in a Quandary by Robert Benchley. You'll get no great and profound truths from this book; you will read no polished literary style; you will be no wiser when you finish; the book is not somehow "vital" and "intense." You'll get no addition to your store of accumulated wisdom—but you'll enjoy it.

You Can Have It!

DOROTHY COX

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1937-1938

A BUDGETED life would bore me to death! To eat breakfast at seven every morning, to write a theme between the hours of ten and twelve, to translate French from two to three, to write letters from four to five, to rest from five to six would make life terribly monotonous and tiresome. I have a friend who is so budget-conscious that she gets up early on Sunday morning, her only morning to sleep, just to go out for breakfast. On Wednesday nights, she unfailingly washes her hair no matter what opportunity she might have to do something exciting. I like to write themes when I get an idea, to write a letter when I have something to say, to eat when I'm hungry, to sleep when I'm sleepy, to wash my hair when it gets dirty. These "budgeteers" forget that budgets were invented only to help people live more abundantly. They concentrate on budgeting and forget to live.

Perhaps you think that budgeting one's time while going to school does bring good results. It may for some people, but not for all. Maybe you think this

working on inspiration an impractical system. I admit it is rather inconvenient to have a theme due on Monday afternoon at one o'clock and to have to wait until Monday noon for an inspiration. But, on the other hand, what does our budget-advocate do when Scapin is tricking Argante out of two hundred pistols and he gets a wonderful idea for a theme? Does he stop and write his theme? No! He waits until he has finished translating his ten pages, and has forgotten his brilliant idea. Then, while trying to write a theme, he thinks of a good translation for that twenty-first line, but does he go back to his French and correct his translation? No! That would interrupt his budget!

Having observed many shining examples of the budgeted life and many champions of the inspirationalist theory, I have concluded that the latter lead the more interesting and exciting life. Fun does not always "pop up" at the budgeted time, and far be it from me to pass it up when it comes—just for a budget.

On Spelling Reform

ROBERT KUDER

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1938-1939

IF ONE were to add any positive number ending in five to any other positive number ending in two, the sum would most certainly end in seven. Since this above fact is true, one can be sure of one's result when one adds two numbers properly. Whether one adds two to five or five to two, makes no difference. But with letters the result will differ. If adding *t* to *o* would give *ot*, adding *o* to *t* would give *to*. Even though *to* is spelled alike in various words, it is pronounced differently. Consider *together*, *tomato*, and *tot* as examples. Again let us look at examples of *ot* in words such as *depot*, *shot*, and *notable*. At first thought one would think that *ot* should be pronounced the same at all times. But the difference in sounds of letters does not originate in the words themselves, but in their etymologies. For this reason the spelling of words in the English language should not be changed merely to simplify spelling. If *conquer*, meaning to bring together (from Latin *conquere*), were spelled *kongker*, Webster's pronunciation, how would a person unfamiliar with the word have any idea of its meaning by associating it with either the Latin origin or a familiar word? The definition of a word is far more important than the spelling. Present spelling should be retained for etymologies and definitions.

Then, too, changing spelling would merely serve to complicate the English language by introducing an entirely dif-

ferent language. Newspaper writers and authors would be likely to mix the old and new spellings simply for effect. Sticklers for form and British countries would probably retain old spellings. Manuscripts, old books, documents, etc. could not be changed. In a few years only the more learned men could read these old papers. The English language, as it now is, is an art worth mastering, and, once mastered, can be handled easily by anyone.

Lastly, there are a few minor defenses for not changing spelling. Proper nouns, such as names of people and cities, could not be changed conveniently. Not changing proper nouns but changing common nouns which are now spelled the same way would necessarily introduce two spellings for one word. The generation of people living during the changing period would experience much difficulty. New letters for combinations of *ae*, *ai*, *ch*, *eau*, etc. would have to be invented, and difficulty would arise about forming these new letters and placing them in the alphabet. Long *a*'s would have to be distinguished from short *a*'s, hard *g*'s, from soft *g*'s, etc. Words with similar sounds, such as *write*, *right*, and *rite*, would be confused easily. A New Yorker's words are sometimes pronounced differently from a Californian's and similarly some words in the South are pronounced unlike the same words in the North. English people pronounce words differently from the way Ameri-

can people do. If spelling were transformed according to pronunciation, which pronunciation would be the base for the change—English, American, Northern, Southern, Eastern or Western?

How foolish it would be even to consider spelling reform. One can immediately see the many complications spelling reformers would find in such a task as "simplifying spelling."

Fear

HARRY RUUD

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1938-1939

IT WAS four o'clock in the afternoon of a midsummer day. The sun had beaten down on the factory since early morning. The brick and concrete fairly simmered, and the air was sluggish and sticky. Squirming uncomfortably in this torrid, moist atmosphere, I sat at my desk calculating the previous day's coal consumption per kilowatt-hour. The figures complete, I raised my eyes from my work and saw two men standing in the vestibule of my little office. I greeted them, and they asked if they were in the Moline Electric Plant. I said yes. As the words left my lips, the sky turned black, as if a gigantic blanket had been thrown over the sun, blotting it out. As the three of us turned to face the door, we were met by a blast of rain driven by a strong wind. Forcing the door closed against the driving torrent, I again gave my attention to the two strangers. Crash! There was a terrific roar, the entire building shook, and a blinding blue light flooded the room. After the roar had subsided, I heard the voltage regulators banging as they ran the voltage up and down, and an electric bell clanging out the warning that circuits

were out of service. I ran to the switchboard to see if the reclosing relays were in operation. They were. Bang! A circuit breaker closed. Crash! It opened; the line was grounded. Out of the corner of my eye I saw blue flashes in the yard. I ran to the door. On the ground outside was a maze of wires which had come down from the poles and were shorting; the ground was a mass of blue flames. Just then the operator arrived. I pointed out to him the circuits that were grounded. He turned the control switches to open the circuit breakers on the shorted lines that were still in service. The excitement was past.

Where were the two strangers to whom I had been speaking before the storm began? I could not find them at first; then I saw them cowering in a corner of the vestibule, where I had left them. Each was clinging to the other as a child clings to its mother's apron during a thunderstorm; they were thoroughly frightened. As I approached them they composed themselves somewhat. The first words they spoke were: "Is it safe to go now?" I said it was, providing they kept clear of the wires on

the ground. They answered, "Thanks," and went out into the soaking rain, anxious to get away and completely forgetting their purpose in coming to the plant.

The fear these two men displayed is not uncommon. They, though they were in practically no danger, merely feared what they did not understand. We all fear something or other which we do not have knowledge of. Some people, as in the case of these two men, fear electricity. Some students fear examinations.

Some fear fire. Some fear firearms. Some fear what a doctor may do to them in treating an ill. Some fear death.

It is my opinion that all fears are products of uncertainty, lack of knowledge, or misunderstanding. If we knew what was going to happen when someone points a gun at us, when we are in a burning building, what the results of the examination will be, what occurs after death, or, in general, if there were no doubt, no uncertainty, nor lack of knowledge, there would be no fear.

The Real I

STEPHEN PARRISH

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1938-1939

ADOLESCENTS are singular animals. They experience sensations found in no other human age group—emotions typical of themselves alone. Their spirits bound from nadir to zenith—and back—in less time and with less provocation than does the price of wheat. They are as erratic as so many ping-pong balls or mercury globules. They are entirely without responsibility—yet are often meticulously dutiful; they lack the ability to project themselves—but excel at self-dramatization; they are fascinated with the pretense of being cynics—yet they enjoy life infinitely. Yes, adolescents are singular animals.

A young person in his "teens" has reached the age of change. He is just at that stage of his existence where his character is in the molder's hands—where the clay of his soul is softest—

where the potter's-wheel of his maturity's evolution turns the fastest. In short, he is extremely impressionable. A dazzling escapade, thought-provoking literature, searching ideas, the guiding hand of a teacher, a hero to worship and emulate—all these things are capable of becoming powerful influences in the creation of an adult. But often even the most profound of these forces fail to produce a lasting effect on an adolescent, because he is too easily swayed by counter-forces. His impressionability works both ways.

The average adolescent is conceited. He is forever worried about his appearance and is smugly certain that wherever he goes he is the admired object of much attention. He feels his importance and acts accordingly. He is eager to win popularity and admiration, particularly from the other sex, and consequently is

easily hurt by many of our cruel social habits.

The youth, if he is at all intelligent, is fond of pretending to ponder over the meaning and purposes, the why and wherefore, of this life and this earth. He fancies himself a philosopher—a deep thinker—though in reality his reflections are, without exception, pitifully shallow and feeble, and his ideas none but the most familiar. He is deeply flattered at any adult interest taken in him. However, although he likes nothing better than to appear serious-minded, industrious, and altogether promising before his adult observers, he tries desperately to be strictly average—"one of the gang"—when with his fellows.

There are two additional governing conceptions present in the mind of an adolescent. The first of these is the fascination of "martyrism," or "self-laceration." Every youth experiences the desire to sulk, momentarily to deprive

himself of his rightful pleasures or benefits—sometimes to impress those who, he believes, have wronged him, at other times merely for the meager inner satisfaction that self-torture often brings. The second of these conceptions, which is present to some extent in every human being, is the sense of a duty to oneself and to humanity. This most important of human ideals, without which life would be impossible, helps to motivate the actions of every adolescent.

All in all, it appears that adolescents are essentially well-intentioned masses of contradictions, possessing, in part, all the emotional and spiritual qualities known to man—the impermanent, transient optimism and pessimism of Youth, traces of the maturity and wisdom of Age, and the eternal vacillations, uncertainties, and contradictions of Change.

Yes, adolescents are indeed singular animals.

I am an adolescent.

Brother Dave

JOHN OLSON

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1938-1939

HE NEVER seemed to give a rap about anything or anyone—that was my brother Dave. I wouldn't say that he was a good-for-nothing, but it seemed that he seldom really cared whether he came or went.

I'll never forget the day when he casually mentioned that he thought he'd go to college. It was a veritable bombshell thrown in our house. We all knew that Dave had brains in him—brains that

could function quickly when the time came to use them, but he seldom cared to use them. He was nineteen at the time of this startling announcement, and I was but sixteen. The idea impressed me considerably; but Mother, being a woman, asked him where he was going to get the money. He just smiled in that knowing way of his and said, "I didn't think much about that, Mom, but I guess I'll sell my car." The car, by the

way, had been bought on the spur of the moment when he landed his first job after graduation from high school. He had paid the last installment only two weeks before. Dave sold the car, went to college for a semester, and although he passed all subjects with a four point average, he decided he'd had enough of school and didn't like it after all. That was Dave.

I am quite sure that my brother had his "affairs." During his early high school days he stoutly denied that girls meant a thing to him, but we were all "wise" when out of a clear blue sky he asked for the car for a Saturday night. Although he'd never had the family car before, he didn't blink an eye as he asked Dad for permission to use it. Dad, surprisingly enough, mumbled something about thinking it could be arranged so long as only Dave and his boy friend were going to the basketball game together and would be back before midnight. The next morning Dad came in for breakfast after being in the garage; in one hand he had a pair of lady's overshoes and in the other lady's gloves. "Dave," he said, "I believe one of your friends must have left these in the car last night." Dave just took them to his room without a word, and we never saw

either the overshoes or gloves again.

It had always been brother Dave's weakness to buy a great variety of shirts, ties, shoes, suits, and numerous other articles of clothing, and to pay for none of these until they were worn out. I wouldn't say that he was a sketch from *Esquire*, but his choice was usually pretty good as far as colors, styles, and patterns were concerned. I seldom wished to go to church with him, however, because he'd insist on wearing a loud plaid sport coat, green trousers, brown shoes—and to top it off—a red and white bow tie.

I don't know why my brother went to church. It surely couldn't be that he received any spiritual uplifting from the sermon. He could never tell us just what the minister had said. Usually, though, he had some witty remark to make about the tin-soldiery way the ushers went down the aisle with the collection boxes. This always brought spasmodic laughs from him throughout the entire service and once resulted in several persons' moving to other pews away from us.

Just how Dave will turn out is something which none of us can say. In spite of his strange ways and hasty acts, however, I'm sure he'll really be something some day. I certainly hope so anyway because, after all, he's my brother.

We Are Dumb

We have come to the university after having paid our tuition, most of us realizing how high it was. Why don't we remember this when, some morning, we feel more like cutting our eight o'clock to stay at home to sleep, or when, some night, everyone in the house gathers around for a bull session? A shopper will go down to the market and watch the butcher weigh the meat so that she is sure she gets her money's worth. Why are we so dumb as not to see that the situation which confronts us is not so different? Why aren't we alert so that we get our money's worth of instruction out of every discussion?—RUTH M. CLASSEN

Once is Enough

D. S. ABERNETHY

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1938-1939

THIS pheasant hunt was the result of a series of over-enthusiastic promises and just plain conversation. I had been telling the girl friend that we were going to share a wonderful time together—some day. But she had become dissatisfied with idle vows and demanded that I show her what was so grand about hunting and why it took so much of one's time. When I began my customary, "When we both can find a chance, I'll take you on a real bird hunt," she smiled back a tolerant assent; right then I knew something was wrong.

So this year I took her along, not only to shut her up, but to convert her as well. Before the opening day, I had borrowed a trim little gun for her; it was fast and light, an ideal twenty gauge. The facts that I bought higher-powered shells for her gun than for mine and put a recoil pad on the butt of the twenty gauge will give you an idea of my opinion of our relative abilities.

"Your gun is all ready for you," I announced with pride. "Try some shots at these clay pigeons—you know, just to sort of get the feel of it." With a hand trap I threw several tough angle shots; she powdered them all with a nonchalant air. Swallowing hard, I managed to gulp, "Beginner's luck; try again."

Seeming rather bored with the entire procedure, she came back, "That's enough; it's obvious that there's nothing to hitting those silly little targets [imagine saying that about trapshooting,

the greatest sport on earth!], and besides the noise makes my head ache." And that was that.

Later I tried to soften the fall that I knew she was heading for; after her few shots, she actually believed that she could hit a pheasant! I carefully explained, "Not more than one out of ten hunters gets his pheasant the first year; why, Doc Hays has been after ringnecks for three years now and hasn't even seen one yet. You can't expect just to walk out and mow down a big pheasant; they're smart, tricky runners and strong fliers. This hunting business is really a man's sport anyway—too tough for women!"

"If it's so hard to catch a"

"Not catch, dear; kill a pheasant—fish are caught, but birds are killed, shot, brought down, or anything else but caught!" I was getting pretty peeved by now and wondered if by some chance I could escape what was sure to be a terrible hunt.

"Oh, all right, if it's so hard to KILL a pheasant, how do you explain that you have gotten several every year as long as we have been going together?" She obviously didn't realize that I had no mean ability with a gun—oh, well.

So I tried another line of attack, "But it was all luck, dear. Those birds just happened to be in the right places at the right times."

"But you've always come back with one; it doesn't seem to me that it could be so hard—"

"Let's just forget the whole thing if it's all right with you."

Here we were walking through my favorite grounds, the white snow crunching sharply under our feet. I could see that she didn't appreciate the swell break that the weather had given us and thought that some enlightenment was in order. "This snow makes everything perfect," I said; "it'll be easy to track any birds that are moving about, and the temperature will make the coveys lie close in thickets. I know exactly where to find them on a day like this; they lie close and come out fast; weather makes them frisky once they're on the wing. Of course I'll let you have first shot; but just in case any get away, I'll keep my gun up." I taunted. I was eager for revenge after the way she had shown me up during the trapshooting episode.

"Don't worry about my shooting; just take care of yourself!" I trembled with joy; she was still on her high horse. What an awakening was in store for her, soon—very soon! My musings were interrupted by the cackle of a beautiful cock pheasant as he rocketed from a clump of horseweed to our left. "It's a rooster," I screamed. "Shoot quick!" She calmly watched the bird swing across the sky directly in front of us; it was a perfect shot, and she didn't even have her gun up; I swore, then pulled a quick snapshot. The rooster crumpled in mid-air; his head went limp, signifying death; it was without doubt the prettiest shot I've made. "I'm sorry that I took him, but you weren't ready to shoot, and I couldn't resist any longer. What a shot! and what a bird!"

"Oh, that's all right, don't apologize. I wasn't going to shoot anyway. He was so pretty, and it was fun watching him fly. But it's too bad that you had to kill such a little one. Why the poor thing's not more than half grown—just a baby!" It was true that I've killed bigger birds, but he was so well feathered and marked, and I knew that he was sure to be nice and plump. By the time I had picked that pheasant up he seemed to have shrunk six inches, and I could actually feel his breastbone through his feathers.

I walked along in utter silence for some time; the weather was fine, and talking was the last thing I felt like doing. Joyce glanced at the bulge in my game pocket several times; she didn't say anything out loud, but I'll swear that she mumbled something about poor sports, little birds, and big guns. And I caught her shaking her head once or twice and looking at me with mixed emotions of pity and reproof. She was really a damned nuisance, always tagging along too close and making a quick shot to the rear or side impossible. I shuddered to think of the result if her gun should go off accidentally; it always seemed to be pointing directly at my back. By some bodily contortions she managed to get behind every bush that whipped back as I passed through; she didn't whimper once, but that made it all the worse—I knew that she was being hurt and playing the martyr. At last we returned to the car. As I put the guns in their cases, she said, "Maybe we'll have better luck next time, dear."

"Once is enough!"

Behind the Fountain

F. A. EVEN

Rhetoric 1, Theme 17, 1938-1939

YOU regard it intently as it is placed on the counter before you. Its frothy head makes its tall glass taller. Its delicious velvety brown is streaked by white gobs of ice cream. Two colored straws and one spoon protrude. You pucker your lips and draw up its refreshing coolness. There is a blank but somehow satisfied look on your face. You are enjoying the culmination of the gentle art of soda-jerking.

Soda-jerking wasn't new to me. I had two summers' experience behind me, but nothing promising before me. School was out and I wanted a job. Any kind of job except soda-jerking. But before a week had passed, I was back at it—and with the same outfit. Two uneventful soda-filled weeks dragged by when one day the supervisor said to me, "We are opening at a new location, and in view of your experience, etc." Well, I got a better job. A nicer neighborhood, more responsibility, more pay. Soda-jerking took on a new, more pleasing light.

The new shop, slightly removed from the business section of Evanston, Illinois, stood on a main thoroughfare. Nearby were grouped the buildings of the School of Music of Northwestern University. In outward appearance the shop was quietly modest. No glaring ballyhoo of specialties cluttered the windows. One distinctive neon sign, standing in the parking, bore the sole identification. As one entered, the cool, fresh atmosphere

within was welcome exchange for the heat of the day. Venetian blinds admitted only the milder of the sun's rays. The satiny-white stainless-steel fountain equipment reflected quietly, but distinctly, the cream and blue of the interior. In front of a low counter stood a row of short padded stools, and along the walls, upholstered leathern recesses of booths invited one to comfortable seclusion.

I began work every morning at nine o'clock, beginning a long routine of duties which had to be done before the shop opened at eleven. Johnny, my helper, arrived soon after nine and began the sweeping and mopping, which was his routine job. Johnny was the son of one of the companys' officials, but he submitted to his lowly job in an effort to "learn from the bottom up." Meanwhile I busied myself checking the refrigeration, preparing syrups, filling syrup jars in the fountain, and putting away the daily delivery of ice cream and supplies. Because a careful daily check on ice cream and supplies was important, I recorded the delivery religiously. By our combined efforts the store opened at eleven and we settled down to a steady pace for the day.

Eleven-thirty brought the end of morning classes at the university and with it a stream of students to the shop, all anxious to be waited on, and all incapable of understanding the physical limitations of men. Orders were fired at us from all sides as we rushed about,

trying to serve everyone with no more than reasonable delay. Most of the students were from the School of Music. From bits of conversation overheard, I learned that the greater part of them were teachers and were back at summer school doing graduate work. Groups of young men earnestly discussed the adagio from Sibelius' latest symphony. Groups of middle-aged ladies whipped out their notes and earnestly discussed the latest in music-teaching psychology for elementary schools. Groups of young ladies earnestly discussed the latest of anything. I must confess I regarded them all with a certain awe and looked forward to the time when I should become as intelligent as those before me certainly must have been. Pretty illusions began forming in the back of my head. How wonderful college must be to make these mere men sober their attitudes and transform them into veritable fountains of knowledge and wisdom. I must confess too, though, that it has taken less than a semester of college life to shatter my pretty illusions.

The early afternoon was quiet and we had opportunity to repair the damages of the noon rush. Our repairs, however, were usually nothing more extensive than clearing dishes from the counter, sweeping up crumpled napkins, and straightening chairs and tables.

Soon customers came into the shop by ones and twos, and although we were not rushed, we were kept busy. Not infrequently during the afternoon, groups of young girls of high-school age would enter, attracted by the automatic record

machine, which contained two dozen records of swing tunes. Hot music poured forth in nickels' and dimes'-worth, and these young ladies, who presumably had no small measure of refinement, proceeded to swing it! All this to the bewilderment and consternation of one prissy old lady—an habitué of the place—who, bristling with respectability, mumbled her inarticulate disapproval into a cherry phosphate.

In the late afternoon when business houses closed, people drifted from the business section toward their homes. Many of them passed the shop and not a few stopped in. With painful regularity one cantankerous old gent appeared at 5:14 each day for a pint of vanilla cream. Without fail, his purchase of the day before had been icy, not fully packed, and defective in countless other ways. In time he became amusing, but I managed always to suppress my feelings and give his complaints the kindest consideration.

At six o'clock, after discussing with the boss the happenings of the day, I took leave of the ice cream, syrup, and soda until nine the next morning.

After a few weeks, this routine too grew stale and monotonous. The shine was wearing off the job; it was still soda-jerking. By the end of the summer I swore I'd never jerk another soda.—But somehow I have an uncomfortable intuition which tells me that next summer I'll be back serving the same music teachers, the same jitterbugs, the same prissy old lady, the same cantankerous old gent.

Cartoons, 1860-1915-1940

ANNE CULLERTON

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1938-1939

WHEN Ben Franklin was a small boy and was sent to the baker's to buy a loaf of bread, he would march, his money tightly clenched in his little fist, until he came to a shop where a loaf of bread was painted on the window. This was the baker's, and this was where all Benny's little playmates came when their mothers sent them to buy bread. If Benny's brother wanted his horse shod, he would go to a store with a large horse shoe hung over the door; if Benny needed boots, his brother would take him to the cobbler's house, where a large boot was sketched on the window. These sketches were the merchants' only means of conveying to the people in the village the type of merchandise they carried, for most of the good people did not know how to read.

Since that time, men supposedly have become more and more civilized and have learned to read, yet the sketch or caricature remains as a convenient method of expressing and interpreting ideas to a somewhat indolent mankind. A cartoon or caricature pictures at one glance what a page or two of a printed account of the same idea would show. In these fast moving times a clever cartoon will attract the eye of a busy man, while a page of neatly ruled printing will seem too laborious and too boring for him to read.

Besides the convenience of the cartoon sketch there is the element of drama which helps to arouse public emotion. This drama is found in the horrible expressions upon the faces of cartoon figures during war periods. At the tip of the cartoonist's pencil are to be found

sneers of hatred, cruelty, and suspicion, smiles of deceit and trickery, and expressions of fear, terror, and madness—all aiming toward one end—to incite the public into a state of frenzied hatred.

During the horrible French Revolution, when the downtrodden peasants were trying to assert their "liberty, equality, and fraternity" with the wealthier aristocrats and clergy, and when blood flowed as freely as water, the picture propagandists had ample material with which to terrify the people.

One of the greatest grievances of the peasants was the fact that the clergy were growing fat, lolling about in luxury, while the poor peasants were making meals of rats that scooted about in the street gutters. Mirabeau's measure for the confiscation of the churches was shown in bitter caricature of the priesthood. In one cartoon, a fat priest is seen squelched between a press which is being operated by two men. Gold is dripping out of the priest's mouth, two lean monks are walking away in the distance, and another fat priest is being brought up to take his place in the press.¹

Not only was the clergy cruelly satirized, but Marie Antoinette in her "let-them-eat-cake" role was drawn as a loathsome creature, a harpy—part woman and part bird—which, according to classical mythology, was supposed to snatch away the food of its victim. This harpy is shown tearing up the constitution of France with its sharp talons. Even Louis XVI did not escape

¹"Cartoons and Caricatures in War Time," by Lyman Abbot, *Outlook*, November 8, 1916.

the caustic ridicule of the pencil. He is shown as a horned pig, fat and blank of expression.²

Not even a hundred years after the hunger-mad mob of French peasants tore down the walls of the Bastille in Paris, far across the Atlantic Ocean there was talk of Negro atrocities, abolitionists, and emancipation. Propagandists and cartoonists began to foment bitter hatred between the "Yanks" and the Confederates. Harriet Beecher Stowe gave to the North and to posterity Uncle Tom, and the artists had Uncle Tom cruelly mistreated and the Southern plantation owner a merciless despot.

The North, however, was not as malicious in its drawings as was the South. The drawings of the southern artists were full of the most biting scorn and hatred. One such etching entitled the *Worship of the North* reveals the Confederate's attitude toward Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. A Negro, the idol, sits upon an altar surrounded by bayonets. A few feet below this Negro altar is a platform made of the stones of Atheism, Witch Burning, and Negro Worship. Upon this platform lies a bloody murdered white man. Henry Ward Beecher is wiping off the sacrificial knife with which he has just offered the white man to the Negro idol. Charles Sumner carries a torch, and Horace Greeley swings a censer which sends forth snakes as incense.³

Another etching, still more gruesome, made later in the war, was done to arouse overwhelming pity for the South and to incite utter abhorrence of the North. The picture is called *Tracks of the Armies*, and in it a husband returns to his demolished home to find the dead body of his wife among the ruins. A baby cradle is overturned and the baby

is gone. A vulture sits by the chimney, eager to leap down upon the dead prey. The grief-stricken husband stands with his hand upon his head, the expression on his face showing his anguish. On the floor a leaf of an open book reads, "By their deeds ye shall know them."⁴

In 1915 the world was again plunged into another war. Cartoonists and propagandists found their way into the minds and hearts of men and stirred them up into a false nationalistic spirit.

German cartoons exemplified Germany's martial spirit. The German doughboy was pictured as a strong, strapping, burly fellow with victory written all over his face. There was the very serious picture sketch of a German soldier and an Austrian soldier shaking hands, while Bismarck, the grand old man and soldier of Germany, is shown appearing out of a cloud blessing the boys, saying, "The Germans and the Austrians fear God, but no one else in the world."⁵

The Germans showed unmeasured disdain for England and the United States in their characterizations of John Bull, and of Uncle Sam as President Wilson. When the English cut the German cable, a cartoon was published of a snarling John Bull standing with a gun in his hand beside a tied-up maiden, Truth. Below the picture was the sarcastic title *Truth Bound Captive—John Bull's First Heroic Deed!*⁶ The German cartoonists adopted the idea that England instigated American policies. Wilson was shown sitting at his desk ready to sign a docu-

²*Ibid.*

³*Sketches from the Civil War in North America*, by Adalbert John Volk, London, 1863, Reprinted 1917.

⁴*Ibid.*

⁵"Germany's Martial Spirit," *Review of Reviews*, November, 1914.

⁶*Ibid.*

ment, with John Bull standing over him wielding his pen.⁷

English and American cartoonists, too, were not at all gentle in their characterizations. They jabbed their pictorial taunts at greedy German militarism. "Hans" always had extra large hands as an indication of Germany's covetousness, and the inevitable large German dachshund was given an even longer body to show the extent of the territory which the dog covered.

Even several years before America's entry into the war cartoonists were slyly filling the minds of the American people with ultra-patriotic sentiments. On the first anniversary of the sinking of the *Lusitania* a cartoon was published showing a single, cold tombstone with only one mourner, who was bowing her head over the grave. The following inscription was engraved upon the tombstone:

IN MEMORY OF
AMERICAN CITIZENS
MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
MURDERED BY A NATION TOO SAVAGE
TO SPARE,
ABANDONED BY A COUNTRY
TOO PROUD TO FIGHT
MAY 17, 1915⁸

It is easily seen how a series of such cartoons could emotionalize a people and stir up their resentment until it ceased to be mere resentment and became vicious hatred. Now, in 1939, America is toppling over the line of resentment onto the other side, hatred. Each day our cartoonists bring home to us more pointedly the tyrannical cruelty of such dictators as Hitler and Mussolini. Common to us today are such pictures as the one of a monstrous, surly looking German soldier standing with a whip in his hand over a grovelling population of homeless Jews.⁹

The cartoonist, disagreeing with

Britain's Prime Minister's attempts to pacify the dictators, pictures England as Ferdinand the Bull sitting on top of a world, smelling the pretty flowers, all unaware that the globe he sits on is a lighted firecracker and is about to go off. Ferdinand spends all his time smelling the pretty flowers (dilly-dallying with dictators) instead of learning to fight.¹⁰

Such written and sketched propaganda has made America red-white-and-blue conscious. Hollywood is sending out war films—*Drums Along the Mohawk*, *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, and Charlie Chaplin's *The Dictator*. On the women's page of the daily papers are found military hats, coats, and even military recipes.

What to do about it? We might get the people interested in anti-war films that show the horror of war, we might popularize such books as *All Quiet on the Western Front*, we might take every boy of eligible age to visit some hospital for wounded veterans, and we might set up a counter cartoon attack against the pro-war cartoonists.

⁷"European War Cartoons, Chiefly German," *Review of Reviews*, Oct., 1915.

⁸"Cartoons and Caricatures in War Times," by Lyman Abbott, *Outlook*, October, 1915.

⁹"American Cartoonists View the World," *Survey Graphic*.

¹⁰"Cartoons of the Week," *Scholastic*, February 18, 1939.

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Army Man

JOHN KAUFMANN

Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1938-1939

FIVE BRITISH SOLDIERS DIE IN BLAST

The war office announced five British army gunners were killed and six injured today in an explosion at Woolwich arsenal, the second there in two days.

The explosion occurred during the loading of a 3.7 inch anti-aircraft gun. An investigation was begun.

THE doctor said, "I'd say six months. Bill—I'm sorry."

Bill did not stir. He was looking past the doctor, past the white hospital furniture. A company was marching on the drill field. His expert eye followed them—guide was too slow crossing—the pivot moved that time—no snap in that halt. He moved his big shoulders.

"Damned funny, Doc. Me dyin' this way after two wars and God knows how many campaigns."

. . . .

The major said, "You'll be retired tomorrow, on full pay—I'm sorry, Bill." The big shoulders rose as with a deep breath, and the major continued, "Have to do it, fellow. Things like that get around. Bad for morale, you know." He was looking past the major, past the business-like headquarters furniture. The company was getting better—that last squad left was the answer to a Louie's prayer.

"Damned funny, sir, me in the army all my life, and out—just in time to die. Isn't there anything . . . I mean me outside the army—it just doesn't add up. It's my life, sir."

"I'm really sorry, Bill."

. . . .

The barrack room was empty when he walked in. There were the long rows of

beds with each blanket turned back exactly the same length, the identical duffle bags, the uniform brownness of everything. The sameness surrounded him, and he liked it—but after tomorrow? He eased his two hundred pounds onto a bed. He wasn't thinking of the evil little ache in his head. He was twenty again and just up from Sandhurst, trying to make himself look mature and responsible, trying to make the colonel see that he lived only for the army. After that had come Africa and his first malaria, India and the scalp wound and its unsanitary dressings, Sudan and the "Fuzzy Wuzzies," France and the *Croix de Guerre*, then India again, and now Woolwich to learn the new guns. Only he had headaches, and now the doctor said six months.

Six months out of the army. What did civilians do besides raise families? He didn't even have civilian clothes. He'd sleep in a room with one bed, a room with a dresser and a chair. He'd take long walks—it'd be funny, walking by himself. He'd have to make friends. What did civilians talk about? God, what a life! He couldn't even enjoy the pictures or the burlesque by himself. Mother of God—he couldn't even get drunk by himself.

A bugle sounded first call. It would be his last drill. He straightened his belt, squared his shoulders, and marched out. God, it was like walking to the edge of a cliff—his last drill. Thank God he was number three today; at least he'd be busy sliding fifty pound shells up into the breech. His last drill. He clenched his fists.

"You will be using a new fuse today ; it is accurate but delicate. Number three will be careful with the tips." Then the orders came down. The gunner sat watching pointers ; the fuse was cut ; a powerful shove and the shell went home. The gun roared. The gunner was matching pointers again—his last drill—be careful of the tip, if he'd miss a couple of inches—the gun roared again. A couple of inches—it was his last drill—God damn the buzzing in his head—his last drill—a couple of inches—tomorrow he'd be out of the army. The fuse was

cut—careful with the tip—the gun roared again. Tomorrow he'd be out of the army—a couple of inches—extremely delicate—dangerous—a couple of inches—tomorrow he'd be out of the army—in six months. The fuse was cut. Tomorrow he'd be out of the army—by God, no! A couple of inches, huh? Six months, huh? No, damn it, no! He clenched his teeth and swung the shell at the breech. The gunner started to scream, and then the shell hit. A brilliant light—six months, huh?

The Dinner Bell

JANET SMALTZ

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1937-1938

I HAVE always winced at the word "restaurant" as applied to my place of business, feeling that the connotations of the word were not universally appetizing ; but "Tea Room" was too exalted for the Dinner Bell, and for lack of a more fitting title, I have reconciled myself to "restaurant." The Gray Shingle Station and Cabin Camp, of which the Dinner Bell was a part, began with a gasoline station, one small cabin for tourists, and a newly built home with a semi-ambitious family in it. It was a family affair from the beginning, and as the camp grew, each of the four members of the household fell into his respective place in the summer and served until the season was over. When the camp was enlarged to its present proportions

about six years ago, it became evident that some place to feed the tourists at the camp would be an asset. That tourists had to ride five blocks to the stuffy Main Street of the adjacent town, eat at a small restaurant which reeked of beer, and return, fatigued and unfavorably impressed with the town, seemed unnecessarily annoying. Mom and Dad envisioned the restaurant and experimented with it on a small scale several times one summer, and because it was successful, they decided to enlarge a building and go into the business seriously the following summer.

The place was to be small, serving forty people when filled to capacity, and the meals were to be plainly served—wholesome, well-cooked food, reasonably

priced. I was to be manager! Somehow I was roped in on that. I was just out of high school and blissfully unemployed. The folks must have been worried about what to do with me all summer, for there was certainly nothing in my make-up that would suggest an ability to manage a restaurant. I never cooked, except on very rare occasions; I knew nothing whatever about economical buying of food supplies; and above all I despised dirty dishes and their renovation. But Mother put the idea to me, and it was either accept or admit that I was just too lazy. To save the family honor I accepted, and my career was begun.

Once begun, there was no ending until late September. And my labors were manifold. Every day after the normal breakfast hours, I frisked downtown and did the marketing, and then rushed home to help the hired cook prepare the luncheon menu. I served to all who came, helped with the dishes, did odds and ends of cleaning which the cook had not had time to do, prepared vegetables for the evening meal, took a hasty shower and jumped back on duty for the evening rush, which was the busiest time of the day. Day after day! We kept all our meat, such as T-bone steaks, pork chops, catfish, perch fillets, hamburger, etc., cut into servings and frozen in the Frigidaire ready for cooking, and at a moment's notice we could have the meat sizzling on the stove. There were always boiled potatoes in the ice box, ready for "whole frying," and there, too, were cooked vegetables for buttering or creaming. The moment a step was heard on the porch, or the familiar bang of the screen door announced another entry, we sprang into action. I jumped for a pencil, a check pad, and a menu and ran to greet the

patron. Once the order was taken we really hopped into it. I set the table leisurely and quietly as if I had all the time in the world, and then sauntered toward the kitchen door. Once inside the kitchen I raced like a mad woman, tossing jars of fruit around into a salad, making iced tea, and perching radishes on the plates, while the cook prepared the rest of the meal. We tried to have a sufficient variety to please everyone, and, human nature being what it is, we were often cooking five different kinds of meat, and making five varieties of salad for five customers. When we had an average evening business and served about thirty people, we were really busy. Often in the heat of one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, while making a tuna fish salad with its million ingredients, cudgeling ice cubes from stubborn ice trays, and setting and clearing tables for thirty people with peculiar appetites, I felt that it was just too much. A fifteen-hour day in the face of a gulping public was enough to ruin a much better disposition than mine.

We could never have kept our sanity had we not been blessed with an appreciative sense of humor, and with patrons who were amusing and interesting. It became easy to classify them as they entered the long, narrow dining room and waited to be served. The business man was generally indifferent to his surroundings: he invariably ordered a steak dinner and apple pie, and left the lettuce under his salad and the vitamins in his vegetables untouched. He sat staring absently at nothing, ate his dinner abstractedly, and walked out as if in a trance. There were those, too, in a party who were indifferent to each other as well as to their surroundings. Two middle-aged ladies, who had started out

with a pleasant opinion of each other, had been intent on a western trip, but after three thousand miles of traveling and its closeness, their enthusiasm for each other had waned. They sat, moody and silent, sometimes even at different tables, depending on the acuteness of the break. One ordered cinnamon toast and fruit salad, and the other said pointedly that she was hungry from driving so much (meaning that Edna hadn't done her share today), and with a hurt look ordered a full dinner with "dark bread and black tea."

Elderly married couples visiting all the national parks and enjoying every minute of it, school teachers going to the coast for the rest of the summer, and farmers from Nebraska are the ideal tourists. They are always interesting and appreciative. It was never my intention to fool the public, except in my weakest moments, when fatigue overruled my judgment. It was at such a time one night that six people came in to eat, at nearly ten o'clock. They ordered two hamburgers apiece. I searched for five minutes in the meat compartment, and all that I could find was fifteen sausage cakes. No hamburger! The cook and I conferred and decided to risk the sausage as a substitute. We turned on the kitchen ventilator to whisk out the tell-tale odor of pork and sage, and I put two bottles of catsup on the table, hoping that they would use it generously. In the buns, the sausage looked beautifully "hamburgerish," but as I carried them into the dining room, the conversation at the table was "our corn" and "Illinois corn." Farmers! My mind saw butchering and sausage—and my utter downfall. I served the "hamburgers" and went back to the kitchen feeling slightly ill.

When the bell rang, I struggled a moment with the idea of flight and then tripped solicitously forward. They were indeed 'the best hamburgers they'd had since they left Nebraska, and they'd been in fourteen states since May!' I gulped, and thanked the ventilator, the cook, Nebraska, and these wonderful people.

The most disturbing, though often amusing, people were those whom we classed as "pains-in-the-neck." There was the effusive woman with the illustrious husband, who wanted everything for nothing, thought the place was "just darling," and bounced into the kitchen when we were busiest and wanted to "help get breakfast." "The Colonel" liked this fixed just so, and his grapefruit must be cut a certain way, and he liked his coffee very strong and his pineapple juice very weak. "He's very well known in aviation circles, you know," and if we hadn't known, we surely did now—everything about "the Colonel" from his shoe size to his I. Q. Then there was the lady who *had* to have boiling water for her teeth, though what kind of teeth she had and how she used the boiling water on them was never revealed. There was the wealthy Eliza from Kansas who stopped yearly to see us, and who swore and chewed "Horse-shoe" plug with an agility rivaled by no mere man. There were New Yorkers who were wondering how soon they would be seeing Indians! There was also that great curse—those who were determined never to be pleased.

Such was the array that crossed the threshold of the Dinner Bell. My career as a waitress provided me many laughs, many pains, and a practical pre-University education.

Eccentricities of a Cat

MARJORIE DILLON

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1938-1939

A PROLONGED groan greeted me as I walked into the living-room and deposited a squirming kitten on the floor. "Another alley-cat!" exclaimed my father, frowning in disapproval at the only portion of the kitten then visible—a fuzzy yellow tail disappearing beneath the davenport.

"Oh, no!" I said reassuringly. "This isn't an ordinary alley-cat. He's different." I was referring to the coppery lights in his fur and to the long, plume-like tail that suggested Persian ancestry. Now, however, I have found that Worry-Wart, as he was soon appropriately named, is extremely "different" in many ways. He possesses a very versatile nature and the mannerisms and moods of a spoiled child.

Like all spoiled children, Worry-Wart cannot stand neglect. After the first few days of terror at his new environment, he emerged from his fortress behind the davenport and demanded attention with the air of one who is the center of attraction. Even now, if his dish of carefully warmed milk is not punctually placed near the stove, he assumes the injured air of a great martyr, and sits mournfully in the doorway,—his eyes cast down, his whiskers drooping, his tail stretched out limply on the floor. His whole attitude seems to say, "I am hungry, but no one cares about poor little me. I shall bear my pain in silence."

At other times of great neglect, he voices his opinion to himself in some obscure part of the house,—perhaps in the basement, where he walks about

meowing loudly and lamenting his loneliness. He is either extremely sad or so deliriously happy that he throws himself with abandon into the spirit of play. In a playful mood, he is a sharp contrast to the ordinary cat who usually pads about silently on velvety paws. Worry-Wart actually gallops from one room to another, making a great deal of noise and setting his "soft" paws down with so much force that the candlesticks on the mantel rattle. He has a private race track extending from the kitchen to the davenport (where he stops a moment to sharpen his claws on the upholstery), and then back again to the kitchen by a circular route around the dining room table. At the end of the track is a great hazard—the waxed linoleum on the kitchen floor. Having attained a high speed on his record dash, he has almost as much trouble in stopping as the celebrated Pluto of the "Micky Mouse" series.

Worry-Wart's diet is one of his outstanding eccentricities. Give him an egg, and he will be perfectly contented. By an egg, I do not mean just any egg, fried, poached, or baked. It must be a hard-boiled egg, carefully cooked, shelled, and placed whole on a saucer. Worry-Wart tests it critically with his paw. If it is a little too warm, he knocks it around the floor until it has assumed a dubious appearance, and then eats it with gusto.

One of Worry-Wart's joys is deep meditation. For these moments of solemn reflection, he chooses odd places. It is not an uncommon thing to come upon

him, sitting placidly in the kitchen sink, —his eyes fixed on some distant point of the horizon.

He is definitely a spoiled brat, a pampered pet, and the cause of an occasional embarrassing moment. Imagine what a terrible shock it was one night when

guests arrived and found—horrors!—a chicken foot lying in the middle of the living room rug. But always after such incidents, Worry-Wart is forgiven. He is an ordinary cat with an extraordinary personality—a beloved nuisance.

My First Proposal

CHERIE FENWICK

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1937-1938

WE WERE both freshmen in high school. He was large for his age, with big feet, and hands he never did know what to do with. His hair was carrot red, his eyes were brown, and his face was plentifully peppered with freckles. He was about as far removed from my "ideal man" as anyone could be, but I liked him. He and I had a history class together, and although Dean delighted in teasing the other girls unmercifully, he didn't tease me, but assumed a respectful, protective air when near me that contrasted strangely with his boyish looks and clumsy movements. We had been going out together for three or four months, to dinner, to a show, to class parties, but this particular evening it was an informal dance, and therefore a big occasion.

Dean came over early, looking, I thought, very handsome in a neat brown suit, with his fiery hair lying smooth for once. I was feeling superbly beautiful in my first long dress of rose-colored satin and was looking forward to the dance with much excitement. We took a

cab to the hall, an unusual luxury, since we hadn't far to go; so I had a premonition that this evening was going to be different.

Most of our friends were attending the dance, and we spent the first two or three hours talking to them and dancing. During this time, I noticed a change in Dean. He was usually quite blunt and not infrequently rude, but tonight he was more polite and considerate, and all of the little niceties he was performing, such as cheerfully carrying my evening purse in his pocket, always opening doors for me, and promptly picking up anything I dropped, impressed me very much. While we were dancing one of the dances, he did a very surprising thing. He bent his head and kissed my shoulder. I was pleased, but embarrassed, and told him not to do it again. He boldly answered, "Why not?" but when I told him everyone could see us, he promised it wouldn't happen again. A few minutes later, he took my arm and said abruptly, "Let's go outside."

We walked out into the moonlight night

and up and down the terrace several times, without saying a word. Suddenly, Dean stopped, and grasping my shoulders as he turned toward me, looked straight at me, and said very fast, but very earnestly, "Cherie, you know I like you an awful lot. Will you wait for me till we're out of school and then let me take care of you always?" I was dumb-founded for a moment, and then I realized he was asking me to marry him. I was receiving my first proposal! The moon's pale gleam softened the brilliant red of his hair and made his freckles almost invisible. He looked very manly and sincere to my eyes, as I breathlessly

replied, "Oh, of course, Dean!" He smiled then, and leaned toward me bashfully, saying, "No one can see us now." I offered him my cheek, and his absurdly tender little "peck" gave me a thrill I haven't experienced since. We returned to the dance with smiling lips and eyes aglow, and the news soon got around to our friends. Although they were surprised they were happy about it, too.

Dean and I went out together for some time after that, and although we finally drifted apart, without quarrels or hatred, my first proposal remains one of the most pleasant memories I have of the past.

Rhet as Writ

(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)

He tells his story as if he were sitting around a fire.

.

In honor of Mother's Day, the band was in kilts.

.

I little realized why my ancestors came to America before I wrote this theme.

.

Those people who are interested in hobbies which do not press the pocket-book should try hiking, fishing, collect-

ing bugs, birds, fish, or other natural things of nature.

.

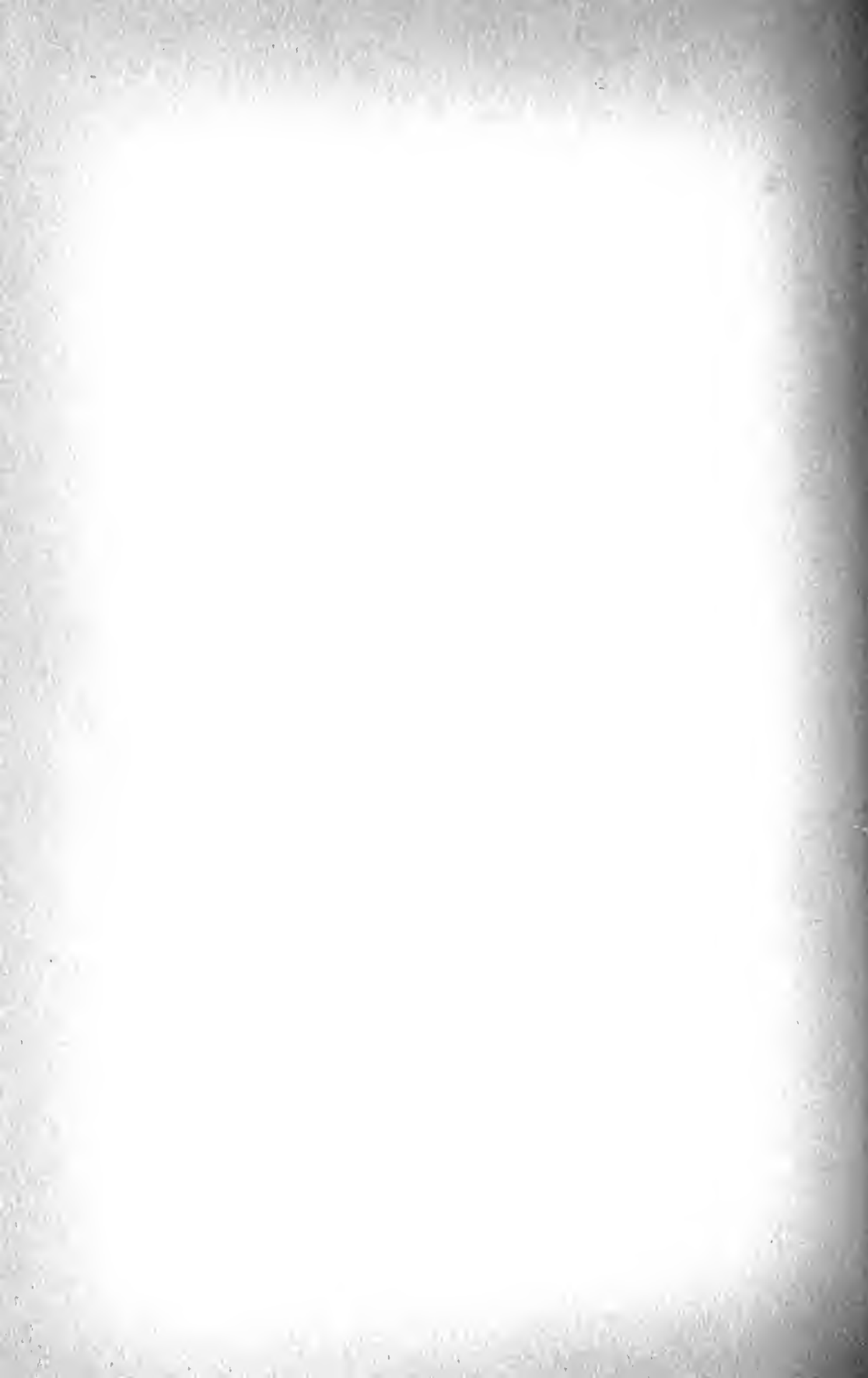
But when people say a modern coed doesn't know the first thing about cooking it makes me angry because I know that at least three-fourths of them do, and the other third can certainly learn easily enough.

.

A big policeman sat on both sides of me in the rear seat.

Honorable Mention

- HAZEL BOTHWELL—Looking Inside Your Chest
CHARLES D. BROMLEY—A Few Interesting Facts About Cancer
WILLIAM R. DAVIDSON—The Evolution of Piano Technic
ARTHUR FOSTER—Farm Boy, Why Leave Home?
J. E. HAFNER—The Architect—A Definition
CARROLL K. HEITZMAN—The General Store
VIRGINIA KAUTZ—The Cigarette Girl
ALLAN MACCOLLAM—A Friend in Deed
L. P. NELSON—Swedish Foods and Customs
F. W. SMITH—How I Developed an Interest in Archery
BERYL STEIN—The Prophets
H. W. THRAPP—Injustice
WILLIAM WEAVER—A Trip Through the Atom
THOMAS WESTERLIN—Liquor vs. the Lord
THOMAS WESTERLIN—Threshing Time
WALTER WIGGINS—International
ERNESTINE WILLIAMS—A Journal Entry
PERRY WOLFF—A Night's Walk
J. F. ZYGMUNT—Conversation



THE GREEN CALDRON

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Training for Life as Well as a Living

BERYL STEIN

Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1939

IN THREE years I hope to graduate from the university as a ceramic engineer. I shall have spent four years in attending a university. And what will I have gained? What will I know when I'm through? How will I find my place in society?

For four years I shall have attended school and studied; for four years I shall have given my best powers for the attainment of an education; and when I am through, will I be educated? Will I be able to choose my friends as I wish, or will I have to limit myself to the company of ceramic engineers? Will my wife be able to call guests to the house who may interest her husband, or will she always be afraid that her husband, who graduated from the University of Illinois, will be embarrassed if one of the guests hits on a topic other than engineering, if he questions her husband about the economic revolution in England, or about the merits of some novelist? After four years of training will I be prepared to live, or will I be prepared only to make a living? Will I be a potter only at my wheel, or also in the parlor?

And a tragedy lies in the question. It is a tragedy that our institutions of higher learning leave room for such questions, and it is a tragedy for me to feel that I am probably one out of a hundred who even asks the question. One of the professors of the College of Engineering of the University of Illinois once said at an assembly of freshmen: "I know that you engineers don't like rhetoric, that you can't imagine lovers

in the moonlight, and that you don't know how to write about them." And the man was right. The engineering student does not know how to write artistically, or how to put down his thoughts on paper. But the tragedy is not in that; the tragedy lies in the fact that a professor of an engineering department spoke about the only liberal arts course in the engineering student's curriculum *apologetically*. Not only did he fail to feel that the student should be prepared for life more broadly than he was being prepared, but he sympathized with the students who did not like to be taught how to write well.

And the student himself not only fails to ask what life he will lead when he graduates, but resents being taught an essay, and condescendingly learns how to write a narrative or an argument for the instructor. There lies the tragedy—in the attitude of the instructors and of the students. But I have asked the question—what now?

I have asked the question, but I am slowly realizing that I am getting nowhere nearer a solution. I planned to take extra courses in conjunction with my engineering but I find that I can't very well lead myself to a nervous breakdown because of overwork. I find that next semester I'll spend about thirty-two hours a week in class, and where can I find time for liberal arts courses? I find that I stay up late nights doing what work is required of me, and how can I devote myself to readings in psychology, sociology, economics, and art? I am leaving school tomorrow morning,

and even before I can relax I have a job waiting for me—should I read history on my way into town?

I am twenty-two years old. May I extend my course for a year or two? Have I the right to delay earning my own way? On the other hand, is it fair to me, to my parents, to my future companions that I should graduate ignorant of everything but ceramics?

I have not solved the problem yet, but one thing I know; before long it *shall*

be solved. Meanwhile I blame the University, I blame the College, and I blame the attitude of college men towards an education and what it means. From time to time I visualize my Tel-Aviv shoemaker. He was thoroughly acquainted with every branch of Jewish life. He wasn't an engineer—just a shoemaker; and yet how I long to be able to change places with him. He was trained for a life, and I am being trained for a living.

Good Old Artie

WILFRID B. SHANTZ

Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1939-1940

ARTIE is not handsome. He stands five feet and five inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, is slightly bow-legged, and has a scant crop of sandy hair. His thick glasses and freckles add no beauty to his unimpressive features. No matter what he wears, it doesn't look smart on him. A Finchley suit, a Stetson hat, and a Burberry overcoat look like some things from Maxwell Street when he dons them, but no matter how he looks people never forget him after spending an evening with him, especially at a party.

Artie is the life of the party. After the third drink, he will keep the guests in good spirits for the rest of the evening, with an inexhaustible fund of jokes, stories, limericks, and wise-cracks which he will unload on any listener, with or without encouragement. In spite of his amazing memory, he makes sure that no joke will be missed, by writing each new

one he hears in the little black book that is his constant companion. I looked through this book once and found forty-three stories about traveling salesmen, twenty-six limericks, twenty-one stories that started "What's the difference between," and nineteen very hot toasts among several hundred miscellaneous entries.

The fact that he keeps a joke book should not be considered as a slur on Artie's memory. He has the best one that I have ever discovered. His boast, "I haven't forgotten anything since I was two years old," is almost the truth. He remembers the English translation of Caesar's *Gallic Wars* completely; the phrase *Eadem nocte* will invariably bring forth the full translation of the whole paragraph in which the expression occurs. The name of any old or new major-league hockey player will elicit a

stream of information about age, weight, position played, experience, scoring ability, and a general estimate of his competitive worth. Sometimes it is disconcerting to his companions to hear long-discarded opinions brought up verbatim. In 1938 he reminded me that I had said in 1932 that Roosevelt had a good record, but not enough personality for the job.

There is one place where his memory fails. When he is on a golf course, not only does his memory become faulty, but deceit and untruth may be expected. None of us would bet with him unless we were prepared to count his score stroke by stroke. A poor lie is no hazard to him. He simply moves the ball to a better position, nearer the hole. He seldom counts the last putt, which he concedes to himself. If he makes a poor drive, he always tries another one and then plays the better ball, counting only one stroke. It is almost useless to argue with him because he becomes mulishly obstinate when his veracity is questioned, though it is not only questioned, but derided, in our weekly game.

His obstinacy is one characteristic that is unpredictable. One of my first encounters with this trait came shortly after I met him. A group of my friends, including Artie, were driving home with me after a rather gin-soaked Saturday night. We had played poker in the afternoon, and had gone to a midnight burlesque show. Everyone but Artie wanted to go home. He wanted to go to a notorious hotel, twenty miles away, to find a dice game. I refused, as I didn't want to go, and didn't think any of my companions were sober enough to drive. Artie was so angry that he got out of the car and walked home. That was the only time anyone ever walked home from

an auto ride with me. For the next year he avoided speaking to me directly, though we met almost every day.

The temper he displayed that night was matched on only one other evening, when he was set by one counter in a pinochle game because of an unfavorable distribution of cards. This set was the climax of a week of bad luck and losses; so he vented his wrath by smashing a heavy stein against the wall of our apartment, leaving a jagged scar in the plaster. He never repeated the offense, for we threatened dire physical punishment if he did.

With all his faults, Artie is a good friend and a very loyal one. He has a capacity for good-fellowship that makes his companions ignore any shortcomings. I know that if I were in trouble Artie would do everything in his power to help me, and expect no thanks for it. On long winter evenings he can more than hold his own in a discussion of politics, religion, economics, social trends, sports, women, or history; he furnishes dates, statistics, and quotations with an incredible dexterity. If I wanted to go mushroom hunting at three o'clock in the morning or to climb a telephone pole at noon, Artie was always game. He would always go along. Friends like that are hard to find.

When I received a letter from him several days ago, it made me wish that I could go back and enjoy some of our old experiences over again; to be at Old Heidelberg of Chicago's 1934 fair, singing the Schnitzelbank over our mugs of spiked beer, or standing in front of the busses until they stopped and then beating them over the radiators with our canes. That old gang of mine would not have been the same without Artie. He was indispensable. Good old Artie.

Vern

JACQUELINE WILLOUGHBY

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1939-1940

OF ALL the four hundred individuals who inhabit the village of Huntsville and the surrounding community, the one who stands out most clearly in my memory is Vern. I don't remember his last name; in fact, I doubt that I ever heard it, because to everyone, from the town's newest occupant to its oldest settler, he was known just as Vern, the blind man who knew more about what was going on than the most sharp-eyed of the village gossips.

Vern lived alone in a dreary two-room cabin about two miles from the village. His home was like himself, a little bent over, shabby, run-down, and not too clean, yet managing to appear alert and watchful. In this cabin Vern cooked his own meals, consisting chiefly of the potatoes he grew in his weedy garden patch and the milk he secured daily from his old Jersey cow. His only other source of food was the donations of kindly friends and neighbors.

Everyone who traveled the highway leading past Vern's abode to Huntsville learned to watch for him, groping his way along the edge of the road with his cane, on the way to the village to learn the latest news and to purchase his daily stogie. These long black cigars were the only luxury that Vern could afford on his meager income of fifteen dollars a month blind pension, and in spite of rain, snow, or ice he made his daily pilgrimage to town to purchase his one cigar.

Vern was a familiar figure to all the townspeople as, clad in a drab, baggy suit and slouchy old felt hat, he strolled

along, bent over his heavy cane and puffing on his big black cigar. He would trudge from the barber shop to the hardware store, from the filling station to the general store, and from the restaurant to the post office, gleaning all the tid-bits of village gossip and transmitting them.

So highly developed were Vern's other senses that he felt his blindness no handicap at all. No matter whom he encountered on his daily rounds, he would speak to him, calling him by name, and he was never known to make a mistake in identity. He scorned assistance in crossing streets and highways, and unerringly found his way about the town. Anytime he was riding home with someone he could tell the driver exactly where his house was, and always stopped him when they arrived in front of his gate.

His wit and keen sense of humor endeared him to everyone in the community. All the children loved to hear Vern tell his stories, and would sit entranced for hours while he spun them out. Among the older people he was famous for his jokes and humorous anecdotes. He especially enjoyed relating any incident concerning himself, and his favorite one was about the time he was walking down the street in Columbus and rammed his lighted cigar into the back of a woman's neck. She turned around and indignantly demanded, "Are you drunk or blind, sir?" Old Vern imperturbably replied, "A little bit of both, madam," and sauntered on his way.

George

ANNE HERRICK

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1939-1940

WHEN I left home only two months ago, my brother George was a small, bashful boy with long hair and a high voice. Now that I am back, I wonder at the metamorphosis. George, two months ago, was to limestone what George, today, is to marble. The slight tendencies I noticed when I left have recrystallized to form the solid foundations of the character that is George today.

As a "lil dinky feller," he had tantrums during which Mother's silver was thrown, well-aimed at the other members of our loving family circle. It clanked so hard on our heads that most of it was deflected into the registers where, no doubt, it was melted and then dribbled down to meet the hungry tongues of the flames, instead of the hungry tongues of the Herricks.

It seemed impossible that such a small boy could inspire such fear in the hearts of the mothers of the neighborhood. Still, after he ran around the house with a hatchet and a piece of stove pipe a couple of times—the three Herrick girls tearing around the same house two feet in front of him, trying for dear life to make their chubby legs put more ground between the hatchet and their heels than George was willing to let them—I cannot conscientiously say that they weren't justified. The voice of a guilty conscience says George may have been justified too. No grown man of five can stomach a lively ribbing about his kewpie doll.

The point is clear, I hope, that George always felt things strongly. Nor does he feel less strongly about things now, but his method of showing his feelings has

changed. Whereas he used to enjoy a pagan, unrestrained feeling of freedom, he has been sufficiently "sat on" to impress upon him the need of presenting a lovely front to everyone, be he friend or foe. George now presents a lovely front (after he's had breakfast), but every once in a while, when he is sorely put to it, his temper creeps out from behind and lets go as nice a piece of sarcasm as I ever hoped to hear.

Now that the "Mr. Hyde" side of his character has been disposed of, it's time Dr. Jekyll was exposed.

George loves animals and is afraid of none. He had a pet black snake that he kept in his shirt pocket for use as a bookmark. Whenever George got down on the floor to read the paper, his little black snake crawled out of its garage and moved dutifully along the lines as George read. (I suppose George had to slow up for him.) There was a time, too, when George kept little white mice tucked away in the turned-up band of his sweater. (I don't see how he could sit, without giggling, while the mice ran around his middle. It must have been a fine playground for them.) In many ways George has been gentled. Now he keeps white rabbits instead of white mice. His tastes are being refined.

Today we call him "Velvet Top" because his hair is no longer than the nap of velvet. Even though the top has been sliced off, he is a couple of inches taller than when I saw him before. His dainty little voice has changed to a volatile thing with bass undertones. He's a long way from being a jitterbug, but he is learning to dance, and, what is most peculiar,

enjoys it. The wit he used to hide from us all finds its way out as George emerges, a humorist and a sage. One day when we four went bicycle riding, three trucks of C. C. C. men went past. The first batch whistled, the second batch whistled and yelled, while the third made no sound. My older sister remarked that that last load of men were the nicest men she'd seen in a long time. George said, "Humph, they're just tired."

We in the family hope that he won't persist in his worldly ways. Most people are apt to become cynical as time creeps up, but we feel that time is running at a breakneck pace, so far as George is concerned. Perhaps when he is truly sophisticated he will revert to the boyish manner he used to have. Not now, but maybe by the time he is an old grad and calls himself one of the "boys."

Trees I Remember

MARGARET OAKES

Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1939-1940

OF ALL the kinds of trees in all the sections of the country, the trees I like best are those of northern Wisconsin. There, the combination of birches, oak, and pine trees are always beautiful. In spring, summer, and fall, the trees put on their brightest colors; in winter, the pines stand out black against the snow.

With the first rays of dawn the tops of the hemlocks are touched with crimson; the lower foliage is still in colorless shadow. With the rising sun, mist floats away, and the tops of the birches begin to show their light green shades; their white trunks gleam through the forest among the dark trunks of the oaks and maples. When the sun has risen to the zenith, the woods are bathed in light. The earth is brown with old pine needles and half decaying leaves. Here and there, where the ground is marshy, Indian pipe, swamp laurel, and other swamp plants grow. In the soft green carpets of moss there are foot prints and runways of forest animals—the deer, the rabbit, and the porcupine. On higher ground, in the maple and walnut grove, the squirrel fills

the air with his loud chatter. A little way beyond is a dense growth of young balsam, and during the heat of the day, these trees give off a most clean and wholesome scent. As the sun begins its slow descent, long shadows begin to weave across the ground. First the shrubs and low trees grow darker in color, and their leaves make weird patterns on the ground. The sunlight slants through the bright green leaves of the birches, giving one a feeling of existing in an emerald city. As the sun sinks lower it throws a golden glow over the land. The air changes and a mist begins to rise from the swamps. The twitter of birds is subdued and robins call in their young. The pointed tops of the hemlocks rise in dark relief against the sun. Then a grey mantle settles and the woods are very still.

Suddenly a new light comes out of the east. The whip-poor-will raises his voice, the frogs begin their songs, the owl hoots eerily. The moon picks out the white trunks of the birches and again the beauty is breath-taking.

Delinquent Drivers

A. C. TRAKOWSKI

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1939-1940

"—**/?%@!!!, where the h—— did you learn to drive?"

"Listen you **#&%!L, if you don't pull that d—— jallopy out of the way I'm coming over there and jam it down your esophagus."

Time: almost anytime. Place: nearly any corner in Chambana. Characters: two average Chambana motorists. Reason for such violent expostulation: they don't know any better.

I have been in many cities in my short lifetime. I have traveled from Minneapolis to Memphis and from Toledo to Tuscaloosa, but never have I seen more foolish, fatuous, just plain dumb automobile driving than I have seen here in Champaign - Urbana. Motorists here seem to care naught for other people, whether the other people be pedestrians, cyclists, or other motorists. Do they really have no respect for the rights of others, or are they just ignorant about the ways of the road? Just what the trouble is, I suppose, will never be known.

Lack of courtesy to other drivers, however, certainly causes much of the trouble. If two people happen to have their cars stopped at right angles to each other at an intersection, one will not politely motion for the other to go ahead. No, they will both start at the same time, attempting to beat each other across the intersection. This race practically always ends in a dead heat in the middle of the intersection, of course. Brakes bring both cars to a jolting stop; fenders clear each other by inches; blue language fills the air; then one car retreats; the other goes ahead; and all is

well again. Hardly anyone here indicates which way he wishes to turn by signaling with his hand. Time after time I have seen motorists make right turns from the inside lane and left turns from the outside lane. Often a car wishes to pass another car about to make a turn from the wrong lane. This almost always results in a well-dented fender or a full-fledged broad-side smash-up.

Failure to use common sense also causes the inefficiency of local drivers. At stoplight corners where there is room for three cars abreast, two will take up all of the room. A third driver will come along and jam his car in at an odd angle. When the lights change, he will find himself unable to move forward without taking someone else's fender with him. The result is a traffic jam of the first order.

Pleasure-car racing is a popular sport on the cities' wider streets. Perhaps two cars are abreast at a stop sign. On the get-away one driver pulls ahead of the other. Determined not to be outdone, the second driver takes after the first in a wild attempt to pass him and thus avenge his wounded pride. While roaring down the street at breakneck speed, these two drivers apparently give no thought to the hidden dangers they are forcing upon the public. Suppose a car starts across their raceway out of an obscure side street; suppose a child runs into the street directly into the path of the racing vehicles; tragedy inevitably results. If drivers thought, they would not try such foolhardy stunts.

Besides being a nuisance, the tire-screacher is a menace to public safety.

The screech of a tire is a nerve-racking sound. Many times as I have been settled comfortably, I have been roused by a car's careening around a corner with its tires giving forth a deafening squeal. If a car is rounding a corner fast enough to have the tires squeal, it is going fast enough for the driver to lose control of it, and a car out of control while turning is far more dangerous than a car out of control on the straight-away.

If I were mayor of these two towns (I would have to be mayor of both because the same bad conditions prevail in both), I would certainly attempt to straighten out this problem of nonsense driving. I would first set up and publish a "code of the road." This code would contain all of the state and municipal ordinances for the operation of vehicles, besides a set of rules for courtesy on the road. After this code had been published for three months, I would start a raging police campaign. Motorists would be arrested on every charge for which it would be possible to book them. For those arrested I would convert a section of the city jail into a classroom where the "code of the road" would be

taught, drilled, or pounded into those attending. The "students" would be compelled to attend for a length of time specified by the judge of the traffic court. If "graduates" were arrested a second time, they would become "graduate students," except that this time they would attend classes for a longer period than they did at first. This form of education should take care of the theory; now for the practical application.

I would buy perhaps fifteen or twenty of the largest, heaviest old cars that I could buy. I would equip them with super-heavy bumpers extending around the fenders and running boards. This fleet of cars I would send forth as my "right-of-way" or "smash-up squad." Their duty would be to mingle with the traffic of the cities and observe all laws of the "code of the road," but to demand the right-of-way whenever it was rightfully theirs. If the driver of any other car wished to cause dispute over a right-of-way, he could do so, and let his car take the consequences. It is said that pain teaches. A pain in the pocketbook caused by paying for a dented fender should teach how not to get dented fenders.

Laura

She used to sit in the blue wing chair, her head thrown back ever so slightly, with her profile carving a shadow on the tapestry. Her very skin was so translucent that the blood could be seen moving underneath it. Most of the time she sat with her eyes shut, and her eyelashes lay fern-like against the paleness of her skin. Tiny veins traced their way around her eyes and bound her wrists gently. But it is her mouth that I remember best, not because of the things it said, nor the way it said them, but because of its shape and color. Have you ever seen a new-born baby's hands? Laura's mouth was like that—small, and pink, and tightly curled, punctuated on either side by reluctant dimples. I'd like to say her hair was blonde, because I've always liked blondes, but it wasn't. Her hair was mourning black, and it wound Medusa-like around her temples, coiling and twisting, into a flat knot on the base of her neck.—Jo ANN MUNSON

The Organization of Hull House

RUTH SCHNITZER

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1939-1940

THE BUSINESS of rehabilitating and improving men and their families is a relatively young one. The words *charity* and *aid*, two decades ago, usually brought to mind a picture of an amply-proportioned society matron, in an immense motor car, cruising the streets and alleys of a squalid community in order to ferret out some "deserving family" upon whom she could shower happiness. Probably the society matron, and most certainly the deserving family, looked forward to these visits with dread. For the former they were merely ordeals to undergo for the sake of appearing generous and kind-hearted, and for the latter they were humiliating and pride-wounding experiences. Now, because of the humanitarian spirit and progressive trend of our national administration, people requiring help are regarded as problems of the country and are being given a real chance to lead better lives. However, despite "society charity" there was founded years ago an excellent organization which has been growing and improving for years, until it is now one of the leading settlement houses of the world. Its name is Hull House.

On one of the busiest streets in Chicago, Halsted Street, and in one of the city's poorest neighborhoods, a block has been set apart upon which stand the few unimpressive-looking buildings that comprise Hull House. The neighborhood, which is today made up mainly of old, dilapidated tenement houses occupied by indigent Mexicans, Negroes, Greeks, and Italians, was not always in such a state. When Jane Addams first conceived the

idea of Hull House, after seeing a successful settlement house in England, she set out by buying a mansion of a wealthy man. The house stood on part of the very block of Halsted Street where the settlement house now is located. The building today is, of course, enlarged to include the whole block and is built around a court of grass and trees, the only green foliage to be found for miles around. However, the building itself is of small importance. Its occupants and their objectives are the real guiding spirit of Hull House.

The true purpose of a settlement house is to gather together, in a poor community, a group of public-minded, permanent and temporary residents who can, because of their training and abilities, furnish opportunities to their neighbors. Hull House lives up to this purpose. Its School of Music has a staff of resident piano teachers which cannot be surpassed by the most expensive private music school. Classes and private lessons are offered at extremely low fees, and any student who has talent is allowed to play a solo at one of the several recitals given annually in the auditorium of Hull House. In this same auditorium the Drama Guild stages such well-known plays as *Winterset*, and *Having a Wonderful Time*. Not only talented young men and women of the neighborhood, but also dramatic students from all over the city who realize the excellent opportunities of stage work at Hull House, participate in these productions. To the foreign men and women of the neighborhood, skilled in the crafts of their

native countries, Hull House offers, without charge, materials and workrooms where they may make pottery, paint, knit, crochet, and weave tapestries and rugs. The only stipulation that the settlement house makes is that those taking advantage of the materials produce two of everything, one to take with them and one to leave behind. Purely recreational opportunities are numerous. To tempt the youth from the streets, dances are held frequently. Athletic teams are formed, and keen competition arises. Thus far, I have mentioned only the opportunities offered the men and women and the youth of the community. There

are two more groups which are cared for most expertly—infants and children. Separated from the main part of Hull House by an alley, there is a large building where working mothers may leave their infants and young children for the day. A systematized program supervised by skilled employees is carried out. There are morning play hours, a hot lunch, and afternoon rest periods. The play rooms are equipped with toys to thrill even the most blasé youngster, and the poor children who live in the neighborhood of Hull House are not blasé. They love every minute of the days which they spend in the nursery.

Golf—For Men Only

JACK HEATH

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1938-1939

THE slang idiom "to get in one's hair" means to irk, annoy, or madden a person by contrary actions or words. I'm offering this explanation because I want my feminine readers, if any, to understand exactly what I wish to convey when I say that women golfers have got in my hair. If women understand slang as well as they play golf, then I'm sure my definition is needed. Male readers who love the game of golf will understand what I mean. I repeat, vehemently, even angrily, that women golfers are "in my hair."

You, my golfing friend, are on the first tee of your home course. You take in a deep breath, moisten your hands, and pray secretly that your first drive will not hook or slice. You have a feeling that today your game will contain a few pars—maybe a birdie, even, on the

water-hole on the back nine. The sun warms your back as you take your stance. You concentrate on the ball before you, you raise your club, you are at the height of your swing. You feel potential power in your cocked wrists, and in a moment you will smash your ball past the second bunker—you hope. There are perhaps thirty people watching you. Now is your chance to show the members of your club that long drive you are always predicting.

"Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Thorndike! Do you want to play a few holes after the bridge game?"

This interrogation is flung across two fairways just as your driver is about to meet the ball. Mrs. Thorndike shouts that she would love to, your ball bounces off like a hit into right field, and you don't even see where it goes because of

the blood in your eyes. Reluctantly you put murder from your mind. You stamp your tee into the ground, seize your clubs, and stalk after your ball, swearing that you would give a dozen new Kro-flites to be able to christen Mrs. Thorndike's hostess with a brassie.

Three holes later you are more calm. Profanity has grown stale, and you feel that perhaps the day can still be pleasant. Your spoon shot rolled into a trap. Taking your eight iron, you wade into the sand. Now, concentrate. It is forty yards to the green, and you will have to lift your shot over a small tree. You gauge the distance and swing.

"Oh, Gracie, look at my drive!"

Well-timed, wasn't it? At your feet lies a broken club—and the ball. Are you ready to quit? No? Well, after you plough the sand beneath your ball and add four strokes to your score, I turn my head while you throw your ball out of the trap. Finally you are on the green. There is a remote chance for you to sink the putt. Watch it. The green is fast and the hole is placed on a side hill. You allow for a good roll, sight the hole, and prepare to putt. Boy, you need this one, with the score you are making.

"Could you tell me where the fifth hole is?"

Without looking up or turning, you know there is a woman on the other side of the green. You could easily reach her in ten steps, and if you move fast, no one would see you hit her. No you can't do that—not here.

"How in he——!" —Ah, ah, you must not talk like that to a lady golfer, my friend. You point to the fifth hole, she giggles something about how stupid of her, and you kick your ball off the green. Go back to the club house? Sure, let's. Our game is ruined for today.

We walk slowly to the club house.

You, spirit-broken and ready to take up tennis, trudge silently by my side. Don't be discouraged. You have experienced only the talkative woman golfer in action. Let me tell you about the others.

You have never played behind a group of women who are just learning the difference between a caddie and a divot. I mean the types that have decided they won't be happy until they have learned to play golf. These women lose all sense of time, direction, and sight when they are turned loose on a golf course. Now, golf is not a game to be played in race-time. I do not play it so, nor do I ask any other player to hurry his shots. All I have ever expected of those who play in front of me is that they move fast enough to keep me from taking naps between shots. But women make golf an affair of walking, talking, and hunting balls. Women golfers are the explorers of the game. They bunt back and forth across the fairway. They slice and they pull, into cornfields, orchards, and creeks—everywhere but in the fairway. Now they are lost in the tall grass. May I go through? Oh, no, they have found the ball, and we begin this tedious croquet again. Back and forth they go, while I sit and wait for a chance to slip by them.

There are three ways in which I seem to be able to lose a ball. I can plunk it into a water hazard, sail it over a fence, or roll it into a woman's golf bag. Of course, in this last method, I have to have the woman's help to complete my loss. First, I knock my ball over a hill. Then I follow my ball, which should be in the middle of the fairway—if I have been lucky. But when I come over the hill, my ball has vanished. I wouldn't accuse anyone of stealing a golf ball, but I know people who have the knack of finding balls that haven't really been lost.

Most women never lose sight of the balls they are playing because they never hit them far enough. Women can't imagine anyone's being able to hit a ball out of sight. When they see a ball lying in the fairway, they look around for the owner in the immediate vicinity. Seeing no one near, they stoop and "find" it. I once asked a woman if she had my ball. She smiled innocently, felt through her jacket pockets, and produced it. I'll admit she had no criminal intentions, but by that time *I* had. I've seen many trick golf shots. I have banked balls off trees and onto greens, I have seen a ball skipped across water, but I don't believe I'll ever *really* drive a ball into a woman's pocket. At least, not without her help. *Such* a help!

A man who plays golf with a woman can have one of three reasons. He is henpecked, he has come to the stage in life where nothing matters, or he is allowing courtesy to women to grow greater than his love for golf. Revolt, you mouse. Tell your wife you are the master. Take away her clubs; teach her to knit. Rise from your fallen state of mind, my despondent fellow, and fight for the cause; you must help to exterminate women golfers. And you, my

polite gentleman, tell those women you really don't want to play golf with them. Be honest; be a man!

Unfortunately there will always be men who will want to play golf with women. These men must be dealt with as the women themselves. We can do no less than ban them from their country clubs, take away their golf clubs, and let them restrict their sporting activities to solving riddles or finishing jingles.

What shall we do with the women golfers? It would be sensible to drown them like kittens, but, unfortunately, there aren't enough jurors who play golf. I propose we compel women golfers to dress alike. Make them all wear a simple uniform of dirty gray. I'm sure that in a short time their vanity in dress would supplant their desire to play golf. Why do women play golf? They wish to parade in front of men and exhibit not their playing skill but their finely tailored golfing habits. Take away a woman's stylish clothes, and soon she will fade from the fairways. Then, and only then, will you and I be able to send that first drive past the second bunker everytime we tee off.

Wonderful, isn't it? No women—boy!

Superstition

A foolish fear is woven around the unsuspecting black cat, who probably wonders why he is so frequently snubbed, and why people dash madly away from him. The sleek, well-groomed, black cats with proud, waving tails are no more welcome than the whining, scrawny black cats with ratty tails. They are all black—black cats, a symbol of a black calamity to the person whose path they may cross. The cat, himself, is very innocent, and is probably only crossing the street to exchange a few meows with the cute little blonde in the next block. He wishes no one any bad luck, and surely his walking in front of Mr. Jones could have no possible connection with the fact that that dignified gentleman should suddenly lose his footing on a piece of ice and bury his head in a snowdrift. Blame the ice or blame Mr. Jones' new orange shoes, which he has just purchased in Pallock's basement for the amazing price of one dollar, but please don't blame the cat.—MARJORIE DILLON

Little Europe—American Style

CHRIS PAPADINOFF

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1938-1939

ALMOST every large city has a foreign element within its boundaries. In Chicago, for example, the Italian people all live together in one section of the city, and the Greeks in another section. But my home town can boast an unusual situation, although the people of my home town do everything but boast about it. One small section of the city, about six blocks square, is a genuine potpourri of European nationalities. In this small hollow there live Turks, Bulgars, Greeks, Armenians, Mexicans, Poles, Russians, and Hungarians. All these people were drawn to this community by the offer of employment in the steel mills in the years preceding the World War. Since then they have lived their simple lives, half American, half foreign, and today they present a very interesting picture of community life. Notwithstanding their petty disagreements, the fact that they have all been transplanted from their native homes has bound them together in such a way that they seem to be one great family.

This friendliness among the races stands out clearly in many ways. Primarily, it is noticed in the way their homes are spread about. There is no segregation of each individual group. Mr. Manoogian, the Armenian, lives next to Mr. Dezzo, the Magyar, and across the street lives Mrs. Grabowski, Polack Joe's wife. On every street it is the same. Across the back fence young Darro chats with Senorita Carmen, the Mexican girl, while Kiro, everybody's iceman, rumbles down the steps, thanking Tashe for the

nice cold beer. Kiro is a Macedonian, but he peddles his ice in seven or eight different languages. To the Macedonian and Bulgarian, it's *mras*; to the Mexican, it's *hielo*; to the Greek, it's *pagos*; to the Armenian and the Turk, it's *mushta*. His daily morning spiel has become a sort of myth which the mothers tell their children. His ice-wagon is always full of small boys, inside and out, and the boy who sees him first every morning sits on the seat and drives the single emaciated mule.

Almost every day is some sort of holiday in Lincoln Place; this fact is understandable if one remembers the great variety of races. More holidays mean more celebrations, and more celebrations mean more beer and wine to be enjoyed by Magyar and Turk, by Greek and Serb, by Bulgar and Pole; everyone helps everyone else to celebrate his holiday. On the great "Elinden Day," a Macedonian commemoration, the entire community parades and helps the "Mat-skos" celebrate their "Fourth of July." A wedding, especially if the newlyweds are of different races, is a special event for all, and helps to tie the bond more closely between these people. They work together and they play together; they share their good fortunes and their misfortunes. Everyone knowing everyone else, a death in the little village is mourned by all. A funeral procession starts from the church and progresses slowly through the streets. Everyone walks. Leading the procession is the priest, bedecked in all his splendid robes and swinging an incense burner

from side to side. Behind him come the pall-bearers carrying the coffin, and then the family of the deceased. The others in this mournful procession are the rest of the people of the community. After they have carried the dead person up and down the streets for almost an hour, they enter the cars and proceed to the cemetery. When the burial is over, everyone returns to the home of the dead person's family and eats and drinks heartily so that the good Lord may bless the dead person with plenty of food in the world beyond.

There are stores in Lincoln Place, very peculiar ones in fact. The grocery store is unlike any that an American is accustomed to. And there is not, as may be supposed, a Mexican store for the Mexicans or a Hungarian store for the Hungarians. There is only one grocery. Years ago when Yane Marko undertook to open the shop, it was with the knowledge that he had to cater to people of many nationalities, and that to do this he would have to learn the different languages. One would never take Yane to be a very intelligent man, and it is hard to believe that he could master more than one tongue. Yet today Yane has learned enough of each language to converse with and to understand each of his customers.

An even more interesting establishment not found in other American cities is the *Cafeto*. This coffee-house is the only thing that has not been tainted by American custom, and remains to the old people as a bit of their old country. Everyone knows Duke's Coffee-house and everyone knows Duke. Everyone also knows that "Duke makes the best Turkish coffee this side of Istanbul." Duke's is the meeting place of all the men folk; they gather here to play cards or to sip Duke's famous Turkish coffee,

and discuss anything from the new baby to Communism.

Turkish coffee is made of ordinary coffee beans pulverized to a fine powder and boiled in water. The resulting beverage, a thick brown liquid, is, like tea, sipped rather than drunk. But there is an old art to sipping this *turtsko cafe*. The old men say that one should not touch the cup to his lips but should "draw the liquid out of the cup." This belief results in a variety of sucking noises which would turn many a head in an American restaurant but is marveled at only by the younger men at Duke's.

Duke's card games are interesting. Seated at a table may be four men—a Macedonian, a Greek, an Armenian, and a Russian—while gathered around as spectators, a Pole, a Serb, and a Bulgarian calmly watch the game. The Armenian speaks Turkish to the Macedonian and Greek, while in the other corner the Pole converses with the Bulgarian in Russian. When the men get tired of playing *skambil*, they have The Map to amuse them. The Map, a huge dirty map of pre-war Russia, is eight feet long and four feet high. The men draw their chairs around it and argue and point and wave their hands for hours. They can quote Marx better than they can the Bible, while Stalin smiles at them from all four corners of the room. Here in this little room the World War has been fought over and over again, and revolutions have been lived and relived with all their original fervor.

In spite of all their talk about the old country, these people are eager to become American citizens. The regular Thursday night citizenship classes at the Community House are crowded to capacity, and Miss Witheringhouse has done miracles with her "students." More and more of the men are becoming citizens,

but it is still a great day at the *cafeto* when one of them is ready to get his papers. When the applicant is ready to take his examination, the men who have already become citizens will quiz him, asking him various questions about the organization of the American government. Who was our first president? How many senators are there? How many men are there in the Cabinet? Name them. How does a bill become a law? The answers to all these questions have been carefully memorized by the citizen-to-be, and slowly he brings forth the correct one. All the men are glad to quiz the applicant, but it is a great honor to be tutored by Mose, the Armenian "who ought to be a lawyer." After the person has become an *ameri-*

kanetz, he tries to change himself and his family almost overnight. He tries as much as possible to avoid using his native tongue, and becomes angry if someone calls him a "hunky," a term he has been accustomed to hearing for years. He reads only the American newspapers, and usually cancels his subscription to the *Naroden Glas* or *La Prensa*. Beginning his education in politics, he reads everything printed about President Roosevelt, and never misses one of the President's speeches on the radio. The climax is reached when the new citizen votes for the first time. Proud as a peacock, he dons his best clothes and, going to the polls, casts his very important vote.

The House That Hitler Built

NORMA ADAMS

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1939-1940

STEPHEN H. ROBERTS in *The House That Hitler Built* has tried to do the impossible. He has attempted to "explain" Hitler and Nazi-Germany. Delving into Adolph Hitler's past, he has searched, as have many others, for reasons for *der Fuehrer's* habits, attitudes, actions, and peculiarities. After analyzing the post-war history of Germany and the qualities and characteristics of the German people, Mr. Roberts gives the reasons which he feels made Nazism possible and successful. In an understandable and quiet way he has explained the functions of the newly created branches of the government and the problems which the Reich faces, and he

has discussed the important men of Germany. After doing these things, he lays the book open to the destroying element of time by speculating about events of the future, basing his guesses on past happenings. As this book was written in 1936 and as many important events have occurred since then, the value of the material is limited.

For his reader Mr. Roberts has formed a background carefully by describing the personalities of the high German officials and telling how the Nazis gained power in 1933. Then he has proceeded to discuss entertainingly and illuminatingly the Brown Shirts, the army and Hitler's relation to it, the labor

problems, the road-building program upon which the Reich is launched, the great Nazi party rally of 1936 at Nürnberg—the same annual rally that was cancelled this year because of the crisis that led to war—the duty of all German women, the education of German children, the ingenious financial system of Dr. Schacht, and many other phases of German political, economic, and social life.

To me the most enlightening discussion presented was the one concerning Germany's new roads. The government has put thousands of unemployed men to work building magnificently wide roads with large strips of grass and trees between the two lanes. Speeds from sixty to one hundred miles an hour on these roads are not considered excessive. The original aim was to build a total of six thousand miles of these super-highways to be used ultimately as military roads. The author makes the prophetic remark that if one wants to know what Hitler's military aims are, one has only to look to see which roads are being completed first to discover what are his first military objectives. The roads constructed and completed first led directly to Austria and Czechoslovakia; there are now main roads running to Holland and Belgium. Perhaps here is the answer to what Hitler expects to do next, or, at least, what he expected in 1936 would be his next move.

Before making an estimate of this book, which I fear may seem a little harsh, I want to commend the lack of prejudice which the author displays. If this book can be recommended for nothing else, it can be praised for its tolerance and sanity in discussing a personality and a country which usually arouse many unfriendly feelings. Mr. Roberts is

an Australian and, therefore, has the English point of view. One might naturally expect the material to be slightly marred by prejudice, but it is not. In every way Mr. Roberts has dealt considerably, even sympathetically, yet critically, with the German viewpoints, and tolerance is the keynote of his analysis. In this period when writers in despair describe Hitler as insane and create stories which throw a questionable light on his morality, Mr. Roberts is emphatic in denouncing unauthenticated stories and is earnest in presenting the known facts.

However, one cannot "explain" Hitler or his state religion, and the attempt is futile. This book need not have been written. It does not present any outstanding facts which can not be found in any other book on the same subject. Perhaps if a new or different angle, instead of the common one of factualism and analysis had been employed, the treatment of the material might have given the book an excuse for existence. In other books, such as Gunther's *Inside Europe*, better and more illuminating sketches of Hitler, Goering, Hess, Goebbels, and Himmler are to be found, as is a discussion of the rise of the Nazis in 1933. The drive of Goebbels for a common culture, the various scientific means used to increase self-sufficiency, and the pitiful Jewish situation are all subjects on which American and English readers are informed. *The House That Hitler Built* may have had a value in 1936 as less material had been written about Germany at that time; but judging its worth after reading it in 1939, I find it a well-constructed book easily understood, tolerant in its viewpoint, but hardly worth spending a few hours to read.

Trying for a Blue Ribbon

LOUIS BRIGGS

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1938-1939

EXHIBITING hogs in a show ring is an art in itself, but many practices and details which require much work and care are involved in preparing a hog for the show. By having a Hampshire swine project in Vocational Agriculture and in the 4-H Club, I have learned many of the principles of raising "show hogs" and have found many tricks in the business that are worth practicing. Many of the experiences encountered in this work are extremely interesting.

Of course, the purpose of exhibiting hogs at fairs and swine shows is to win money. The goal of every showman is to drive the champion out of the ring. He can succeed only by the proper selecting, fitting, and showing of the individuals.

The fate of a show hog is largely determined even before he is born. A first-prize individual must have the type, character, substance, and style of the particular breed to satisfy the judge's eye. These factors are all hereditary and can be obtained only by careful selection of the breeding stock. In other words, if a pig is the son of a grand champion, he has a better chance of bringing the showman numerous blue ribbons. All animals shown in breeding classes must also be of purebred stock and registered in the association of that breed.

After the selection of foundation stock, the next and most tedious task is keeping the new-born pigs alive at farrowing time. Since a high price is usually paid for the foundation stock or parents of the pigs to be shown, every effort should be put forth to raise as large a litter as

possible. A large litter also gives more selection when the time comes for picking out the best pigs for the show-ring.

I can recall many hours spent in watching the tender pigs soon after birth to see that they did not become chilled or injured in any way. Many old experienced breeders practically live with their sows at farrowing time. Each one has a pet practice of his own by which he saves the precious little porkers from an early death. A method which has been proven very practical and beneficial, especially in cold weather, is to rub the pigs with a burlap sack as soon as they are farrowed and put them in a well-bedded box or bottom of a barrel in which a jug of warm water or lantern is kept. This precaution keeps them from becoming chilled or being injured by the sow. The pigs should be allowed to nurse every two hours before they are finally turned over to the mother.

Skill in feeding and management is one of the most important details involved in fitting a pig for the show. The pig must be fed and managed so that he will stay smooth in his body, be sound on his feet and legs, and at the same time be made to grow rapidly enough to have the desired size, substance, and finish. To have an animal reach the bloom of a good finish just at the date of the fair requires experienced judgment. Rations for animals that are being fitted for the show-ring need differ very little from those for fattening other swine. Variety both in kind of feed and in methods of feeding is desirable in the ration of show pigs. Ground feeds and feeds soaked in milk

can frequently be used to advantage, and feeding three or four times a day may add the necessary few pounds of live weight that will make the animal appeal to the judge.

Few people fully realize the importance of daily exercise in fitting an animal for the show ring. Exercise gives the firmness of flesh and the ease of walking essential to successful showing, and it helps to keep the appetite keen and uniform.

Skillful showing depends largely on the thoroughness and care with which the animal has been trained during the fitting period. An experienced showman of my acquaintance spends much time in training his hogs to respond to the whip. Each animal is so thoroughly trained that a light tap on the right or left ear turns him in the desired direction, and the hog is under complete control while being driven inside the show ring. Nothing detracts more from the animal's chance to win than wild and unruly conduct in the ring.

As show time draws near, the final task begins. Good grooming is the climax of fitting an animal for the show. Grooming brings out and places on display the qualities that have been built up by fitting. Clipping the hair from the ears can give the animal's head a trim appearance. The tail may also be clipped, with the exception of the bush of hair on the end. The toes should be trimmed at some time during the life of the pig. Trimming prevents a foot or leg from becoming crooked and also makes the pig stand straighter on his toes.

One or two days before the show, the pig should be scrubbed with soap and water to remove all traces of dirt and scurf from the skin. Giving a pig a bath is the hardest task involved in grooming the animal for the ring, because by

nature the pig is perhaps the dirtiest animal known. A pig seems to take no pride in remaining clean after once being carefully washed. The task may be simplified by washing the pig in a truck with a clean floor, and by using a hose for rinsing it after it has been thoroughly scrubbed with soap and brush.

On the evening before the show the pigs are transported to the fair and placed in their pens for the week. They will stay fairly clean if kept in sanitary quarters, but most of them need scrubbing again before being driven into the ring. I raised the Hampshire breed, a characteristic marking of which is a white belt encircling the body at the point of the shoulders and including the front legs, which are always white. Keeping the white points clean requires special care.

A few last-minute preparations are necessary for showing a well-groomed animal. After the hog has been thoroughly cleaned, a light application of thin oil should be brushed well into the skin and hair. Oil is added to give the skin a soft, clean appearance, and the hair a natural gloss. The skillful use of talcum powder on the "white points" of black breeds emphasizes the natural contrast of these colors. Any straw that may be clinging to the hair should be brushed off before the hog goes in to the ring.

An experienced showman often exhibits an animal with some serious defect and "gets by" with it. For example, he frequently keeps his hand over the defect of an aged hog and, by rubbing a cane or whip over the superior points of the animal, he continually presents these points to the judges. A swirl, which is a rough spot or circular arrangement of the hair on the back, is unwanted by showmen or breeders. The old trick of gluing the unruly hair so that it lies

straight and smooth has often been practiced, but it is condemned by the officials of the show. Another unlawful trick in showing is the practice of putting lamp-black on unwanted white spots of an animal. These are all tricks of the trade, but few are practiced any longer.

Only a few minutes are required to show an entry, the fitting of which may have required a number of months. Considerable thought and effort should therefore be applied to showing. Often rather small details are very significant. The object to be sought in showing an animal is to give the judge an opportunity to see it at its best. To make this possible, the animal should be under control at all times so that it can be posed or moved as the judge may direct.

An exciting but disgusting event which frequently occurs while young male pigs are being shown together in the junior boar class is a boar fight. Even though domesticated, swine seem to harbor a wild instinct for fighting strange animals when they come in close contact with them. During my second year in showing, I had a young boar who had developed this fighting instinct so much that

I could not handle him. The brave animal picked a fight with a boar much larger in size, and the battle proceeded. After a whip and cane had failed to part the ferocious beasts, I thoughtlessly used my foot and tried to step between them. The result was a badly ripped trouser and gashed leg. I'll never use that method of stopping a boar fight again.

A judge can best study the type and general appearance of a pig if it is moved slowly back and forth in front of him at a distance of ten or fifteen feet. Continually crowding a judge in an attempt to force his attention to one's animal is entirely useless as well as discourteous. It also should be kept in mind that, since it is the pig the judge wishes to see, one should not get between the pig and the judge at any time. A good showman is aware of all these precautions; a poor showman seldom carries a blue ribbon out of the ring. One should be a good loser and a humble winner and always remember that the judge has but one first place to award in each class. His judgment is likely to be better than the exhibitor's, for it is not biased in favor of any animal in the ring.

Class During a Dull Lecture

I have stared at the professor for so long that his round pale face seems to float, moonlike, in a fog of blackboards and windows. His flat, expressionless face, and the exhausting monotony of his toneless voice, have hypnotized me so that I can do nothing but gaze at that white blot swimming in a varicolored sea. All around me other bored and mesmerized students are ceasing to stir restlessly, succumbing to the spell of boredom. Chin in hand, dull eyes fixed glassily on an object they do not see, each student wonders when this interminable lecture is going to end. Watches pop out all over the room every other minute, and are put back with signs of impatient despair. Glances wander vaguely about the room, roving mostly ceiling-ward as though in supplication against the inflexibility of time. Over the murmur and drone of the professor's voice can be heard a shuffling of restless feet, a rustling of papers filled with stupid notations, a whisper of many voices. And in one corner an owl-eyed, bespectacled boy nods his head emphatically as the lecturer makes a point that is completely lost on the three hundred other students.—JOAN L. PARRISH

Waiter!

WARD THOMPSON

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1938-1939

BALANCING a heavily laden tray in each hand, the waiter moves briskly down the aisle, intent on getting his order out to the apparently starving customer at table five. Suddenly another customer shoots out of a booth almost under the hurrying boy's feet. Since a collision is inevitable, everything hits the floor with a resounding clatter. The customer gets angry, the order is ruined, and the waiter catches hell from both ends.

The dance is over, and the gay laughing crowd is heading for the nearest "coke and smoke" for a sandwich and a chance to sit down. They crowd in, thirty or forty all at once, and begin to shout for service after the manner of customers since time began. The harassed waiters dash from booth to booth gathering up the requests of the starving mob. The orders are carried to the kitchen or the fountain and are made up and placed on trays. Meanwhile, more people have come in, and, seeing someone they know, stand in the aisles around the friend's booth, laughing and talking with no regard for the perspiring waiter vainly trying to push his way through the mob with a tray full of teetering glasses and skidding plates.

And so it goes. Most of you are reasonably polite and courteous people, respecting the feelings and rights of others and generally behaving yourselves as civilized people should. But—! Let even the best of you slide into a booth or sit at a table in a restaurant "coke joint" or hamburger stand, and you are immediately afflicted with the worst delusions of grandeur imaginable. You

shout. You whistle. You pound on the table and wave your arms in the air. And nine times out of ten when the fellow in the white jacket skids up to the table, fully convinced that your wife is having a baby and you have to get to the hospital in five minutes, you first begin to think about what you want to order. I've never seen it fail, and I've been the fellow in the white jacket for three long years, come next June. I've washed dishes in a cafeteria, worked as counter man in an all-night cafe, and waited tables in a campus restaurant. I know! The customer taken as an individual is one of the most ill-tempered, obstinate, thoughtless, and inconsiderate creatures in existence. Just wait, I'll explain.

In the first place, the whole customer-waiter situation is entirely wrong. The waiter, quite understandably, has the wrong attitude toward the customer, and the customer, not so understandably, has the wrong attitude toward the waiter. As to the first, customers make a waiter's work very hard at times. They make him stand around and do nothing at all at other times. The waiter resents being whistled, shouted, and beckoned at, and also resents taking orders from anyone not proven his superior. As far as I can see, all these dislikes are perfectly natural, and the waiter should not be condemned because of them. Again, but—!

Customers demand constant and individual attention for even the most trivial things. They seem to consider the waiter part of the furniture and totally incapable of any human attributes. Knowing that by a few well-chosen re-

marks they can have him fired makes them feel very superior, and they use this alleged superiority unfairly. Taken as a group, they have some of the most irritating and offensive habits imaginable. Just put an ash-tray on a restaurant table and see what happens. Either the ash-tray is stolen in the first five minutes, or the occupants of the booth spend most of their time trying to see how much of their ashes can be scattered about the table without getting any in the ash-tray. Sometimes I almost think that there must be a game or something connected with it, for even the best of them practice long and diligently at the art. Another pet practice is burning paper. Almost any old kind of paper will do, from a straw, which, incidentally makes the most smoke and the worst smell, to plain newspaper. The ashes are then mixed on the table top with a liberal amount of water and beer or what have you until a thin paste is formed. This paste is spread about the surface of the table and allowed to dry for five minutes; then the dabblers shout madly for the waiter to rush over *immediately* and wipe off the mess. Cigarette butts make a very good mixer, too. Sort of add body, you might say.

The most irritating characteristic of all is the superior way in which they give orders. The correct procedure seems to be to shout loudly or whistle to attract the waiter's attention. Then a series of hand signals conveys the impression that service is needed at once, and that the waiter should drop whatever he is doing and rush right over. If this device fails, cries of "Boy!" "Waiter!" and just plain "Hey, you!" fill the air. They give the place a rather festive air, reminding one of fox hunts and circuses, but they're damned hard on the waiter's nerves. So, the lad rushes over, whips out his pad and

pencil, and stands, and stands, and continues to stand until the starved ones finish discussing last Saturday night's binge. Whereupon they begin to look at the menu. After much arguing and changing of minds they complete the order, and, urged on by cries of "Right now!" and "Hurry it up!" the waiter dashes away to fill it. Unless he gets that order out in less than nothing flat, he is met with a volley of jeers and abuse not fit for a fishmonger. The stock phrase is "Wha'ja do? Grow those potatoes?" I wish I had a penny for every time those words have been tossed at me. I wouldn't have to work.

For the sake of convenience I have classified the various individual customers according to types of pests. The list is not very long, but is guaranteed to supply material enough for several nightmares. The most common and most trying type, in my opinion, is the mental and vocal incompetent. He is the chap who buries his nose in the menu and mutters and mumbles in a mere whisper only to shout "Well?" in stentorian tones when you fail to understand him. There is also the ever-present exception to the rule. He is the guy who blows you off your feet with a shouted string of orders after the manner of a tobacco auctioneer. When you meekly ask him to repeat an item or two, he glowers and sulks and wants to know, "Whassa matta? Cantcha hear straight?" Then there is the uncertain creature, who, wafted hither and yon by his vacillating fancy, may well take an hour or so to get out a complete order unless firmly handled. Even then he is apt to call you back to change his choice again. The aisle-blocker and the table-messer have already been discussed, but the I-want-service-now'er should receive a little more attention. He is the boy who grabs the waiter by the arm as he hurries

down the aisle, regardless of how busy the waiter may be. He pounds on the table. He shouts and beckons. He practically froths at the mouth if he is kept waiting more than a minute, and he can't be made to understand that he is not the only customer in the place. He may want his water glass filled. He may want a match. To watch him you would think that he wanted to tell someone his dying wish and had only thirty seconds to do it in.

There is only one sure cure for these blots on the story of humanity. Let them be waiters for a while. I've lain awake nights plotting and scheming in the vain hope that I could think of some way to get a couple of these lice into white jackets and on duty during the late Friday night rush. That rush would do the trick. I'm sure of it. Just a few hours of such a job would make a deep impression on even the most calloused. As long as such a thing is impossible, I have contented myself with drawing up a few suggestions as to behavior among the great customer class in the vain hope that someone will read them and profit thereby.

Why is it that a customer can't treat a waiter as an individual? I don't even require that the feeling be one of equality. Just as an individual, and with a little respect for personal feelings. After all, the waiter is there to help him, and will be glad to, if he will only coöperate a bit. Why should a customer be any more uncouth or unmannerly in a restaurant than he is at home? If he spills ashes, food, and water all over the table at home, I suppose there is some excuse for his doing it when eating out, but I don't believe many people do follow that messy sort of practice at home. Why is it that customers are unable to realize that they are not the only people in the

restaurant? Each seems to think that he is entitled to the whole and undivided attention of every waiter in the place at the very instant he wants it. He can't seem to realize that the waiter, although a performer of miracles at times, can be in only one given spot at one given time.

I realize that to expect much in the way of results from a plea such as this is more than futile, but wait. I have another plan. Let the waiters of the nation band together in an attempt to educate the customer in the ways of common decency. They should resort to drastic measures, should kindness fail. Imagine the chagrin of the customer who, after making himself thoroughly obnoxious in the eyes of the waiter, found himself foodless after hours of patient, or should I say impatient, waiting. The waiters should refuse to wait on anyone who is overly impolite. They should whistle, shout, and gesticulate at anyone who does so to them, and they should forcibly eject all customers who persist in sitting and talking until long after closing hours. As a fitting climax the waiters should push, shove, trip, and otherwise maul anyone who blocks the aisles and shoves them around.

Drastic measures? Of course, but nevertheless effective. They would probably ruin the restaurant business, and then we'd all be better off except for jobs. Seriously, though, a couple of retaliations of one sort or another from a waiter would do much to correct the misbehavior of particularly disagreeable customers, and I'm afraid that sometime in the near future just such a thing will happen. Temptations are beginning to get the best of me. I'll probably get fired, but in a way it will be worth it. Who knows? Perhaps I shall be a pioneer in an Equality-for-Waiters-Movement.

This lament is purely personal, though

I'm sure that it expresses the feelings of others in my position. I can only hope that those of you who read it will reflect a bit, and in future dealings with the harried-looking fellow in the white jacket

will temper your requests and actions with a little consideration for his personal feelings, for, surprising as it may seem, he is a human being.

God and My Mother

RAY O'KEEFE

Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1938-1939

I DON'T believe that there exist any two people who understand each other better than God and my mother. Mother belongs to an organized church which advances some pretty dogmatic views about God. These views Mother seems to accept as her religion, but those which she actually uses in her own relations with God are entirely hers. And I think they are pretty good.

When we children were all quite young, we learned our religion right out of the catechism. We knew that we had to behave ourselves and keep from sinning, but occasionally we slipped. Realizing that God was then down on us, we always went to Mother, because we knew she and God were on intimate terms. And as usual, she would explain to us God's views on the matter and administer what corrective measures God ordained. We had complete confidence in the combined judgments of God and Mother.

Now, as I said, Mother's official religious ideas do not always correspond with her actual views of God. When I arrived at the age where I began to entertain doubts as to the efficacy of our particular creed, Mother would always defer to the Church. But on special occasions, Mother could always abandon church religion for ideas equally in har-

mony with God's will. How often do I remember Mother saying, "Well, I don't think God bothers his head about that," or "I wish people wouldn't expect so much of God." Many little comments like these, which to the reader may seem trivial, were very important to us and to Mother. They still are. Mother's God is a very personal God, but I think she feels sorry for Him because He has so much to put up with.

I am beginning to think that Mother's great intimacy with God is due to the fact that she feels that they have a lot in common. For example, Mother prefers her own company to most people's, and she feels that God too likes to be left alone. Probably the reason they get on so well is not so much that she patterns her views after His, as His after hers. Consequently Mother's is a very comfortable religion. She doesn't have to worry about getting in trouble with God, because she knows they agree so well.

And as long as God sticks with Mother, the world runs along very smoothly. But if Mother and God ever break up, Hell will certainly break loose, for Mother is a very strong-willed person. But I think God will continue to cooperate with Mother, because she is also a very wise and prudent person.

Derby Day

C. E. KING

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1938-1939

THE Kentucky Derby—the mere mention of the phrase brings thrills to every native Kentuckian, no matter where he may be. Every one considers it America's number one horse race. Why? I'm not sure I can tell you, and I doubt that there are many people who can. It is not the oldest race in the country—there are twelve races older than the Kentucky Derby. Perhaps the reason lies in the fact that Kentucky became famous for thoroughbreds, and naturally the rest of the horse-breeding world took great pleasure in racing Kentucky horses on Kentucky tracks. Another reason, and more important too, in this discussion, for the fame of the Kentucky Derby lies in the efforts of Colonel Matt Winn, president of the American Turf Association and executive director of Churchill Downs. As a barefoot boy of thirteen Colonel Winn witnessed the first Derby won by Aristides, the little red horse, in 1875—and he has seen every Derby since.

After all the Kentucky Derby is just the sixth race on a Saturday card at Churchill Downs. The horses aren't any better than those that run in a dozen or more races during the year. In fact they often are not as good, since the Derby is for three-year-olds and is run so early in the year that the youngsters haven't had time to prove their class. And yet the Derby has a tremendous hold on the citizens of this country. Only during the minute of silence on Armistice Day is the thought of this nation so concentrated on one thing as it will be during those

two minutes or so on the May afternoon when the Derby is being run. Millions of persons look upon the Derby as the greatest sporting event in this country. Millions shake with excitement and emotion when the field comes on the track to the soft strains of "My Old Kentucky Home." And the reason is that Colonel Winn set out long ago to sell an entire nation the belief that only in Louisville, on his track, on Derby Day, is there a horse race run that is worth the running.

Accompanying all the publicity and build-up that Colonel Winn has given the Derby is the one-week economic change in the city of Louisville. It is almost impossible to realize the effects of the efforts of one man on a city of 400,000 inhabitants. From an obscure horse race in 1875, the Derby has been made a Louisville "institution" that, with almost no exception, has some economic effect upon every resident of Louisville and the Falls Cities. The local newspaper boys, for example, sell hundreds and thousands of extra copies of the daily papers. Restaurants are overflowing with racing people from five to eight every evening Derby week. On Derby eve an all-American half-back couldn't get through a hotel lobby. Municipal and state officials are kept on the run, meeting, greeting, and entertaining officials from other cities and states and the national government. Louisville is so overrun with strangers Derby week-end that one can walk through the downtown streets without seeing anyone he knows.

It is only natural that a group of

people as numerous as the Derby visitors would have the urge to spend—and spend they do. Because the visitors like to spend, the local merchants and business men exhibit what I believe is exceedingly poor Southern hospitality by taking unfair advantage of their guests. Prices of everything necessary for the comfort and happiness of a visitor are doubled, tripled, and oftentimes jumped higher than that. The merchants and business men decided the only people who come to the Derby are the people who have money to throw away and there is no reason why they shouldn't have some of it. And they get it. Hotel rooms, hard to find anyway, are reserved for at least a week-end and at a price five times the regular rate—fifteen to twenty dollars per night, for three nights, just for a single room. Recently the Louisville Board of Trade went on its annual "good will tour" of neighboring towns in Kentucky and bordering states. When the group arrived in a small West Virginia town, the members were greeted by the town newspaper with an editorial on the price of a cup of coffee in Louisville on Derby Day—reputed to be forty cents.

The social effects of the Derby, though not so well known as the economic effects, are almost as great. The so-called upper-crust of the racing world, the owners and trainers, and the socialites and playboys who follow racing from Florida to California, convene in Louisville for the Derby. At this season local society assumes new importance in the

social world. Colonel Winn has made the Derby glamorous with bluegrass, bearded colonels, lovely ladies, and mint juleps, and the Louisville hostesses feel that it is their duty to show their guests some real Southern hospitality in keeping with the publicity. Breakfasts, lunches, teas, dinners, and cocktail parties—all are given in honor of visiting society from Newport and Palm Beach. Each such function affords the residents of Louisville an opportunity to make valuable social contacts and renew old acquaintances.

Perhaps it could be called spring-fever, but regardless, along toward the last part of April and the first part of May, the Derby is the chief interest of every Louisvillian—I may say every Kentuckian. Everyone in the vicinity prepares for the big race in some way, shape, or fashion—materially, mentally, or otherwise. The spirit of the Derby and spring are two things one can't escape in Kentucky. I might say that my Kentucky blood flows faster lately and I'm quite excited about the Derby, now only a few days away.

Someone once asked Colonel Winn why he didn't move the Derby to New York where he could get bigger crowds and more betting. "There is only one place to hold the Passion Play," the colonel replied, "and only one place to cheer Mussolini, and only one place to hold a presidential inauguration. And there's only one place to hold the Kentucky Derby—in Kentucky."

Conversation

The conversation moved on hesitatingly like a Model T Ford—balkingly but determinedly, creeping towards an unknown destination.—GEORGE STAHLER

Checking Up on the Legislature

NORMA ADAMS

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1939-1940

ALL during my high school days I was submitted to a barrage of information about this government, its functions, and its branches, and about citizenship and the interest I should take in my government. It was inevitable that some small curiosity about our legislative system should develop and result ultimately in a trip to Springfield to look over that awe-inspiring body, the Illinois legislature.

Three friends of mine and I formed what we chose to call the Brandt-Thompson-Adams Senate-Investigating Committee and set out about discovering for ourselves what Senators looked like, how they behaved, and what work they completed. Our Civics class had brought back wild tales that the representatives indulged in paper-wad shooting and that order was a thing unheard of. We were going to see for ourselves. This spirit must have been something like the one that impelled early explorers to come to this country in search of gold and jewels.

The self-appointed committee arrived at the chamber of the representatives at ten o'clock, which was supposedly the hour of opening. Representatives were milling around, chatting, having a grand time, and not worrying at all about getting down to work. About ten-fifteen the speaker of the house arrived, and, banging his gavel several times, called the house into session—at least he tried to. Unheeding, the representatives continued their gay talking, laughing, and walking about, apparently in accordance with their usual behavior, since the

chaplain said a prayer and roll was called without any further attempts being made to quiet the room. Bills were read and voted upon. Various members made pretty little speeches explaining their votes, but no one listened. This uproar and constant confusion was much greater than I had expected. In visualizing the legislature, I had placed solemn, deliberate men at their desks, earnestly listening to speeches and trying to decide whether it was best to vote for a certain bill or not. I discovered that the representative didn't even have to decide that for himself. In one case a representative from Cook County voted on a bill only to have some fellow Republican come around and tell him to change that vote and do it quick. The poor fellow had unwittingly voted the Democratic way on a bill concerning pensions. He hadn't been listening at all and had merely answered "Yes," when his name was called.

Two hours of this confusion were all we could stand; we moved over to the Senate Chamber, where we hoped to find peace and quiet. I am glad to say that the senators controlled their talking to the extent that it was possible to hear what the speaker was saying. The most interesting senator present was James McGroarty of Chicago. He weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds, had a specially built chair to hold him, and in every way resembled Clarence Buddington Kelland's character, Scattergood Baines. His favorite position was one in which he stretched out full length, reared back in his chair,

and placed his number ten feet on his desk. He gave every appearance of sleeping, but perhaps he could think better in that position. If so, then let him stretch out in every session, for we certainly need better legislation.

After I got home and had had time

to ponder what I had learned that day, I decided that if I couldn't get a job writing about senators, representatives, and would-be politicians, I would be a senator myself and lead an easy life—easy, that is, after I got elected.

I Like Him Anyway

RUTH SCHNITZER

Rhetoric 1, Theme 3, 1939-1940

I HAVE developed a strange reticence when it comes to choosing authors and books. For many years I have cherished a fondness akin to love for the books of Sinclair Lewis, only to be pooh-poohed and laughed at for my infantile literary taste. I received another bad jolt when I discovered that the people who compiled the manual for University of Illinois rhetoric students thought so little of Mr. Lewis's works as to squeeze them into the reading list only for "those who have done little or no reading." From this time on, when I wish to withdraw a Lewis book, I shall have to sneak up to the loan desk, try to look supercilious, and hope that the librarian will be fooled into believing that I am withdrawing the book for a mentally retarded roommate.

But I believe I will be stout-hearted and continue to read Lewis's works. I think I like him for just the reasons that his critics condemn him. They say he is a "muck-raker," that his writing is blatant, choppy. I admire Lewis because he has the courage to hold up to ridicule what he believes is wrong. I like, too, the manner in which he goes about doing this. Mild, pretty language cannot do as much to sway people as language that is

blunt, forceful, direct. Lewis shows the world which side of the fence he intends to sit on.

He recognized the shams and hypocrisies of a small midwestern town, and he told the world all about them in *Main Street*. Everything about small towns that is cheap and petty Lewis puts into his picture. He gave back to small towns just what they had sent out. Again, he recognized the pettiness and superficiality of women of the *nouveau riche*, and he wrote a book about one of the worst of them, Fran Dodsworth. A great many people must have believed in his sincerity, because *Dodsworth* became a best-seller. Again, Lewis saw the need for more altruistic methods in the medical profession, and he made his plea in *Arrowsmith*. Still more recently Lewis brought out a book which not only proved convincing and interesting, but which was concerned with one of the most timely subjects—Fascism. He recognized the danger of that "ism" in the United States, and he wrote a vivid, moving story of warning, *It Can't Happen Here*.

Because I like hard truths, I enjoy reading the books of Sinclair Lewis, the "muck-raker supreme."

The Unicameral Legislature of Nebraska

EUGENE VERMILLION

Rhetoric II, Theme 10, 1938-1939

IN 1934 the people of Nebraska, seeking relief from the state-wide drouth, became dissatisfied with the half-hearted attempts of the bicameral legislature to alleviate the distress. The citizens looked with envy at the governments of the republic of Finland and of the Dominion of Canada. Eight of the nine Canadian provinces have one-house legislatures and they have found they get better law at less expense, while the activities of corrupt lobbyists have been cut to a minimum.¹ The little country of Finland has been so well governed that it is the only European power having the financial ability to meet the installments of the war loans due the American government. Finland has had a one-house legislature for seventeen years.² Therefore in the fall election the Nebraska voters, by popular initiative, adopted an amendment which made their state the first of the United States to experiment in the field of unicameral legislatures.

Prior to the passing of this amendment the people were represented by one hundred members in a House of Representatives and thirty-three members in a State Senate. Elected on a partisan basis, these representatives served two years for an annual salary of eight hundred dollars, which included travelling expenses. Under the new plan the state is divided into forty-three districts each with a population of 31,476. Each district is represented by an individual elected for a term of two years on a non-partisan basis.³

That Nebraska should be the first of the states to attempt to eliminate the disadvantages of a two-house system is a result of the efforts of George W. Norris, liberal independent of that state. Norris, United States Senator since 1913, has become nationally known as the author of the "Lame Duck" Amendment, crusader against power trusts, and father of the Tennessee Valley Authority. The unicameral movement in Nebraska started when a legislative committee, meeting in 1913 and publishing a report in 1915, recommended a unicameral legislature.⁴ Norris took up the case in 1923, when he published an article in the *New York Times* entitled "A Model State Legislature." Shortly after a speech in 1934 he began his campaign for the single chamber, but the prospects looked hopeless. The legislature refused to put the proposition on the ballot, and he had to get it there by resorting to petition. Thirty thousand more than the requisite number of signatures were quickly secured, and the proposal was thus referred to a vote at the election of November 6.⁵ The campaign, conducted

¹Norris, George W., "Nebraska's Unicameral Legislature," *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, 180-82:50 (September, 1935).

²*Ibid.*, p. 50.

³Lancaster, Lane W., "Nebraska's Farmers in Action," *Current History*, 41:434 (January, 1935).

⁴Engle, Bernice S., "Nebraska's Legislative Government," *Scholastic*, 24:25 (January, 1935).

⁵*New International Year Book*, Frank H. Vizetelly, ed., New York, Funk and Wagnalls, 1935, p. 1053.

largely by Senator Norris, was a strenuous one, since the proposition was opposed by all political forces as well as by nine-tenths of the press. The people, however, followed the suggestions of the liberal senator, who pointed out that "there never was any sound reason that the individual American states should have bicameral legislatures, except that the founders had the English precedent before them and that the colonial system of government perpetuated the idea that there were separate classes in the community which could only be adequately represented and protected if they had their separate legislative bodies."⁶ The bill became law by a majority of 100,000, but Norris took little credit for the victory. "This progressive step," he said, "is not due to any individual. First, it is a demonstration of the independence and wisdom of Nebraska citizens. Second, it is a worthy victory due to the efforts of hundreds of loyal workers, scattered over the entire state, for better government."⁷ The members of the new one-chamber legislature were elected in 1936, and then the truthfulness of one of Norris' prophecies became evident. In the election Governor Cochran piled up a majority of 77,000 and President Roosevelt a lead of 100,000, yet national politics played no part in the election of the representatives. The unicameral's forty-three members, elected at the same time, consisted "in private life" of twenty-two Democrats and twenty-one Republicans. This would indicate that the people voted for the man and not the political label. The voting was just as Senator Norris said it would be.⁸ The new legislature included eleven lawyers, twelve farmers, three ranchers, five merchants, three workers,

one physician, one veterinarian, one editor, one insurance agent, one capitalist, two small bankers, one power plant operator, and one high school football coach. There was included one negro from Omaha.⁹

Shortly after election these representatives assembled in Lincoln to organize the business procedure of the first purely unicameral legislature in the United States. Because there was no precedent to follow in formulating the rules to govern the chamber, the legislators appealed to Senator Norris in the hopes of receiving some suggestions. He advised that they organize as their honesty and better judgment dictated.¹⁰ Therefore in an effort to remove the dictatorial powers of the speaker, a committee on committees was organized to approve the committee selection of the speaker. Included among the other beneficial adjustments was a reduction of fifty in the number of committees designated to consider proposed legislation. A rule prescribing that five days must elapse after a bill has been submitted before it can become law eliminates the possibility of hasty legislation. The rules governing proposing and voting on legislation remain almost the same, and a three-fifths majority is required to override the governor's veto.¹¹ The governor has been stripped of much of his authority by giving the house the power to call a "special session" whenever a majority favor it, to consider any

⁶Fleming, Roscoe, "Democracy in Flux," *Nation*, 144:43 (January, 1936).

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 51.

⁸*Ibid.*, p. 43.

⁹"Nebraska's Stage Set for Battle of Bunk-mates," *News Week*, 4:11-12 (August 25, 1934).

¹⁰*Ibid.*, p. 50.

¹¹Reference Shelf, *Unicameral Government*, Harrison Boyd Sumner, ed., New York: H. W. Wilson Co., 1935, v. 11, p. 214.

legislation at any time, and to remain in session as long as it deems necessary. The annual session is still required, however.

Careful consideration of the operation of the "Norris Amendment" will indicate the benefits to be derived. The plan will do much to attract a better group of representatives to the legislature. The prestige created by doubled salaries and reduced numbers will attract the superior type of law-makers with past experience. Statistics from past elections show that three out of every four legislators are elected for only one term of office, and that more than fifty per cent of the members of the average assembly have had no previous experience.¹² Of the forty-three elected for the first session of the one-chamber system thirty-five had had previous experience.¹³ The non-partisan election will also eliminate the political lieutenants who ascend to public office on the popularity of a national party.¹⁴ In fact, Senator Norris comments that "under present conditions we elect a member of the legislature because he bears the label of a national party and those who vote this ticket 'straight' vote for members of the legislature on the same ticket regardless of the fact that the voter may not agree with the candidate on any of the state issues over which the legislature will have jurisdiction. We are therefore likely to have a legislature which does not represent the sentiments of the state's own people. Such an illogical condition could be avoided if the members of the legislature were elected on a non-partisan ballot. They would be free from the issues of national politics. They would not be subject to the influence of political bosses and party machines."¹⁵

The chief evil of the bicameral system is that it enables politicians to escape

responsibility for their official acts. As it operates now each house is able to pass the responsibility to the other, while a conference committee, acting behind closed doors, without a stenographer and without any record's being made of its votes, makes many important decisions. The most important decisions often are made by five or six men who were not elected for that particular purpose and whose names usually go unnoticed by the public. Nothing of this kind could happen in a one-house legislature. There can be no shifting of responsibility from the House to the Senate, or from the Senate to the House. The evil of conference committees is completely eliminated.¹⁶ An example of this lack of responsibility is clearly seen in the legislative history of Nebraska. There had been an attempt for several years to pass legislation which would enable the municipal plants to extend their lines outside the municipality just as the privately owned plants are allowed to do. The municipal organizations had advocated the change for several years, but they were always defeated by the representatives of the private power interests who manipulated one or both of the branches of the legislature. In a session prior to the enactment of the new system, the municipal organization had the written promise of a majority of both houses to support the new legislation. Yet the privately owned interests were able to defeat the legislation, and it was impossible to show that any of the legislators had violated his

¹²*Ibid.*, p. 58.

¹³*Ibid.*, p. 214.

¹⁴Reference Shelf, *Unicameral Government*, Harrison Boyd Summers, ed., New York: H. W. Wilson Co., 1935, v. 10, p. 155.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, p. 57.

¹⁶Norris, George W., "Nebraska's One House Legislation System," *Congressional Record*, 79:1743-5 (February 7, 1935).

promise.¹⁷ Therefore it is easy to see that instead of creating a check on one house by the other, the duo-system is a shield for corruption and concealment of unworthy representation. Mr. Norris says, "In every two-house legislature, after the close of the session, if we post the checks and balances we shall find that the politicians have the checks and the special interests have the balance."¹⁸

It is because they are certain to lose all control that every monopoly and special interest opposes the unicameral legislature. It is common knowledge that it is much easier for lobbyists to control a large body of men than a small one. In a small body of men, there is no opportunity to shift responsibility. We can be assured then that the laws passed by a one-chamber house will be of a better type. Proposing less legislation and having more opportunity for consideration as well as added responsibility, the unicameral legislators are more deliberate, more logical, and more careful. The press, operating on a non-partisan basis, will be very valuable in keeping the people truthfully informed as to the actions of their representatives.¹⁹

The "Norris Amendment" has completely eliminated the strife and jealousies present in a bicameral legislature. The bickering, back-scratching, log-rolling, horseplay, and general blowing off of steam to which democratic assemblies are addicted exist no more in the state of Nebraska.

Another added advantage of the single house plan is the enormous sums of money to be saved each year. Appropriations for the 1933 session of the Nebraska legislature totaled \$201,688. Of this, \$110,504 was expended for salaries and the remainder for travelling ex-

penses, printing, and supplies. Under the new plan the maximum expenditures will be \$100,000. This will mean a saving to the taxpayers of more than a hundred thousand dollars yearly.²⁰ Even though the expenditures have been reduced tremendously, the annual salary of a law-maker will be doubled. The reduction in printing, travelling, and secretarial expense accounts for the vast savings.

In the past an average of three hundred and fifty bills were passed in each annual session of sixty days. Frequently as many as fifty to one hundred bills were considered and acted on in a single legislative day of four to five hours.²¹ Now that the single chamber legislature is functioning these absurd conditions will cease to exist. Legislators governed by careful deliberation and unlimited responsibility and unaffected by lobbyist pressure, will bring to Nebraska a government to be respected by all the other states. Senator Norris greeted the legislators to the first session of the new chamber with this challenge: "Every professional lobbyist, every professional politician, and every representative of greed and monopoly is hoping and praying that your work will be a failure Your constituents do not expect perfection. They know it is human to err but they do expect to have a right to receive absolute honesty, unlimited courage, and a reasonable degree of efficiency and wisdom From now on Nebraska has a right to expect a business administration."²²

¹⁷Norris, George W., "One-house Legislatures for More Efficient Legislation," *Literary Digest*, 118:8 (October 13, 1934).

¹⁸*Ibid.*, p. 54.

¹⁹*Ibid.*, p. 56.

²⁰*Ibid.*, p. 186.

²¹*Ibid.*, p. 434.

²²*Ibid.*, p. 18.

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Rhet as Writ

(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)

The *Atlantic Monthly* has continued to cater to a cultured group of readers, who compromise the majority of its subscribers.

Today, the thousands of natives of Tahiti can be counted on one hand.

When Jack went, we all thought theoretically speaking, that he was gone.

Some of us got out of car and help the other out, but we was tickled that there was know one hurt very bad as we could see. One girl a small cut on her rist but not very bad. The other three of us had a large bump on our head.

After going over the boys with a "fine toothed comb," I soon had them all boiled down to fifteen members.

The vet tried to cheer Ruth up and said that he would be up and barking in a day.

I straightened up and her speech sounded in my ears but my physical senses were a bit confused and were tasting her lipstick.

Baked potatoes that are hot reminds one of heaven when covered with creamy melted cheeze.

Honorable Mention

GEORGE R. FOSTER—Are You Sure?

SISTER VINCENT DE PAUL HUGUET—Rhetoric I and Me

EDWARD KOENIG—American Culture

MARY KRANOS—Going Under

FREDERICK D. LEWIS—It's a Vice

LINCOLN K. LIEBER—The Scourge of Mankind

WANDA LEE PHARES—Practical and Poetical People

JANET SUE POYER—My Day as a Dental Assistant

MARIJANE RATHSAK—My Great-aunt

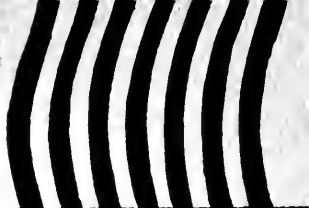
LOIS REISE—Eye Dilemma

GENE STERNBERG—How and Why I Became an Engineering Student

T. L. THOMAS—Transatlantic Air Service

MARY ELLEN WEISS—Cops and Robbers

JACQUELINE WILLOUGHBY—Fads and Fad-followers



THE GREEN CALDRO

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Who Goes There?

WARD THOMPSON

Rhetoric 11, Theme 12, 1938-1939

ANY OLD jobs for sale? Brother, if you've got one you don't need, you're my man. Yeah, I've got a job of my own, but I don't like it. Not even a little bit. Private Thompson they call me, a member in good standing of Company K, 129th Infantry, 33rd Division, Illinois National Guard. Ever hear of a gimp, or a scab-protector? That's just smart-guy language for strike-breaker, and that's the job I don't want. I guess I've been that way since my first taste of the business a couple of years back. It was a pretty rocky start, even for the toughest Guardsman that ever climbed into an O.D. shirt, and I don't claim to be in that class at all.

About a year ago last June there was a bit of a blow-off over at the Bemis Gear Plant, a fairly good-sized shop up in Benton. The local police got goaty about the matter and beat up a couple of the strikers, whereupon the whole town got into the fracas and played merry hob with the Bemis plant. Old man Bemis had some sort of a pull downstate, and had the governor call out the Guard before his whole shop was ruined. We received our mobilization orders early the next morning, and were on our way by noon.

The convoy rolled into Benton amid some of the loudest boos and Bronx cheers that I've ever run across, including all Cub-Sox games rolled into one. We found the police holed up in what was left of the factory, with about two thousand strikers milling around the outside of the high wire fence and occasionally tossing a brick at the buildings.

If the whole plant had been inside of

that fence, everything would have been easy, but about fifty thousand dollars worth of stock and equipment was stored around the outside in sheds. Bemis met us at the gate, practically insane from standing around for two days watching his investment getting kicked into splinters. Captain Marsh quieted him down with promises that everything would be all right, and then ordered us to disperse the mob. That mob just didn't want to be dispersed, and we finally had to get after them with bayonets to make them move. I'd had bayonet drill back in the armory at home, but this was the first time I'd ever pointed one of the things at a man and tried to stick it into him. The point was bloody when I got through, and I was scared sick. We broke up the mob, though, and then settled down to pitch our camp.

Shelter halves were up in no time, and by the time it began to get dark we had a pretty presentable bivouac set up. The strikers must have been impressed, because they stayed away in bunches that night. The only thing of interest was a bomb that was tossed into the company street sometime during the night. The thing lay there until morning without going off, and one of the fellows found it when it got light enough to see. Just a two-gallon soup can filled with black powder and lined with pieces of scrap iron. The fuse had pinched out when it lit, or the company would have been blown to blazes that first night.

The mob gathered again in the morning, this time armed with clubs, pitchforks, and other bits of cutlery. They didn't start anything, though, mainly be-

cause we had the automatic rifles out in plain sight, and had been doing a little target practising out behind one of the buildings. Psychology, you might say. I didn't like the way they stood around and stared at us. You could tell at a glance that they hated the ground we stood on, and that we'd be goners the first slip we made. Though there were only fifty-seven of us against that mob of two thousand, we had organization, which counts heavily.

The day passed quietly enough, with nothing out of the ordinary happening. We began to think that maybe the dispute would be settled peaceably after all. But that's where we were wrong—at least, I was.

In the assignment of guards for the night posts, I was given post number four. The sentry line was outside the plant fence, and took in all the little out-buildings and sheds that ringed the factory. Number four post covered the area between two of the sheds out at the extreme corner of the factory land. I wasn't any too happy about getting this post, for it seemed plenty far from the guard house and any possible help. The quietness of the strikers had us fooled, though, for we went about posting the guard cheerfully enough, kidding the sentries about leaving them on their tours all night. I stood the first trick from six until eight and was relieved for a four-hour rest. My second watch was from twelve to two, and it was with a vague sense of foreboding that I rolled out of my cot in the guard house and fell in with the relief.

It's sort of a lost feeling that hits you in the pit of the stomach when the detail marches off in the night and leaves you standing all alone in the thick blackness with a long and lonely two hours of post-pounding before you. I shouldered

my rifle, and then brought it down again to fix the bayonet on the barrel. Later, I was mighty thankful that I had done that little job. The surrounding ground was barren and open, and the wind made queer noises as it aimlessly blew around the sheds. It was as black a night as I ever hope to see. I barked my shins several times as I slowly walked my post. Never having had night sentry duty before, I found my mind beginning to conjure up all sorts of strange figures lurking in the inky blackness that surrounded me. Twice, as I paused to listen, I thought that I heard suspicious noises out in the open ground before me; but, after standing practically frozen for three or four minutes, I would go on, convinced that it was only my imagination.

It must have been about one-thirty, as I was turning around at the south end of the post, that I again thought that I heard something moving out in the darkness. I slowly walked toward where I believed the sound had come from, stopping every step or so to listen. As I was about to turn back, once again believing that my imagination had been working over-time, I seemed to feel rather than see something alien standing a little off to one side in the thick gloom of the night. I cautiously moved toward the spot and suddenly realized that I had almost run into whoever or whatever it was standing there. Jumping back a few feet I brought the rifle up to a high port position.

"Who's there?" I threw into the night, thinking what a razzing I would get from the rest of the company if all this turned out to be purely mental. I tried again.

"Who's there?" And then, "Corporal of the guard! Corporal of the guard! Number four!" I was right this time,

for the figure moved slowly at first, as though undecided, and then with a rush, looming up over me in the night as though a giant. Long hours of training moved me more than any will of my own. I clubbed the butt of the gun up in a vicious cut and followed through with a thrust at the head of the man who was rushing me. Both attempts missed, and I dodged. My assailant rushed by, missing me in the darkness. I whirled, and with the bayonet thrust out in front of me, waited for his next charge. I saw him coming this time, and, knowing that it was either him or me, leveled the long blade at his stomach. He literally impaled himself on that bayonet, and carried on by the impetus of his rush fell on top of me. I crawled from beneath the body and wrenched the bayonet out.

Flashlights were bobbing out from the guardhouse by now, and I waited on guard until they reached me. Kane, corporal of the guard, flashed his light over the figure of the man on the ground. He was very much dead. I had missed his stomach, and got him cleanly in the heart.

Yeah, he was dead. I still wake up in the middle of the night feeling that bayonet drive into his body. The poor guy never had a chance against a weapon like that. I wake up, all right—in a cold sweat and wishing to God that I had never seen a bayonet, much less pushed it into a man.

That's why I want to swap jobs. I'd take almost anything, too. There's only one I don't like.

The Bubble Dancer

ADELE PAULINA GUNTOR

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1938-1939

SHE SAT next to me on the bus. I kept furtively peering at this combination of girl and paint, for she was perhaps the gaudiest creature I had ever seen—complete even to the chewing gum. Unexpectedly she looked up, and her stale green eyes caught mine. Before I could turn my head and look out the window, she spoke.

"Nice view, ain't ut?" She chewed thoughtfully as she appraised me from my blue-gray bonnet to my striped sandals.

"Yes!"—frigidly. Heavens, I didn't want to talk to her!

"First time I've seen Illinois," she persisted, wagging her fuzzy red head at me. Her voice, unbelievably sharp and

whiningly babyish, filled the whole bus. Goodness, did I imagine it, or did that nice-looking young man in the front seat turn and look amusedly at us? But then, how *could* we be associated? I prided myself on my neat appearance in my smart traveling clothes. This girl's clothes were all wrong; she did not have poise, and she looked like a—well—like either a chorus girl or a fan dancer. I winced as her gum popped in my ear.

"You going far?"

"No!"

"I'm going to Hollywood," she announced, looking at me quite smugly.

"Hollywood?" I echoed. I could not resist ridiculing the stupid little dolt. A wry smile played around the corners of

my mouth. "Are you going to do moving picture work out there?"

"Pitcher work? Hunh-uh! I've got a job slinging hash for my Uncle Louie—my uncle on my mom's side, but then Ma does have the best relatives. [Pop—pop—went the gum]. Well, as I was saying, Uncle Louie runs a restaurant. Say!" She interrupted herself and leaned intimately close. "Say! Did you see that guy in the front seat wink at me? Why, that fresh guy . . . what does he think he is? Nowadays a lady can't even ride on a bus without men making passes. All the tiyum!" This was accentuated by a motion with her left hand. "Haven't you been troubled too, dearie?" I choked and replied that I had not.

Although she tried to conceal the action from me (and why she did, I cannot understand), I noticed that she pulled her tight, pin-checked skirt a little higher above her knees and swung her curved leg more freely than before. Clink—clink went a brassy slave chain on her silken ankle. Cheap silver buckles on her shiny patent leather pumps caught a bright sunbeam and sparkled.

Suddenly I sneezed! She was powdering her pert nose with an enormous puff. Face powder was choking everybody on the bus, and there were angry sneezes and coughs from the other passengers.

"Say," she remarked after she had restored her compact to a bright red-leather purse, "I haven't introduced myself, have I? My name is Bubbles Morgan." Here she affected a fanfare in a babyish alto and then giggled shrilly. "That's my specialty—bubbles!" This was said to accommodate the ears of two callow youths who sat gawking avidly at the shapely calf of Miss Bubbles Morgan's leg. "I was with a troupe until it folded. Boy, let me tell you, Sis

—was that the liyuf! But give me a good old steady job like what my Uncle Louie's givin' me. Say dearie, did I tell you that Unc had . . ."

"Yes, you did!" I snapped. I wished she would stop annoying me. I felt rebellion against the bus company rise in me with a strong tide. I had a good mind to sue them. Deliberately I turned my back to the girl. Miss Bubbles Morgan did not mind. She went on in breathless little intervals, "And this guy comes up to me and says: 'Say, aren't cha tha doll that dances at 53rd and Sixth? Didn't I see you the other night?' 'Mister,' I says with an icy stare in my eyes, 'Mister, us artists have to contend with a lot of things, but fresh guys ain't included in the reportraw!' I sure told him, I did!"

"Did you?" I sighed, wearily putting away my magazine. No use trying to read. This honky-tonk dancer was at present telling me (and the other twelve passengers in the car), "Do yuh know, there was a guy who sent me a dozen pair of genyuwine chiffon stockings. Yes sir, and just because I understood him. His wife didn't." There was a ripple of mirth from the delighted audience.

"Rockport—fifteen-minute stop at Rockport—Rockport!" sang the driver.

"Say Hon, the bus stops here in a few minutes, doesn't it? I'm dying for a smoke and a cup of java. Where . . ."

"At the terminal!" I was busy with my bags and cases. The steward rushed to help me, and I was soon on the platform hailing a taxi.

"Say, dearie," said that poignantly familiar voice, "guess I'll never see yuh again, but thanks for being so friendly and all!"

"Sure, sure," I muttered, and dashed for the taxi.

Remembrance

JOSEPH F. ZYGMUNT

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1938-1939

"BAR OF candy, please."
"Any particular kind?"

"No, any kind. Just so it's sweet."

With mechanical dexterity the aproned Italian clerk zipped the nickel from the counter with one hand and slid a cellophane-wrapped bar toward Pete with his other. Pete reached out to pick up his candy. "Queen Bess Pecan Cluster." The yellow letters startled him. His hand stopped short. Queen Bess Candy way out here in Champaign? Well! He wouldn't have been more surprised had the little red silhouette of Queen Bess on the wrapper spoken up to him. He stared at the piece of candy, his hand slowly reaching for it.

"What'sa matter? Don' you like that kind?"

"Oh, sure. That's O. K." A reverent smile shone on his face. Pete fondled the bar as if it were some hard-won prize. He turned it around and around in his hands, scrutinizing the symmetrical belts of pecans surrounding the chocolate caramel, apparently admiring them. He saw beyond the bumpy pecans, beyond the bar in his hand. Slowly, in thought, he drifted from reality and the present to time already spent but never to be forgotten, to hard years of poverty and distress, to months of strife and toil, to days of neck- and back-breaking work, shelling pecans,—to a particular day—.

He was once again in the back yard of Mr. Stefan Cowaki, agent of the Queen Bess Candy Company. His wooden "Four-wheel-turn Coaster" wagon by his side, he awaited his mother. Through the square, mud-spatter-

tered basement window on the right shone the yellow gleam of an electric light. Pete stooped to his knees and tried looking into the window from where he stood. He saw only himself and his wagon. He pulled himself next to the window and brushed some of the caked sand off the pane. His hands shielding his eyes, he peered into the basement, pressing his nose to the glass. The sudden glare of the unshaded light threw before his eyes a swimming confusion of black and white spots. Pete blinked for a while, then surveyed the long table in the middle of the room upon which was heaped a range of miniature mountains of cracked pecans. With a hope of recognition, he searched among the bent figures industriously peeling the nuts. One of the figures straightened up and raised a hand of salutation. Pete focused his eyes on his mother. Emptying her apronful of pecan shells into a cardboard box under the window, she gave him a smile and disappeared through a door on the left.

Pete's mother came out the back door accompanied by an untidy, scrawny man. Mr. Cowaki, shirtless, with wide firemen's suspenders over his long flannel underwear, carried a potato bag of cracked pecans.

"Ah hah! Dis will keep little Peter from his baseball maybe, huh Peter?" He greeted the boy with a smile which revealed dirty-brown teeth.

"Yeah." Pete puckered up his little face in imitation of an ironic smile. He pulled his wagon forward to meet the couple, and surveying the sack with a

quick and haughty air of experience, he ventured, confident of the answer, "Seventy-five pounds?"

"Goot, smart Peter. Right on the hett. Tink you have dem pealt by da morning, huh?"

"Shucks, yeah. Dad and me and Mom and Aggie and Pat and Annie—Sure! Betcha Mom will bring 'em all ready for ya in the morning."

Pete and his mother were already on their way, Pete slowly following her along the narrow concrete walk to the front of the house. Anyone could have deduced merely by looking at Mrs. Kowalski that she had been peeling pecans for a long time. She bore all the characteristics of pecan peelers: back slightly inclined forward, shoulders stooped, head leaning heavily ahead as if about to fall from the stiff and rigid neck, fingers discolored brown and black, hundreds of cuts, scratches, and scars on them. As she walked she exercised her stiff back and neck by pulling them slightly backward each few steps. Little Pete drew his wagon with one hand. As he came from time to time to the street corners, his mother helped him over the curbs with his small load.

"Pat and Annie cry today?" That was always the question which demanded a confession of all the pranks, mishaps, and quarrels that had occurred in the Kowalski household during the day.

"Aw! Annie, she busted her doll's head—you know, the doll Dad brought her from the dumps—an' she cried somethin' awful."

"Tsk, ts! Poor little Annie busted her doll." That the mother understood perfectly the reported disaster could be seen by the pitying shakes of her head. "And Patsy, was she all right today?"

"Oh, Patsy!" he exclaimed with contempt. "She cried too 'cause she wanted

more milk for lunch. But Aggie tol' her there wasn' no more milk, but she cried anyways. She woudn' eat nothin' 'less she got some milk. Aggie couldn' do nothin' with her. She jus' cried."

Wrinkles of dismay came onto the countenance of the woman.

Pete continued with his testimony until the two reached 154th Street and were but a block away from home. Here they were interrupted by the sight of two badly dressed children racing toward them. Tears and cries of accusation, solace, and reprisal commingled. Everybody tried to talk at once. The chattering party entered the yard of their home. The mother was trying to pacify her little troublemakers. Pete emitted a shriek of joy as he spied his father in the alley struggling with a crude, home-made wagon and a six-foot load. He had just returned from the city dump, where he had spent the entire day digging in a mushy, stinking mess for dirty rags, junk metal, wood, or a few pieces of dry bread and vegetable remains for his rabbits. He had once again successfully evaded the speeding autos for three miles along the highway. The father greeted his son with a pat and a smile. He greeted his wife with a wave of his hand and laughed at the speedy approach of Annie and Pat.

The children stood by and watched their father unload his wagon, awaiting expectantly the broken, discarded toys and trinkets which he invariably brought to amuse them. After much wrangling and argument, Annie ran away with a broken electric iron; Pat had to be satisfied with a smudgy catalogue of wall-paper samples and three empty Maxwell House coffee cans. Pete faithfully waited till the load was entirely stowed away. He then jumped onto the empty

Ordeal

ANNE CULLERTON

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1938-1939

IT WAS Easter vacation. I had been home two days and had not yet kept the promise I had determinedly made myself. I sprawled out on the bed up in my room and worried. Should I tell them or shouldn't I? Why did I have to tell them? After all, wasn't I my own boss? Yet, Mother and Dad had always told me that, if I ever wanted to smoke, I must smoke at home. Yes, I had readily promised them I would, little dreaming that I would ever have occasion to light a cigarette in front of my parents. Oh! blast it! Why hadn't I told Mother before this? She probably wouldn't like it, but she, at least, wouldn't look at me with that wounded look that Dad always assumed when he wanted to win me over to his way of thinking. Yet, neither Dad nor Mother had ever forbidden me to smoke. They only wanted me to be fair with them and not sneak cigarettes when I was out of their sight. After all, that's only right—I guess.

I swallowed hard, arose to a half-sitting position, and began to glance around that awful, junk-cluttered room for my other shoe. Just as I spied the thing under a pile of books, hat boxes, and dirty clothes, I thought of my two older brothers. Horrors! What would they say? I could just hear their teasing wisecracks. "Little sister went to college. Little sister thinks she's grown up now. Well, Miss Femme du Monde, what brand of cigarettes do you like best? Don't you think Chesterfields are just wonderfully mild on the throat?"

I never could bear to have my brothers tease me. Exhausted, I slumped

down on the bed again and thought nasty thoughts of how brothers were necessary evils, and of how beautifully one could get along without them.

Just as I was about to have all brothers tarred and feathered for the crime of existing, I suddenly struck upon a bold idea. Why not go downstairs now and, very nonchalantly, smoke a cigarette? They're all down there now, Mother and Dad—and even the boys. Might just as well take the bull by the horns. Have to do it sometime.

With this very resolute thought I got out of bed, slipped on my shoe, and nervously lit a cigarette. My hands were shaking so that it took three matches to get it properly going. With another brave gulp I proceeded to the stairway. I then did what I thought was a very good imitation of a mannequin's sophisticated walk. I held my cigarette loosely between my fingers and thought I looked very casual. In reality, though, I had scarcely any control over my knees. They buckled as though I were a marionette, and they hung on to the rest of me just because they were supposed to be there.

As I descended those stairs, wishing fervently that my perilously high-heeled slippers were some place in China, and that I had on my safe and sane "flats," I saw my Dad's face half hidden behind a newspaper. He glanced at me as he turned a page and quickly glanced back at the paper, as if he were absorbed in the article he was reading. I'm certain that he noticed me, for I know Dad isn't interested in the woman's page of the newspaper, and from where I was stand-

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ing I could see an assortment of beautiful ladies wearing monstrous Easter bonnets.

When I entered the room I saw Jim, who was supposed to be examining his pet camera, stamp heavily on Bill's toe and point in my direction. Both boys could hardly suppress their laughter. They made some kind of an excuse about a date and a telephone call and left the room in a hurry.

I squirmed around a bit hoping that Mother would notice me, and that some-

one would say something. I looked at Dad. He was still engrossed in women's Easter bonnets. I looked at Mother. She was deeply interested in making me a new dress, which I had begged her for weeks to begin. She sewed and sewed, and suddenly without the slightest change in her expression, she reached for her scissors and said, "Dear, you're getting those ashes all over the rug. There's an ash tray over there."

And Dad turned to the sport page.

Lost in the Everglades

ROBERT S. SOLINSKY

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1939-1940

WE HAD set off early in the morning with our lunch tucked under the back seat of our trim little row-boat and had waved a cheery goodbye to our friends on the dock. Lightly we had rowed up the main channel on the crest of the incoming tide. All day we had pushed our way among the tangled mangroves from channel to channel and from pond to pond, here scaring up a white ibis feeding in the swamps, and there startling a great blue heron into noisy flight. And now as the fiery red sun hung even with the western horizon our thoughts came back with a sudden jolt to the problem of getting home.

Bill looked at me, and I knew what he was thinking. Neither of us had any idea of the direction from which we had come. On all sides of us stretched the great swamp, an unrelenting jumble of tangled mangroves, large and small, that grew on muddy points of land or rose directly from the dark and turbid water. In every direction were small openings,

not much wider than our boat, where the tangled mass parted enough to reveal another shallow pond or channel identical with those from which we had come.

Here and there the bare and blackened branches of a dead tree projected from the water and stood out against the green background of young mangroves like the bony fingers of a skeleton hand reaching out to clutch us.

"Look!" Bill sat with his finger pointing at one of these spectral trees, an expression of fear on his face. Even as I watched it I could see the water slowly receding from its base. The tide was going out! Places where before we had poled our craft through the shallow water, were now only points of soft and muddy ground pushing slowly up through the receding waters. We were being trapped for the night in the midst of the swamps. The rim of the sun dipped below the horizon, and the dusk began closing in.

Frantically we pulled at the oars, rowing wildly through one opening after another. Fear gripped us as the boat became stuck in a shallow spot. Shoving the oars deep into the ooze and muck of the bottom, we freed the boat and sat panting with exertion and terror.

Directly overhead, a vulture wheeled in the gloom. From nowhere there appeared a second, then a third, silently gliding in great circles over our heads. All day we had not seen a vulture, and now they were beginning to gather above us. Again we dug our oars in wildly and began rowing like madmen. Now shoving against the miry swamp-bottom, now pulling on the oars, now snatching with bleeding hands at the mangroves that hindered us, we raced from one pond to another, each one seeming the same as that from which we had come.

From far back in the swamp came the terrifying bellow of a bull alligator. Weird stories came to my mind of vicious saw-toothed barracuda, venomous snakes, cruel sharks, and savage 'gators living side by side in these strange waters, half salt, half fresh, where the great swamp meets the sea.

Ahead of us, in the dusk, a night heron rose with a loud whirring of his wings and screamed his hoarse cry, like a spirit of the night, an evil demon of the great swamp. We had stopped to rest now, for we could scarcely see in the deepening gloom. A fourth vulture had joined those overhead, and together they wheeled in silent arcs, making dim but terrifying silhouettes against the fast darkening sky.

"Listen!" Bill said in a horrified whisper. "Do you hear it too?"

From off in the distance seemed to come the weird throbbing of drums, perhaps drums of some yet uncivilized tribe

of Seminoles, deep in the wilds of the Everglades. The distant booming sound grew louder, then died back into the distance, one minute seeming to come from one direction, the next minute from another.

In the darkness every log seemed an alligator lying in wait, every branch the grasping claw of some horrible creature. Those few points of muddy ground which rose above the high water level seemed alive with rattlers and moccasins, and a scurrying land crab became a monstrous two-foot spider as he raced for his hole.

From off to the right of our boat came a bubbling, gurgling sound, and I heard Bill say hoarsely, "Alligator." My heart quaked, and I took a firm grip on my oar before I realized that the noise was caused merely by the water receding from the myriad holes of the fiddler crabs.

The land was hardly dark before a sickly moon had risen to throw a yellow light over our surroundings and make them even more horrible than before. The drums still boomed faintly in the distance. We had come upon a narrow channel now, and we were pulling with all our might to escape that weird throbbing noise; yet we could not tell whether we were leaving it behind or approaching it. Again the bellow of a 'gator echoed across the swamp and curdled the blood in our veins.

We were pulling faster now, almost insane from an indescribable sensation of terror, when, rounding a small bend, we came out on the main channel. In one instant that distant throbbing ceased, the open sea lay before us, and there on our right was a group of our happy friends, waiting without concern on the lighted dock.

A Dog and a Fly-Rod

ERNESTINE WILLIAMS

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1938-1939

"YOU know, it sure beats all, the way some kids love their dogs. They don't give a hang what kind they are, so long as they got four legs and a friendly wagging tail," said the old man as he went on repairing a bedraggled-looking fly-rod.

"You know Helen Drew—you seen her around here—darn nice kid, she is, too—well, Helen was out fishing one day in around the reeds in that little bay opposite the Blair's place. While she was sitting admiring that fly-rod her pa give her for Christmas, she heard a peculiar noise. 'Must be a new kinda bird,' she thought. But the noise kept a-coming. Helen sat real still, listening. She could hear the breeze hissing around as it was rustling the reeds, and now and then a lily-pad plopped up and down on the water the way they do sometimes. There was a continual caw-caw-cawing from Blair's stretch o' woods, but down underneath was that funny noise.

"Well, you know how the women-folks are. Curiosity gets 'em every time, and Helen ain't no exception. Well, she sat there for about ten minutes, trying to figure out what the heck it was. She peered all around at the shore-line, and all she could see was Sims, the Blairs' handy-man. They call him a butler—can you beat that? Sims was putting Master Robert's bicycle up on the veranda. Master Robert, huh!

"Helen just couldn't stand it no more, wondering what that noise was; so she put her rod down under the boat seats, give a big yank at her oars, and pulled

clear of the bay in a couple of strokes. It sure made her sore to have to quit fishing for a while. For a girl who can't catch a darn thing, she sure takes her fishing serious. Well, Helen just kept rowing along till she got 'round the bend, and when she got around what did she see but Janie Murchison sitting on the end of old man Obermaier's pier, sobbing her heart out.

"Well, if you knew Janie, you'd know that Janie just don't never cry. Why, one time Janie fell clear from off one of the top rungs of the ladder leading up to John Harper's hayloft. Course, Janie had no business being up there. John chased her away plenty o' times before that, but when they took her into Lakesville to Doc Hayes, did Janie cry? No sir. Fact, Duchess, Janie's curb-stone setter, put up racket enough to make up for twenty Janies. So you can see why Helen was so surprised when she found Janie sitting on the pier, crying.

"Helen didn't know what to do. Janie mad or fighting was one thing, but Janie crying—well, it just never happened before. So Helen, she just nosed her boat up alongside the pier. Grandpa Obermaier always puts old auto tires up along the pier to save the wear and tear on the boats, and on the pier, too; so Helen didn't make much noise when she pulled up. She sat quiet for a minute, hoping Janie would start saying something. But not Janie. She just put her head farther down in those overalls she's always wearing and just howled louder 'n ever. So finally Helen reaches up

a hand to pat Janie's shoulder, consoling-like, and Janie just shoved her away. Helen sat still for a while again and then she said, 'Say, Janie, I just can't seem to catch anything today. Maybe you could show me where to go.' Janie just shook her head no.

"Well, now, you know Janie knows where the good spots are. I told her often enough, and I even take the kid with me a lot. She's good company. Knows when to keep quiet. Course, you have to keep an eye on her, but she's all right.

"Now, the longer Helen sat there the miserabler she was getting, and the miserabler she got the madder she got. After all, there was her fishing, shot. But she just couldn't seem to leave Janie behind. Finally Helen lets out a yell, 'Janie Murchison, if you don't tell me what the devil you're crying about,' she said, 'I'll wring your darn neck.' She must've scared the kid 'cause Janie let out a wail: 'Duchess is dead.'

"That was almost too much for Helen. She told me after while that she got such a big lump in her throat she near choked on it. Everybody 'round here knows how close Janie and Duchess was. It seems like Helen had kind of broke the ice for Janie, though, and Janie told her what happened.

"Seems like those Morgan kids—they're the ones from Chicago whose folks are renting the Brown place this summer—well, they saw Duchess walking along in front o' the place—Duchess always did kinda like those red geraniums out in front of Mrs. Brown's, and many a battle raged between her and Mrs. Brown over 'em. Well, those kids wanted to be nice to Duchess so they run in the house and brought out some chicken bones for her.

"I bet Duchess was surprised to be

treated so good at the Brown's house. You know how dogs are, though. They ain't smart about eating the way cats are. I s'pose Duchess thought, 'Let by-gones be by-gones.' Anyway, she ate the bones all up, or tried to. One got stuck, and it wasn't long before Duchess was a corpse and the Morgan kids was hollering their heads off.

"When Janie found Duchess, she just sat and was holding the poor dog till her pa come and the two of 'em dug a hole down at the end of Harper's orchard and buried Duchess. Then Janie just run off an' sat on the pier where she was when Helen found her.

"Well, after Janie poured it all out to Helen, Helen was flabbergasted. She just didn't know what to do. After all, Helen ain't much more'n a kid herself. But you got to hand it to her! While she was fooling around for something to say, her eye lit on her fly-rod. She must've hesitated awhile 'cause she was darned proud o' that rod, but finally she said, 'Hey, Janie, you're getting about big enough to use a fly-rod now, don't you think? You've been still-fishing long enough. How about me rowing you to the spots and you using my rod?'

"Helen told me after while that Janie's face lit up like a Christmas tree, and she just jumped right in the boat and began telling Helen where to row.

"Helen sure must of had some bad moments when she saw Janie churning up the water with her precious rod. I know what Janie does with a rod 'cause once or twice she's finagled me into letting her use mine, but Helen never said a word but let the kid churn away. They stayed out on the lake darned near five hours.

"When they come back, though, Janie was all right. The only thing that wasn't was Helen's rod." The old fellow gave

a twist to some thread he was using on the rod he was repairing. "I think I can get this in some shape all right," he said. Anyway, soon's I do, I'm goin' to

show Helen a couple of good fishing holes. She just never could find 'em before."

Sundance

RAYMOND BOHMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1939-1940

"THAT must be the town," I said. We had just crossed a divide and were looking on a small Western town about a mile ahead and to the right of us. We drove on, the road winding down into the valley, between a timber-covered range of mountains on the north and west, and some large scattered buttes on the south. Soon we came upon a prominently displayed sign: Welcome to Sundance—Speed Limit 25 M. P. H.

Our Boy Scout Troop was on a two-week camping trip, Yellowstone bound. We had just left the Black Hills, and, since it was near supper time, we were now stopping to replenish food supplies. Everyone was taking the opportunity to see the town and stretch a bit at the same time.

While I was viewing the mountains around, looking for a few good camera shots, I engaged in conversation with an old cow-puncher. I judged him to be in his sixties. He was short, bowlegged, stooped, and weather-beaten. His whole appearance spoke of many years in the saddle.

After we had exhausted the subject of the weather, he began telling me about the history of Sundance.

"That range to the north and west is the Bear Lodge Range," he said, "and

that big mountain over there is Sundance Mountain." He pointed to the north-west, toward a tall flat-topped mountain that was practically barren of timber. "It was up there that the tribe of the Sun-Worshippers used to have their sun dances."

"Who were the Sun-Worshippers?" I asked.

"A tribe of Injuns related to the Apaches," he said. "They lived up here in the Bear Lodge Range kinda halfway between the plains and the Rockies."

"That's very interesting," I said. "Do they still live here?"

"Well, sir, I don't know. Nobody does, I guess. It's a long story, but here's how I remember it.

"When I was just a kid, this country was all free range. There was only a few big ranches then, and the cattle roamed all over. Sundance then was just a small trading post on the stagecoach line between Deadwood, South Dakota, and Buffalo, Wyoming. There was lots of Injuns around these parts then. A couple tribes of the Apaches had moved up here in the 80's and were living here with their relatives, the Sun-Worshippers.

"Folks around here got along pretty good with the Injuns at first, but as more people came, there began to be

trouble. One summer some hosses was stolen. The owner blamed it on the Injuns, and some time later there was a fight and several Injuns was killed. Well, one thing led to another, and with bad blood between them and the whites, the Injuns were out for revenge. One night four fires were seen on top of Sundance Mountain. All the chiefs of the different tribes were a-holdin' a council of war, and that meant trouble.

"The folks in town and the ranchers round about knew what was a-comin', so everybody moved into town and began to get ready for a war. A messenger was sent to Fort Laramie for help. The buildings were barricaded just like regular forts. Well, no one saw any Injuns around for the next day or so, but every night four fires were seen on top of old Sundance.

"Then one afternoon about three days after the first council fire, things started poppin'. Just about sundown, figures of Injuns were seen on top of the mountain, startin' the war dance. Everybody gathered in two or three buildings in the middle of town and made ready for an attack. Then all of a sudden it got dark. We could see just one fire goin' up there now, and the war cries of the Injuns could be heard comin' down through the dark. We was outnumbered ten to one, and the Sun-Worshippers and the Apaches were the worst fighters in the west. Nobody knew if help was comin' or not.

"The night wore on into the early hours of the morning, but still there was no attack. Then, all of a sudden, there was a crash of thunder, and a mountain storm broke. For fifteen or twenty minutes it rained somethin' fierce. Then it quit sudden and everything was quiet.

The fire on top of Sundance had gone out. There was nothin' to do but wait—for what, we didn't know.

"It was awful just a-waitin'. Everybody was dead-tired but couldn't sleep. The silence was terrible, but nobody dared to make a sound. It seemed like years before the light of mornin' began. Pretty soon it was light enough to see. A few of the men ventured outside. There was no Injuns to be seen anywhere. Later in the morning a scouting party went up to the top o' Sundance Mountain, but there wasn't an Injun in sight. In fact they've never been seen since!"

Just as I was about to ask him some questions, our scout master hollered "All aboard!" I said goodbye and thanks and ran to the car. After we had left the town and were driving on, I took out the travel book we were following and looked up Sundance, Wyoming. This is what I read:

"Sundance, pop. 761. A small town in eastern Wyoming on the old Deadwood-to-Buffalo stagecoach route. The Bear Lodge Range of mountains extends to the north and west of the town. Sundance Mountain (elevation, 7,932 feet) is located about three miles to the northwest of the town. This mountain was so named because several tribes of the Blackfeet nation held their sun dances on its flat top. The Blackfeet tribes inhabited this region for some time after the coming of the white man and were one of the first tribes to be granted citizenship by the United States Government. The tribe now inhabits a large part of the Bear Lodge Reservation eighty miles north of Sundance . . ."

I had to read the article twice.

The Man Had Nerve

H. W. THRAPP

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1938-1939

WE HAD finished the day's riding, filled out the wrinkles under our belts, and were sitting around the fire, smoking, and telling stories before going to bed. Joe Keener was there, his brother Price, "Boots" Shell, Jim Aram, and I.

The conversation drifted from one topic to another, and centered, for the most part, around the cattle the boys had seen during the day. Finally Joe raised his hat, scratched his bald head, and started telling about an encounter he'd had with a rattlesnake early that morning. It seemed that he'd gotten off his horse to tighten his cinch, and stepped on one of the Billy-be-damned things. Had the sun been a little higher, Joe would have stood a good chance of being bitten, but, as it happened, the snake was too numb with cold to react to the insult. Of course, Joe looked down to see what he'd stepped on, and promptly killed the rattler.

Naturally, the conversation was immediately changed to a discussion of rattlesnakes, and each fellow had some experiences to tell. I suppose the rounds of rattlesnake tales were made about twice before we turned in—some of them hair-raisers. Maybe everyone doesn't react to snake stories as I do, but believe me, I picked my way to my bed-roll pretty carefully, and shook it out a couple of times to be on the safe side. That procedure seems rather foolish now that I think back to it, but it surely didn't seem so after the tales the boys had been telling.

Price and Joe were using the same bed-roll. For some reason, I rolled mine

out beside theirs—on the side that Price was on. Price and I talked for a few minutes over the last cigarettes of the day, and then went to sleep.

No, I didn't dream of snakes, or anything else, that night. Just as it was getting light, I awoke and heard Jim washing down at the creek. He had unrolled his bed about fifty yards toward the creek from the spot we had picked. I looked over at Price, as I sat up, and he looked at me with a peculiar expression on his face. But he didn't say anything, and so I said—pleasantly enough—"Well, get the hell out of bed. You can't get any work done lying there that way, or do you want your breakfast in bed?" I pulled on my socks and reached for my pants. My mind was concentrating on hot coffee and biscuits, and so when he said, "There's a snake curled up agin my belly," I did not get the full significance of the statement for a few seconds. I started off telling him how hungry I was—and then I began to realize what he'd said. "What did you say?" I asked. "There's a snake curled agin my belly," he repeated. I asked him if it was a rattler, but of course he didn't know yet. We both realized, however, that if he moved, we would both know in a hurry whether it *was* a rattler.

I was paralyzed. Even though I was fully three feet away, I was afraid to move for fear I would disturb the snake and it would bite Price. Price was lying on his side, with his back toward Joe; the snake lay between Price and the edge of the bed. The snake had obviously crawled in to warm up. I started to yell

at Jim, who was returning from the creek, but thought better of it, and slowly eased out of bed. I didn't even pull on my boots, but ran toward Jim, dodging the patches of prickly-pear on the way.

"There's a snake in Price's bed," I shouted at him.

"What breed is it?" Jim asked.

I told him we didn't know, because it was under the blankets. We ran to the bed, woke Joe up, and started to plan some maneuver to get Price out. Joe eased out of bed; Boots woke up about that time, and, pulling his clothes on, demanded to know what the commotion was about.

It didn't take long to conceive of a plan to remove Price, because we were very much impressed by the fact that every second counted—at least as far as Price's nervous system was concerned. Joe and I rolled up the top blankets as far as Price's back, and then very carefully lifted the roll to the level of Price's top side. Boots had arrived on the scene by this time, and he was directed to get a hold on Price's neck with his hands. Jim grabbed his legs, and at the

signal from Joe, they lunged backward, jerking Price from under the blankets. As the three of them fell in a heap, Joe and I threw the blankets in the opposite direction, and quickly picked up a stick apiece. To our surprise, there were two snakes instead of one—both rattlers—and believe me, they objected to being disturbed so rudely. They must have been blinded by the sudden light, because they struck at the air a few times, and buzzed as if they were insane.

Joe and I each took one, threw them out on the ground, and quickly prepared them for burial. They were good-sized fellows with fangs that would have gone through a suit of underwear as if it were tissue paper.

Price has never said much about this incident. In fact, he has referred to it only once that I know of. That morning, at breakfast, he said, "Thanks a lot, boys; I was beginning to get kinda cramped waiting for someone to wake up." But I'll bet my hat that Price will never forget that April morning, and you can bet your boots that the experience will stick in my memory for many a day to come.

The Airport

The drone of a distant aeroplane sounded through the night. It came closer. The pilot circled about the field as if he had lost something below. Where in the world was he going to land? To me the field appeared as if it were pinned down with a million bright stars which had suddenly fallen from the sky. The beacon flashed on. Its light chased all the shadows across the field, dashed them against the hangar walls,—and fell in a bright puddle.

The plane landed and taxied up to a waiting mail truck. The pilot leaped out and strode briskly toward the hangars. The plane must have been stuffed with mail—the way the blue-coated mailmen kept jerking it out. Finally the mail truck sped away, leaving the plane chugging lazily as if it were quietly talking to itself. Suddenly, another mail truck whisked across the field toward the idling plane. Large bags of mail were quickly transferred from the truck to the ship.

The pilot climbed into the cockpit, gunned the motors, waved farewell, and taxied across the field to take off. Faster and faster the plane went—then lifted—as though it had been suddenly cut loose from the ground. The lights on its wings stood out like tiny, moving, red and green stars against the dark background of the night. The field settled back into semi-darkness.—LELAND MARTIN

Easter Week

MARY KRANOS

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1939-1940

MARITZA was playing with her little god-sister in the living room when her godmother came in from the kitchen, wiped her hands, and sat down.

"Are you coming to Peoria to church with us on Sunday?" she asked.

"Oh, . . . well . . . I don't know whether Dad will let me."

"And why not, for goodness' sake?"

"Well, you know that we're busy on Saturday and Sunday, and I can't leave all the work to Mum and Dad."

"Oh, they could get along without you for just once—it's only once a year. We're going to the midnight mass."

"I want very much to go. I've never been to our church on Easter. But I think I'll have to work."

"You would have to fast, you know," Maritza's godmother said. "From Monday through Thursday you would have to fast. Nothing from an animal: no meat, milk, butter, or eggs. On Thursday, we'll go to Peoria and receive the sacrament. Ask your father—I'm sure he'll let you go."

So, the next day Maritza asked her father.

"I don't know whether we can manage the business without some help on Saturday night, but we'll try to, if you really want to go."

Even this was encouraging. All that week Maritza fasted. She musn't eat meat, or ice cream, or chocolate bars—there really wasn't much left after the "mustn'ts" were checked off the list! On Wednesday, she must eat nothing containing oil. Her diet of crackers and soda-pop was becoming monotonous.

Thursday came. On this day she could allow nothing to pass between her lips. Not even could she drink water, or brush her teeth. She must be careful not to cough or sneeze.

On Thursday her godparents took her to Peoria to receive the sacrament, and then they went to the home of some friends and broke their fast. With her godmother Maritza visited the department stores and the wonderful shops. There were so many kinds of people in the stores. Fat ladies trying on wisps of hats. Very thin ladies simpering in huge picture hats. First they had to buy a new hat with yards and yards of veiling for her godmother. Maritza was glad that her godmother chose a becoming hat, not one which made her look like something she dreamed about after she had eaten too much raspberry pie.

"Something for the young lady?" the saleslady asked, smiling and nodding in Maritza's direction. In a moment, they were placing on her head a beautiful pink bonnet with blue lining. There was a little band of blue silk which fitted below her chin and held the hat in place, and there were two broad streamers of ribbon in the back, which made her feel like the lovely lady with the flowing gown in a book she'd read.

"That's very becoming to you, dear," the saleslady beamed. "Now, let's see if we can't find a dress to go with it."

Many dainty frocks were brought out, and rejected. Would they ever find one? At last! A filmy dress in the palest of blue. Placed here and there were little pink bows. It was the *only* dress to go

with that hat. But no time for posing. They had to go.

On Friday, the fast was taken up again, and on this day little Maritza could eat nothing. On Saturday she worked twice as hard as usual during the day to make up for her absence in the evening.

All during the journey to Peoria, her godmother coached her in the unfamiliar forms and ritual. At midnight, at the height of the mass, all lights in the church would be extinguished. The priest would retire behind the altar. In a moment, he would reappear, bearing a candelabrum of three candles—symbolizing the Holy Trinity. It would be a token of good luck to be the first to light one's candle from one of the three candles of the resurrection. Those who were the first passed the light from candle to candle, until the whole church glowed. After one had lit his candle, he turned to his friend nearest him, and saluted him on the cheek, saying, "*Christos a nesti!*" which means, "Christ is risen!" His friend's reply would be, "*Alithinos a nesti!*"—"Verily, he is risen!" Over and over, to herself and aloud, she repeated these magic words. She must know them so well that she would not be too confused or frightened to say them when the opportunity came. When her godfather sang the beautiful hymn, "Christ Is Risen!" which is the central theme of the ritual, she thought she would burst with feeling so good.

At last, here they were, at the church.

She could see nothing of the outside of the building save a red brick wall, and a small door through which they entered. Inside, they were given candles with little caps of cardboard to keep the tallow from dripping onto their new clothes.

The men sat on one side of the church and the women on the other. Little Maritza took a place beside her godmother while her godfather made his way up to the front, near the altar, to the alcove for the men who would chant the ritual. Before the chanters was a rack which revolved to permit men to recite from several hymn books.

What a funny-looking little boy across the aisle, there, and he kept making faces at her. When he crossed himself, he did so very rapidly, watching Maritza all the while to see if she were doing it correctly.

How warm and dry the air was! The incense, the strange tongue, the bright-colored dresses which the ladies wore—all these made her thoughts very much confused. The candle was growing very heavy. Little Maritza's eyes kept wanting to close. She would have become indignant if you suggested that she was sleepy, but she just couldn't seem to keep her eyes open!

Time flew quickly on, and now the choir was proclaiming, "Christ Is Risen!" The priest was bearing aloft the three-branch candelabrum. It was the supreme moment of the mass.

Little Maritza was fast asleep.

The sound of a typewriter—pebbles falling on a concrete floor.—MARIE WRIGHT

His personality was like a wet towel flung in the corner of the bathroom.

—SHIRLEY BAIKOVICH

Snuff

ELMER A. J. BLASCO

Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1938-1939

"SNUFF," Swanson said to the water-boy standing near him, "is for hard-working men who do their job well. It's like a reward."

Swanson turned on his heel, walked to the edge of the scaffold, and leaned over the wall.

"Ready down there?" he bellowed. "Let's get going!"

The two laborers at the bottom of the wall looked up at the sound of his voice and began to hurry with the lifting-pins on this last piece of marble for the cornice of the new auditorium. They drove the pins in and adjusted the hooks—then stepped back from the stone, grabbed the rope, and echoed back.

"Ready? Here it comes!"

From that instant, Swanee's eyes never left that slowly rising piece of marble. His head and shoulders extended out over the edge of the wall. One hand was on the support, while the other hand guided the rope which was hoisting the piece of marble. It must be hauled up past a carefully laid brick wall one hundred feet high. The slightest mishap might send that block of marble crashing into the wall, destroying months of work. It was Swanee's job to see that a mishap did not occur.

The sun shone brightly overhead as the crew of laborers tugged at the lines. The pulleys on the block and tackle squealed under the tremendous weight, while the stone rose slowly, inch by inch. Swanee began to sweat as the sun beat down on his back. The rope supporting the stone cut into his hand, sending drops of blood running off the edge of his palm. Swanee shook his hand once

or twice and shouted words of encouragement to the struggling laborers far below.

"Keep it coming, boy!" he shouted. "Not too hard now. Don't start it swinging, or there'll be hell to pay."

As the boss of the crew waved his hand, the crew started a chant. Slow and methodical, the song rose and fell as the crew pulled at the rope. The block passed the half-way mark and Swanee was now sweating profusely. His shirt was soaked with sweat, and the sweat had mixed with the dust until a thin paste covered his face. He blinked his eyes to keep the beads of sweat out. The breeze began to stiffen, sending up clouds of brick-dust and making a thicker paste on his face. At the same time, the breeze started the block to swinging ever so slightly. That was bad. Swanee swore softly and then shouted down to the hoisting crew.

"Hold it right there! Got to stop it or the boss will have our hides."

The chant broke off as the crew stopped their work and held on. Swanee leaned farther out, grasped both of the hoisting ropes, and held them tightly. Slowly, painfully, like the pendulum of a clock just as the spring unwinds, the block stopped swinging.

"O. K." shouted Swanee. "Hoist away."

The chanting started again. The block was almost at the top. Swanee's real job started now. He had to swing that huge block into place and keep it there as the crew lowered it. The chanting grew louder now, when the crew saw that the job was almost done. As the

block of marble passed the top of the wall, Swanee reached out and slowly swung it into place. The end moved out of line and the water-boy dropped his buckets and forced the block back into position.

"Lower away," Swanee cried, and the block slowly sank into the mortar. He cast off the pins and lowered the lines.

Down below, the crew was resting on the ground. Swanee gave the block a few taps with his wooden mallet and then put the level on the top to check its accuracy.

"Perfect!" he breathed, and straightened his aching back. He smiled at the water-boy and reached for his box of snuff.

Spring Afternoon

JAMES GIMBLETT

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1938-1939

IT WAS a quiet Friday afternoon. There was a suggestion of summer in the air—just enough to make the paper boy on the corner think longingly of that camp in the country, and the department manager just back from his two-hour lunch muse thoughtfully about giant muskies in Minnesota. High above the street, perched precariously on a window ledge of the massive Mercantile Trust Building, worked a lone window-washer. Inside the building, on the fortieth floor, toiled a battery of typists who wrote form letters to the bank's many customers. The day had been a long one, and the work dragged on in a seemingly endless fashion. One of the girls noticed the window-washer laboring on a window far down the floor. Only a slender leather belt held him to the building. Interested in anything to relieve the monotony, she watched him first sponge off the windows and then wipe them dry. Soon she made a game of watching him—a window every five minutes seemed to be his average speed. Maybe this would

help pass the time away. There were twelve more windows to the one opposite her. In one hour he would reach her. She watched him at frequent intervals. It was three o'clock.

Ten windows to go—it was 3:10.

"I won't watch now until I finish typing this letter."

Eight windows to go—it was 3:20.

"I wonder if it's any cooler out there. I wouldn't want his job though—it looks too dangerous."

Five windows to go—it was 3:35.

Slowly the window-washer progressed along the row of windows. He seldom looked down—it was a long way . . .

Inside, the girl looked up from her work. Three windows to go. "In fifteen minutes I can leave. He's almost opposite me now."

Several minutes later she looked up. The window opposite her, only half washed, was empty. A broken belt hung limp in the still, warm air. The time was 3:58. It was a quiet Friday afternoon. . . .

Song of a Summer Evening

D. S. ABERNETHY

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1938-1939

THE HOT, mid-August night magnified all the myriad noises of the passing hours. A curious stillness hung from the inky sky, bringing with it a suffocating heat that closed in around the earth. A huge full moon shone like a bright, new silver dollar in the western sky. The ugly bulk of the rectangular roadside lunch room was softened a little by the silvery rays.

In front of the lunch room a double ribbon of smooth concrete pavement ran endlessly and effortlessly to the ends of the earth. Occasionally a car would come shooting around the curve a quarter of a mile up the road with a gentle moaning sound, and then, as it approached, the sound of its exhaust would hum like a tired swarm of bees.

The silence, unreal and close, was broken by the harsh croaking of bullfrogs and the irritating, infinite chirping of crickets in the swamp which lay to the rear of the building. The croaking hushed for a moment, and then a frog eased himself into the slimy brake with a soft, watery *plop!*

The neon-edged sign hanging over the door of the lunch room announced that here was the "Quality Lunch Room" and that it stayed open all night. The glass tube leaked, and the red light flickered. Moths flitted and swooped around the eerie glow, like a squadron of pursuit planes attacking a slower and much clumsier adversary.

Inside the lunch room the sole occupant sat hunched over a newspaper, a stub of pencil clutched in his right fist. He had a greasy, once-white apron sus-

pended around his stomach, and a dirty white shirt clinging to his fat body in wet patches. A paper chef's cap sat crazily on his sweaty head. He was about forty years old.

Joe didn't like the all-night hitch behind the counter. The time dragged too slow. He'd worked so many crossword puzzles that he saw black and white checkers in his sleep. Words like *nullah*, *bauson*, and *ladrone* held no mystery for him. The radio helped a little, but he got tired of the swing music. Once in a while he'd hear some evangelist around eleven o'clock raising hell about all the sin and vice and corruption in the world. Joe would sit and listen to the oratory, and then when it was over, would wrinkle his nose in distaste and say "Baloney" to himself.

He sat staring blankly at the crossword puzzle. He was hot. His wet shirt was uncomfortable. Joe looked around for more windows in the room to open, but there were none. Absently he watched a tiny moth trying to hurl itself into the brightly lighted room. The sweat from Joe's armpits rolled down along his ribs and felt cold. His arms stuck to the paper when he tried to lift them. He held his left forearm up to the light and saw a few words of printing that had transferred themselves from the paper. He put his finger into his mouth and rubbed out the smudged ink.

Ever since he'd been working for old man Dawson, he'd had to work the night shift. Three months of it behind him, and more ahead. He thought idly of the kid who worked in the lunch room

during the day. Probably swimming in some quarry right now. He'd have his girl with him too! Gosh!—wouldn't it be swell to have a swim in cold water . . . and have a fine time . . . and a girl . . . ?

Walking over to the radio, he switched on some dance music. Some New York band was swinging "Annie Laurie." Joe thought of how he used to hear his mother sing that song when she was working around the kitchen. He heaved a gusty, recollective sigh, and the air whistled through his nostrils. Picking up the paper with the crossword puzzle in it, he jammed it underneath the counter and pulled a deck of playing cards from his back pocket.

He threw up his head as he heard a car's tires singing on the hot cement highway, but the car went speeding by. Carefully shuffling the cards, he started to lay out a game of solitaire. He cursed softly to himself as the damp cards stuck together. After laying them out, he put the rest of the deck on the counter and got up to get a drink. Running the cool water over his hands, he thought of the kid who worked days . . . and the girl, swimming in that quarry.

A car came careening around the curve. Its twelve cylinders roared in the quiet night. Joe heard it and listened to the sweet pulsating of the motor. Suddenly the engine slowed a little, and Joe knew that he was going to have a customer.

The car, a long maroon touring model with Ohio plates, pulled up at the door. Two men and a girl—from the sound of their voices—were coming in.

Joe moved over to the cards and picked them up. He glanced out of the corner of his eye at the girl's legs before he looked up. Nice shape, he thought.

And he thought about swimming in a quarry . . .

The two men were youngish—about thirty, he judged, as he filled three water glasses. They took stools, disdaining the single warped table the place boasted. Joe put the glasses down on the counter, giving the girl hers first. She was a classy looker, all right.

"Nice night," he said.

"Yeah," said the dark one.

The girl looked at Joe's greasy apron.

"What d'you have to eat?" she asked in a husky, mannish voice as she tapped a cigarette on the counter.

Joe, looking at her, colored under her direct look. He stammered and then handed her a fly-specked menu. The other one, the man who hadn't said anything, reached along the counter and took out another menu. The dark one looked at the girl's.

Joe wiped his hands on his greasy apron and felt self-conscious.

"Like to hear some music?"

One of the men looked up at him out of squinted eyes.

"No."

The girl said, "Yes, let's have some music."

The one who had said he didn't want any music scowled and pressed his lips together.

Finally the girl made up her mind. Blowing out a cloud of smoke, "Can you make me a ham omelet?" Joe liked her eyes and the way her mouth moved when she talked. Nice teeth, too. He nodded his head.

"And a cup of coffee?" she added. Joe nodded again. The other two wanted sandwiches and coffee. As Joe turned to the work table, he had a curious sensation of being stared at. Lighting the gas stove, he speculated. Who were they? Where were they going?

He put a frying pan on the stove and listened to the conversation. The dark one, the guy called Lefty, was talking to the girl.

"I tell you I didn't mean to do it. He was asking for it though, reaching for that alarm button." Suddenly he looked at Joe, who had his face turned toward them. Joe saw him and looked down at the box of eggs he was opening.

The other guy shifted his weight on the stool, and it squeaked the dry, shrill whine of unoiled steel.

"Sure, sure, Lefty, but you're too quick with that gun. Things are getting tough enough without that."

The girl's voice drawled, "You'd better get that carburetor looked at, Eddie. I thought it was going to give out on us back there."

Joe had broken the eggs and put them with bits of ham into the pan. He was slicing bread for the sandwiches. Finishing, he went to the back of the lunch counter and started to open the screen door which led to the enclosed porch and the refrigerator.

He felt three pairs of eyes on his back. The dry, clipped voice of Lefty was asking, "Where you going, Pop?"

Joe resented that "Pop." He turned and replied, "Just out to the refrigerator to get the meat."

"Oh."

As he opened the refrigerator door, he was thinking over the conversation. His throat tightened, and he could feel the blood pounding through the veins in his neck. Bandits! He tried to think where the boss kept the gun. Maybe they'd try to rob him. And then for the first time in a long while, Joe got scared. Composing himself as much as he could, he noisily slammed the refrigerator door shut and pushed open the screen door with his foot. He put the two tins of

meat on the slicing board and started peeling off the covering of the liverwurst.

The two men had been arguing. As Joe walked toward the stove, he could see Lefty staring at him. Again a scared feeling came over him. Folding the omelet carefully, Joe turned the gas down lower.

After a moment the girl said, "Isn't it about done, Grandpa?" Joe stumbled awkwardly over his feet as he turned to the stove. Taking a plate from the rack, he slid the eggs on it and put it down in front of the girl. She reached over and took a napkin out of the holder.

He hurried to finish the sandwiches, and, as he put them down in front of the men, Lefty looked at his and shoved it disgustedly to the other man. They exchanged plates. Joe murmured apologetically.

"Come on, come on, get the coffee," rasped Lefty.

The cups rattled as Joe set them in their saucers. One of the men noticed it. "Whatsa matter, Pop? Nervous?" Joe attempted a smile as he shook his head. He managed to put the coffee down without spilling any. They began to eat. Joe walked to the end of the counter and sat down. The three went on talking in low tones.

Joe noticed that it wasn't hot any more. There seemed to be a draft in the place. His shirt was still wet, but he didn't feel it. He looked along the shelf under the counter for the gun. The boss kept it in a leather holster . . . ah! there it was—there under the cash register. He licked his lips and wondered how such a good-looking girl could get mixed up with a couple of bums like these guys.

He began to fidget nervously on the stool. His left foot was asleep, and he shifted it to start the circulation. One

wagon and was pulled to the side of the house. He leaped off with a small, battered red tin pool table and a wheelless green dumping truck in his hands.

Supper was soon finished. The linoleum-covered table was cleared, and part of the contents of the pecan sack emptied. By the dirty light and nauseating smell of a kerosene lamp, all shelled pecans, shelled pecans, shelled pecans.

"Now, Pete, looky here. Use your knife like this." Pete's mother demonstrated, using not only her knife, but her bare fingers and fingernails as well. She succeeded in extricating an unbroken half of pecan meat. "Eight cents a pound for these, but only six cents a pound for those little pieces. You are in

sixth grade already. You should know which will give us more money. Eh boy?"

All attempted to imitate the technique of the mother. They peeled, stopped, peeled, exchanging bits of news and stories. The mother got up to put sleeping Annie and Pat to bed. Pete smiled at his little sisters as they were carried away. The heavy hour of ten arrived, and Pete's knife slipped from his hand for the third time. Pete's father scooped him lovingly into his arms and carried him off to bed.

. . . .

Pete still stared at the bar in his hand. He could not eat it. It was too sacred to eat! He placed it in his pocket and walked away.

Feeding the Visitor

VINCENT WEST

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1939-1940

"NO TURKEY this year." My father didn't look away from the rain-spotted window as he said it. Past his mop of unruly steel-gray hair, I could see the squirrels gaily frolicking in the light mist; yet I knew Father was not watching them. He was thinking of Uncle Garold, who was coming all the way from New York for Thanksgiving. Father's face had that whipped-again look which I had seen on it so often in the past year. I knew my mother must feel even worse; yet when I glanced at her she smiled—a bit wanly, but, nevertheless, she smiled. My sister's doctor-bill had taken the last of the meager savings which were to have furnished our Thanksgiving table. Whose fault

was it? Doris couldn't help getting sick and my father certainly couldn't foresee it. Whipped again! Yet my mother smiled. She wasn't whipped yet.

"I remember Garold used to like 'coon." The forced cheer of her voice belied her smile. It was to be her brother's first visit in ten years. She smiled bravely as she left us, but when I passed through the kitchen a moment later she was blinking her eyes to keep them dry as she checked off her menu the things she wouldn't have. I firmly resolved that I wouldn't allow her to be disappointed in these simple plans.

Each night during the week before my uncle came I took my dogs afield to get that 'coon. And each night when I

returned, I skinned and stretched a collection of 'possum, skunk, and mink—but no 'coon. It was Wednesday night, and the dogs were unfed. Nothing would be spared tonight, because this was our last chance. We couldn't fail again.

We had a good night. By two o'clock the broad canvas strap across my shoulder was cutting deep. The three 'possums in the bag, however, meant little. I was after 'coon. Tired and disgusted, I sprawled comfortably on the ground near a cornfield, the dogs resting beside me. I remembered my father's warning never to take the strap off my shoulder. Many valuable pelts have been lost by this one bit of carelessness; so I lay there and grew drowsy with my pack strap still around my neck.

I was nearly asleep when Old Bear's deep bass reverberated through the woods, echoing back from the tall cottonwoods along the river. Soon the terrier joined him, her sharp yapping punctuating the din. No mere 'possum could have excited Bear like that. He would chase a 'possum with the same half-defiant tone which he used to announce visitors at the house. No, it couldn't be a 'possum. Bear was "bawling every jump," as 'coon-hunters say. I waited impatiently, each second more nearly convinced that the hound had jumped a fox.

No, he had treed! I started off blindly through the tall, frosty stalks of the cornfield. Fear struck me as I ran. What if he jumped? What if I missed him?

What if he got away? No, he couldn't! Mother was counting on my getting him. I couldn't fail. The crackling stopped. I was free of the corn. With added speed I crossed the narrow lane and pressed on into the woods.

Suddenly, I was there. The dogs sat in a circle, excitedly yapping their "tree-bark." At the shot they became suddenly quiet. The silence was terrible. I couldn't see the 'coon, now that his eyes were averted. Had I missed? I held my breath. No, I could hear him falling, striking suddenly against heavy branches, swishing through the dried leaves. Suddenly he broke into sight below the leaves, and with a mighty rush the dogs met him in mid-air. We had won!

I brought the 'coon triumphantly into the kitchen where Mother was getting breakfast. Yes, it was morning, but I wasn't sleepy. I had won!

My uncle "said thanks" over a Thanksgiving table which fairly groaned with its load. Mother had used the products of the farm. The cornbread and hominy came from the same field as did the pumpkins. The yellow yams were baked in molasses, for which I had stripped the cane. The potatoes, peas, beans, and cherries were also from the farm.

Later my mother remarked that she didn't know what she could have done if I hadn't got the 'coon. Neither do I, but whatever she did, you can safely bet that she could have had a good meal. Some people just won't stay licked.

Words can convince or dissuade a debater; amuse or bore a guest; win or lose a vote; make or break a theme.—LOUISA JO LE KANDER

It was so quiet in the library you could have heard a tractor start.—MARTIN CORBELL

of the men looked over to see what he was doing.

The girl finished her omelet and bent forward to look down the counter at Joe.

"Got any dessert?"

"Yeah, ice cream and pie."

"I'll have a dish of ice cream." As Joe moved toward the ice cream freezer, he felt funny. He bent to put his arm down into the ice cream can, and he wondered with an ache in his stomach what was going to happen. A wave of fear started up his legs toward the middle of his body. Joe wished with all his might that he were back in his mother's kitchen listening to her sing.

He took a spoon out of the drawer and put it in the ice cream dish. Turning, he caught his foot in the worn linoleum and stumbled. The ice cream tilted forward, then flew into Lefty's lap. Joe became so frightened that he dropped the dish on the counter.

Lefty half stood, his eyes blazing. He slapped Joe across the face with his open hand. "Can't ya watch what you're doing." His face worked angrily, and he raised his hand again. The girl stopped him. Joe stepped back, dazed. He didn't try to apologize, because he knew that it would not help.

Lefty was brushing his suit with a handkerchief, still muttering to himself. The girl became noticeably nervous; she turned to Eddie and suggested that they go. He stood up and spoke to Lefty, trying to calm him, but Lefty brushed his hand angrily off his sleeve. Eddie shrugged and turned to see if the girl was ready. She followed him out of the room, not bothering to look back. Alone in the place with the murderous Lefty, Joe breathed hard—his knees shook.

"Come on now, you old bastard—open up that cash drawer."

Joe looked intently at him, not realizing what he had said. Lefty, seeing that he did not move, stepped forward quickly and raised his hand as if he were going to hit Joe again.

"Did you hear what I said, you goddam half-wit?"

A hot surge broke loose in Joe's stomach, and he wanted to throw himself on this man and smash him. Lefty was standing about three feet from him, his hands at his sides. Suddenly the right hand moved up toward his shoulder, and Joe knew that he had a gun.

Joe whirled clumsily and tried to get the gun from under the counter. A shot split the silence in the room. Joe gasped, went down on his knees, and pressed his hands against a wound in his chest. Lefty leaned over the counter and looked at him. He turned and walked quickly to the car.

As he jumped into the rear seat, Lefty heard Eddie cursing. Eddie slammed the car into gear and roared down the highway in the direction they had been going. As he shoved on the accelerator, he shouted above the scream of the wind, "What did you do that for, you damn hophead?"

Lefty shrugged his shoulders in the darkness of the back seat. "He reached for a gun. Either him or me." The girl shivered and drew her light coat up close around her throat.

After a few moments Lefty whined, "Aw, whattha hell difference does it make?"

Back in the lunch room Joe was dying. The ringing in his ears sounded like a million alarm clocks, and the room was almost dark. He had the curious sensation of knowing that he had to get out of bed and couldn't. He opened his mouth

to breathe, but closed it again quickly as a trickle of blood ran down his chin. The pain in his stomach had almost stopped now, but his legs were asleep again. Couldn't feel a damn thing in them. He

wished he had a drink of cool water . . . and that he could hear his mother sing "Annie Laurie" just once more . . . and swim in a quarry . . .

To Do or Not to Do

MIRIAM BOXERMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1939-1940

ON MONDAYS and Wednesdays I always go to sleep an hour later than I do on the other nights, since I can always count on an extra hour's sleep on Tuesday and Thursday mornings. When I get a habit, I have got something! You couldn't pry it loose with a cold chisel. You can imagine what a jolt I got last Thursday morning, because for the first time in weeks I could not sleep my extra hour. I will tell you about it.

I was walking north on Wright Street at 9:50 a.m., on the way from the library to my physiology lecture. I was beginning to yawn already, because it is in physiology lecture that I get my extra hour of sleep. As I passed Gregory Hall, I happened to glance at that inscription:

"It is easier to learn and remember
Than to investigate and think."

JOHN M. GREGORY

I walked on. I stopped. I turned around, walked back, stopped, and read it again. It was still easier to learn and remember.

The remaining way to the Natural History Building my mind went through revolutions something like this:

"Let us see. What does it mean? It must be good, or they would not carve it over the door of the only building on campus that is going to be air-conditioned. 'It is easier to learn and re-

member—'! So it is not as easy to investigate and think. Well, even if it is true, which one should we do? Should we learn or investigate? Probably we should investigate. It sounds better, I suppose. But if he meant investigating was better why didn't he say so instead of beating around the bush! You can learn and remember or you can investigate and think, and if you learn and remember, you will flunk out of school, but if *vice* then *versa*. That would have been much clearer."

By this time I had reached my lecture room and settled myself in seat 39. It was no use. I could not sleep. That silly inscription kept pestering me. Is it or is it not better to flunk out of—I mean investigate and think? Which has the better results?

"Let us see. I want to do something. I want to reach a goal. To do so I am given my choice—I can investigate and think, or I can learn and remember. But I can't do both. Well, I decide to investigate and think. Investigate. Investigate what? I can not read a book. No, that would be learning and remembering. I must not cheat. So I take a problem. I walk brazenly up to it and apply a stimulus. Out pops a response. I apply more stimulus. I get more response. I kick it, shake it, bite it, ignore it, spit

on it, and produce every stimulus I can think of. Then I write down every response on a separate piece of paper. That is correct, isn't it? I've investigated. Now I must think. I must put together the responses and arrive at a conclusion. I leave the scene of the problem and proceed to Hanley's. It is too noisy. I creep into the kitchen and crawl under the sink. This is better. There I take my papers and stack them carefully in alphabetical order. Then I shuffle them. I place them in a circle. I place them all around me, close my eyes, pick one out, and open my eyes to see a cockroach staring at me. I leave hastily, scattering results in the alley on the way out. I am not disgusted. One must not be disgusted when one is being scientific. I read that once in a book.

"Now I try the other method. I will learn and remember. I write down the name of the problem, walk into the library, and ask the librarian for the book about the problem. She tells me where it is, and I go to get it. I start to thumb through the index for my prob-

lem and stop suddenly. I must not do that. That would be investigating. I go back to the librarian and explain that I left my glasses at home. I ask her if she will please run through the index and find the page for me. She finds it. I sit down on the floor, lean back against the librarian's desk, and read. I must not write it down. I must remember it. I read it seventeen times. I can say it forwards and backwards. With a little more practice I shall be able to say it backwards in pig Latin. I proceed to the scene of my problem, rattle off the answer, and the problem gasps once and bursts into a shower of red marbles, which go rolling down the street and into the sewer.

"Now for a conclusion. Learn plus remember equals answer. Investigate plus think equals cockroach. Final conclusion: we ought to remodel Gregory Hall."

By this time the physiology lecture was over. I arose, yawned, and went wearily out of the room, out of the building, down the broadwalk, home, and to bed.

Casualty—!!

He felt no pain. It was more the way one feels just before falling to sleep—when the brain becomes dull and heavy.

It had happened so quickly. He'd almost felt like a spectator at a play—conscious of the action on the stage, but feeling as though he had no part in it. He remembered the lieutenant raising his arm—and of somehow getting out of the trench. From then on he had had no control of his legs—he was merely attached to them, and they were carrying him along with no effort on his part.

All at once that great burst of light and sound and the world crumbling before him—he must have slipped into a shell hole, for he had had a queer sensation of falling and falling through time and space. Once when he was a child, after a Christmas dinner of turkey and plum pudding, he'd dreamed of the same thing—as if there were no time or space, and he was falling through a void. It seemed as if he'd fallen for hundreds of years—he'd remembered how good that turkey had tasted going down, but—

Somehow, he hadn't thought of opening his eyes—it was sort of good just lying here. It was early spring, and the warm breeze made him feel like dozing. He remembered how, as a kid, he used to go fishing in the spring, and be content to lie on the bank of the mill pond, waking up occasionally to see if he had a bite. Maybe he was dreaming now, and had dreamed everything that had happened, in what seemed ages ago. He'd read once that some Chinese philosopher had said that maybe man was a butterfly dreaming he was a man. It would be funny if he'd open his eyes and find himself with a pair of wings.

Above him the sky was bright with stars and a great red moon was coming up in the east. A bright flare exploded and slowly died away.—DOUGLAS HOMS

Benny Builds "Damned Good Airplanes"

WILFRID B. SHANTZ

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1939-1940

THE HOWARD Aircraft Corporation is going to move from its cramped one-story factory at 6425 West Sixty-fifth Street, Chicago. This red brick building, indistinguishable from its neighbors, seemed tremendous four years ago; but the dreams and dogged pertinacity of Benny Howard have made it too small for future operations. Benny is the dynamo of the Howard Aircraft Corporation; he could get along without the corporation, but the corporation could not get along without him. Both he and it have the same purpose in life—to manufacture a better airplane, per dollar of cost, than anyone else can.

The first plane that Benny built was named model D. G. A. 1, a snowy white, sleek mosquito of a plane. It was tailored so snugly to Benny's dimensions that he had to empty his pockets and take off his shoes before he could fly it. He nicknamed it Pete. It was a fast ship—fast enough to win prize money. Benny needed that prize money. He was collecting money for a purpose—to build more airplanes.

D. G. A. 2 and D. G. A. 3, Mike and Ike respectively, were built with these early savings. When the two planes were registered with the Department of Commerce, some official wanted to know the meaning of the three letters included in the model names. Benny replied simply that they stood for Damned Good Airplanes. Mike and Ike lived up to the title; their sturdiness and maneuverability helped Benny to earn the nickname of Pylon Polisher at the National Air Races, and their money earnings enabled him to finance his next plane.

This one was a more ambitious creation. Pete, Mike, and Ike were racing ships, built to specifications that would allow them to compete in the limited power class of planes that race annually for the Greve trophy. But D. G. A. 4, or Mr. Mulligan, was a high-winged, four-place cabin monoplane that resembled a commercial pleasure plane. In appearance the differences from a commercial plane were more in degree than in kind; the wings were shorter, the motor was larger, the streamlining was better. But the performance was far superior. The Bendix race, from Los Angeles to Cleveland, in 1934, was the first test for Mr. Mulligan. Benny rolled over the finish line a winner by the margin of twenty-three seconds over Roscoe Turner. A little later Mr. Mulligan won the Thompson race, this time with Harold Newman at the controls. Ike was still on the scene and again won the Greve trophy. This clean sweep of all the major events by the planes of a single designer gave Benny not only more capital to work with but also the recognition and prestige he so richly deserved.

This money and this recognition made his next step easier. He had worked toward a goal for years—the goal of manufacturing a better airplane than other producers in the commercial field; but many things had to be done before production could start. A corporation was formed to raise more capital. The factory, which the corporation is now abandoning, was leased. The plans from which Mr. Mulligan were built were revised and modified to please the De-

partment of Commerce. Numerous and exhaustive tests were made to prove to the inspectors that every detail of the design was sound. Wing sections were loaded with sandbags until they broke. Rudders were twisted and bent. The fuselage and landing gear were dropped from great heights. Complete wing assemblies were loaded with weights until they drooped like hound's ears. The department finally gave the proposed design the highest rating ever given to a comparable design. Production was started, and in spite of keen competition the corporation forged ahead until, in September, 1935, fate intervened.

Benny, the president of the corporation, entered Mr. Mulligan in the annual Bendix race. Mr. Mulligan had been tested and groomed and had had temporary gasoline tanks installed so that only two stops would have to be made between New York and Los Angeles. The take-off was made at 6:30 a.m. from New York. Benny was piloting the plane, and Maxine, his wife, was acting as co-pilot. They made a swift but uneventful flight to Kansas City, where they refueled for the last lap of the race. When they left Kansas City, they

were not only leading all of the other contestants, but were half an hour ahead of the transcontinental record. A short time after the take-off, while they were over a wild and desolate part of New Mexico, the hub of the propeller broke, so that they were forced to a crash-landing in the yard of an isolated Indian school. It was a year before Benny could walk again, and longer before Maxine could hobble about. But the corporation went on.

More capital being needed, the corporation was refinanced by the sale of one and a half million dollars worth of stock. Production had slumped while Benny was recovering, but his indomitable courage soon remedied that condition. Now more room is needed because there is another dream becoming a reality. A new D. G. A. model will soon be approved for production—not a racer, not a cabin plane, but a stout, strong boxcar of the skyways—a freighter, ready to shoulder great burdens and transport them safely, swiftly, and cheaply for long distances. It will be a success, because Benny builds "Damned Good Airplanes."

Freshman Football

J. E. PORTER

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1939-1940

AT THE Health Station I stand in a line of fellows, all about my own age and all nearly nude. Looking at them I begin to wonder why I have chosen to be mauled and beaten in the rather brutal game of football. My better judgment tells me to leave the Health Station when

I have had the university's required examination and to forget about football. All is well! But just as I have made up my mind to forget it, suddenly something else pops into my mind: I see the Illinois Varsity on the gridiron and hear "the good old Oskee-Wow-Wow, that they

officer and Casey kicks him into insensibility.

This book enlists one's sympathies with the Okies and against the police, partly from the natural sympathy for the underdog, but more because of the ignoble role the police are shown to play. The duty of the police is to drive the migrants to the ripe crops in large enough numbers to insure an oversupply of labor at each employment point so that enough hungry men, women, and children will be there to keep the wage rate down. The police must keep the workers from unionizing at any cost because that might force the great landlords to lose some of their cherished profits. Vigilantes often continue the work which the police are unable to do.

Carey McWilliams' *Factories in the Field* goes deeper into the activities of these vigilantes than Steinbeck's book does. McWilliams traces the roots of this American form of Fascism back past the days of the forty-niners. Many of the tremendous ranches and land empires that now flourish in California are the result of forged and fraudulent Spanish grants, or of legalized robbery through corrupt local governments. The pattern of violence and deceit in which these holdings were formed has been constant to the present time in the landlords' dealings with migratory labor.

McWilliams shows that this problem was faced by the landlords long before there were any Okies. The Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindus, and the Mexicans

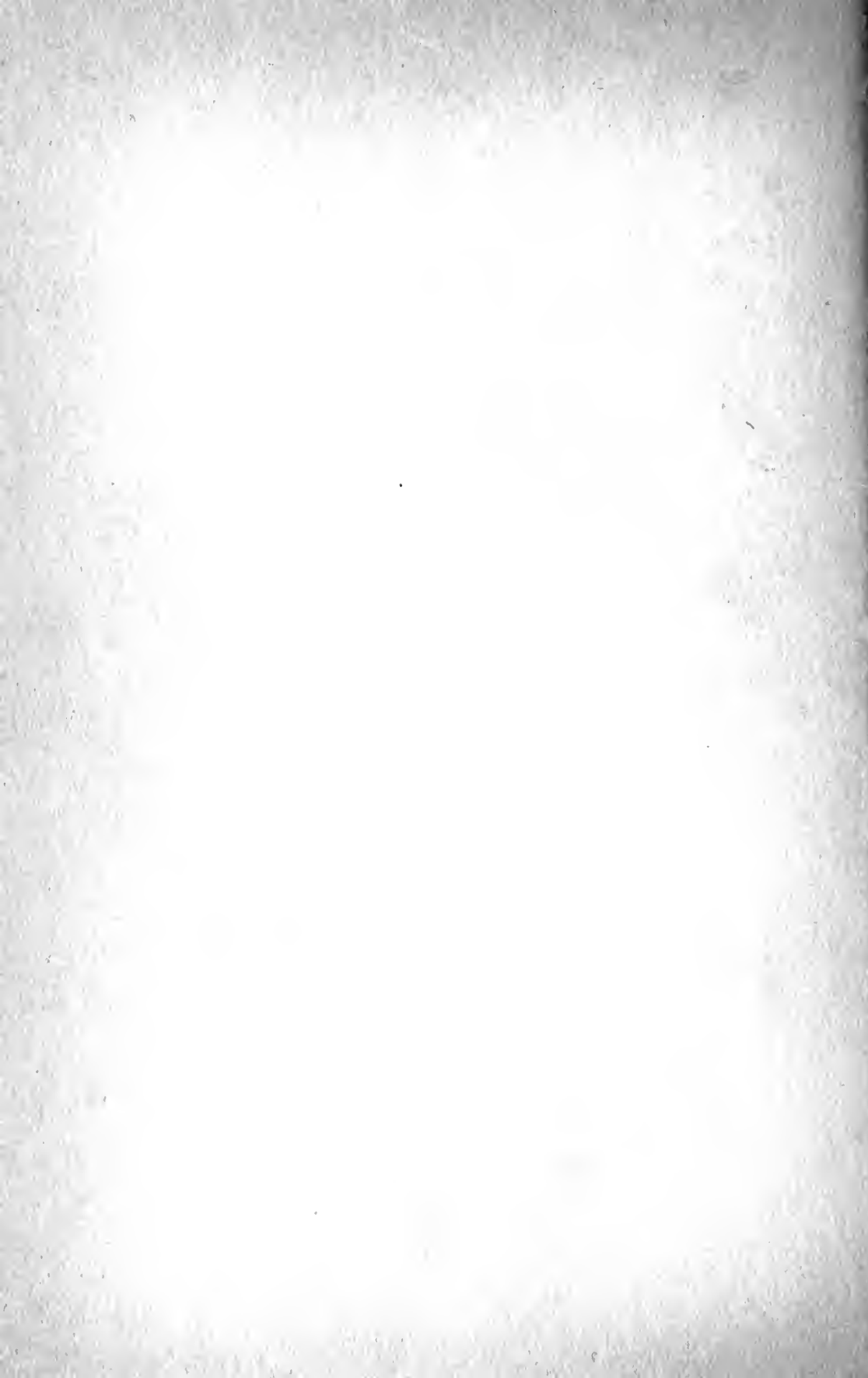
were used as harvesters after being imported to supply the demand for cheap labor. Each group in turn was hounded, robbed, and beaten as it attempted to organize for higher wages or to acquire land. These groups were vilified and called foreigners to rationalize the tactics of the patriotic vigilantes. When the Okies first started to go to California, they were hailed joyfully as fresh material for exploitation, but since as American citizens they could not be deported, the police, the health officers, and the vigilantes kept them moving often enough to prevent the establishment of legal voting residences. To retain the cloak of pseudo-patriotism the vigilantes called all efforts to organize "radical" and "red."

Since a factual background shown in *Factories in the Field* explains the plight of the Joads in *The Grapes of Wrath*, the two books should be read as complements to one another. To get the greatest impact one should read *Factories in the Field* first. It is not an exciting or dramatic book, but it presents its facts in a quiet, restrained way. It will double your appreciation of *The Grapes of Wrath* because it raises Steinbeck's book from the almost unbelievable to a place of power it richly deserves. One's reaction to *The Grapes of Wrath* will probably be determined by his financial position; as June Provine put it, in the *Tribune*: "The rich will cry, 'Propaganda!' The middle class will cry 'Impossible!' The poor will cry."

The weary men, in the bread line, leaning against the building, looked like old tattered books on a half-full shelf.—TOM CHITTENDEN

Honorable Mention

DONALD ALLISON—Boyhood Ramblings
MARY Jo COUNCIL—Hurrah for the County Fair!
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THE
GREEN CALDRON

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Haying

R. G. ROMERSBERGER

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1939-1940

"HAYING" has a host of different meanings to different people. To the poet it means sweet green hay, straining horses, racks loaded high above their ladders, sweating men, and the hot, dim mow, whose enormous maw seems never to be satisfied. To the children of the neighborhood it means a day of hitching rides to and from the field, of romping in the mow, and of carrying cold lemonade and thick sandwiches to the field in mid-afternoon. To my mother it means breakfast a little earlier, a ten o'clock lunch for Dad, and an early dinner for me. It also means keeping cracked ice ready for the water jug and making lemonade and bologna sandwiches for the afternoon lunch. To my dad it means getting up a little earlier to get the hay cut, raked, and in the barn before it is spoiled by rain or before other work rushes him. It also means feed for next winter when our stock cannot glean their living from the meadow itself, but must be penned in the barn, away from cold and snow. To me haying means hard work and lots of it.

I must rise early, feed and harness the horses, eat breakfast, and start toward the field before the sun is well up. My father will do the milking this morning because I must get an early start at the hay. The morning is cool, and the denim jacket feels good on my back. A heavy dew is on the hay as I enter the field, and the soft thud of each planted hoof brings a tiny glisten-shower. As I oil the mower, I hear the staccato explosions and then the steady pop-pop of a John-Deere down to the southwest. Dave Zimmerman must want to finish that last

piece of corn plowing before he helps us this afternoon. The last oil-hole is filled, the mower is in gear, and I am off around the field, the clatter of the old mower drowning out every other sound.

As the swaths increase and the cut strip widens, I stop occasionally to re-oil the mower and let the horses blow. The dew is about gone, and the heat of the morning begins to wave the brown stubble in the field across the fence. The horses are beginning to sweat, and their glistening sides are busy shivering off the flies. About two more hours and we will have this field pretty well finished. Around the field we go, each round making the ring of cut hay wider and the strip of standing hay narrower. As the ten-twenty train whistles for Miller's crossing, I have only a few more rounds and already see Dad coming up the road with the side-delivery to start raking. As he enters the field, I see him stop and sweep up a bunch in his hand, testing it for dryness. Yes, it is just right. It feels dry to the hand, but there is just enough moisture in it to give it a slight toughness and keep the leaves from breaking off. The hay will finish its curing in the windrow and will be ready for the mow by one o'clock. Dad starts raking in the same place where I started mowing, raking first the hay which is driest. The rake is a queer contraption, pulled obliquely around the field, wire fingers on a revolving drum gathering an eight-foot swath of hay and rolling it out to the side in an even, round windrow.

At eleven-fifteen I have finished mowing and raise the cutter bar for the trip home. The horses have done their morn-

ing's work well and deserve an extra half-hour rest period. After seeing that they are well watered and fed, I open the big hay door in the north end of the barn, uncoil the manilla rope, and rig it through the pulleys in preparation for the afternoon work. Since Dad called up the haying crew last night, they should be ready to start pretty soon. After a hasty dinner, the refreshed team is hitched to the rack, and I again head for the field. I see Ed Steffen is there ready to load and Don Hack is coming down the road. Those fellows are always the first ones on the job. As I must be at the barn when the first load is mowed, I shall be first to load. The other two men tie their teams to the fence and start pitching to me.

Pitching hay goes well if the pitchers know what they are about and work together. Don and Ed have been working at it for a long time and get along very well. Don slips his fork under the end of the windrow and, lifting gently, folds the end over, making a double roll of hay. Then, in like manner, he folds the double portion over and he has a good-sized forkful. Meanwhile, Ed has separated the windrow about ten feet from the end and is folding his end back in the same way. They meet in the middle with a giant forkful, place themselves between the bunch and the rack and, sticking their forks firmly in the edges of the bunch, they heave it upward and backward over their heads onto the rack. If one of them is slow and awkward, the other must wait on him, or if they do not heave at exactly the same time, the bunch will become separated and half of it will come tumbling back on them, down their sleeves, in their eyes, and down their backs. Ed and Don are old hands at it, however, and the rack is rapidly filling up. I stay on the load, keeping the top

level and keeping the hay well packed. The object in loading hay is to put as much as possible on and keep it there until you reach the barn. To do this the sides must be built up straight and the corners packed in firmly. This makes a square, high load which will ride over moderately level ground and only sway gently back and forth. When hay is piled well above the ladders on my rack, I gather up my lines, and, leaning on my fork for balance, start barnward. Dave and Uncle Sam are here now, and can start to pitch for the other two racks. My older brother and another uncle will work in the mow at home, and Bill, my younger brother, will drive the team on the rope. As I cross the road from the field, ducking to escape the sagging telephone wire, I see that Bill has his team in place; so I need only drive up close to the end of the barn under the big door and pull out the clawlike grapple fork.

The rope and pulley system in a barn is simple, yet quite effective. A stationary steel track is built in the ridge of the barn, extending out over the load of hay. On the end of the track is a trip-catch which stops and locks a small four-wheeled carrier. From the carrier is suspended the large fork, rigged so that when it is pulled to the end of the track, the carrier locks in place and the fork drops to the load, pulling with it the double strand of inch, hemp rope to which it is attached. When the load is raised, by a team of horses pulling on the large rope at the other end of the barn, the carrier is released, and glides along the track to any point in the barn.

I am very careful as I pull the big grapple fork from the barn. It is fastened to the pulley which locks in the carrier, and as I pull it toward the open door with the three-eighths inch trip rope, I

move to the front of the load so that, when the carrier hits the trip-catch, releasing the fork and locking the carrier, I will not be beneath it. The fork is quite heavy and comes down with its jaws wide apart, menacing the life of anyone caught under it. It is made in two parts, hinged in the middle with three fingers or tines in each half. It is constructed so that when its fingers are pushed into the hay and the rope pulls on the middle joint, the halves squeeze together, sometimes taking as much as one-fourth of a load at a grab. I set the fork in the back half of the load, jumping on it to set the tines firmly and deeply, and, after seeing that the trip rope is clear, crawl to the front of the rack to keep from being swept off as the load goes up. With everything in readiness I yell "All-l-l right!" There is a moment's pause while Bill starts the horses, then a tightening and straining of the rope, and the whole back quarter of my load moves slowly toward the top of the barn. Up, up, it goes until, with a moment's hesitation, the pulley clicks into the carrier, and the whole mass swings quickly into the barn. By this time I have retrieved the trip rope, and when the hay is above the spot where it is to be dropped, the men inside yell "Whoa!" I give a quick jerk on the trip rope, and the hay drops with a thump and swish to the mow floor, where it is attacked and scattered from wall to wall. The youngsters now do their part by

tramping the hay and packing it well against the wall while I pull the fork back out and repeat the operation. Once in a while four forkfuls will empty a rack, but ordinarily five or six are necessary. Since I am lucky enough to get unloaded in five, I am ready to move on as Ed pulls into the yard, his horses blowing and the steel wheels of his rack noisily crunching on the gravel.

By four o'clock we have eight loads in the barn, and word comes from the house that lunch is ready. The cool basement certainly feels good, and the sandwiches and sour lemonade, together with the fifteen-minute rest, refresh us as nothing else could. A basket with some extra sandwiches and drink was sent to the field with the last empty rack; the pitchers will not have to come to the house for their lunch.

At six o'clock, as the sun hangs heavily above the trees in the west, my last load is on the way to the barn. The pitchers have started homeward, and the stillness of the evening makes the more loud my "All right!" and the answering "Whoa!" from within the barn. As the last forkful disappears into the mow, it is with a weary sigh that I drop to the ground and start to undo the tugs. It has been a long day and I have worked hard, but as I tie up the last line and turn the team to the water tank, I feel that I have accomplished something. This day has not been in vain. I am at peace with the world.

Tubby

If you were to meet Dick, or Tubby, as he is usually called, on the street, your first impression would be one of amusement. He is not merely overweight; he is absurdly fat. As his duck-like waddle brings him closer, you may discover two mild, brown eyes watching you carefully, as if to see how you react to his presence. His fat face is like thousands of other fat faces the country over, and his brown hair is combed back in a straight, slick pompadour which helps to modify the roundness of his cheeks. His legs are short and solid columns beneath him, and his big feet swing listlessly, plumping on the walk as his weight settles over them for the next step.

—LEWIS WHISNANT

I Am the Third

KENNETH E. HERRON

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1939-1940

"OH, AND you're the Herron baby! I declare, it doesn't seem possible that you are going into high school. Why, I remember you as a tiny tike following your brothers when they played together in our neighborhood. Are you going to make as fine a record in high school as they did?"

I wanted to say, "Listen, old lady, where do you get that 'baby' stuff? I'm a few years beyond the diaper stage." I decided to settle for a milder answer. "Well, I hope I can do as well as they did."

"I hope so, too. You have your job cut out for you."

I wore a tolerant smile as the old lady recounted the accomplishments I was expected to equal. This little chat was no new experience. I was stopped for just such a conversation every time I walked within yelling distance of one of the town's older residents. All of the friendly advice and unsolicited help which I received added up to a universal expectation that from the day I entered high school I was to stay as close to my brothers' footsteps as a London resident stays to his bomb-proof cellar. I was bathed in the glory reflected from my brothers' records. Certain courses were suggested to me "because your brothers got along in those subjects so well."

And how I loved it! Being the "third and last" was a real thrill. In a short time I was accepted as a life-sized reproduction of the original article. I enjoyed being referred to as "his brothers all over again." Of course, I couldn't disappoint everyone by falling short in any way. I

wanted to participate in all of the school activities in which my pace-setters had taken part. By trying to match my brothers' achievements I received much more from my high-school life than I might have otherwise.

. . . .

"Why, of course you want to be in the high-school chorus, don't you, Kenneth? Your brothers were both fine singers." The faculty advisor knew what 'line' I would swallow. I didn't wonder that he was coaxing me to join that group. There weren't enough boys in the entire chorus to fill an average-sized phone booth.

"Okay," I said. "No reason I can't do it if my brothers did."

A few days later the chorus director approached me. "Now that you are in the chorus, you will want to take a part in the operetta, won't you?"

"Why?"

"Well, I just thought that since your brothers—"

That got me. "Sure, I can do anything they did."

"What type of roles can you play?" the director wanted to know.

"I like Robert's part," I ventured, after glancing through a copy of the libretto which he had handed me. I didn't realize that I would have been as out of place in that part as Louis Armstrong in a symphony orchestra.

"Do you think you are exactly the romantic type?" the director asked me, glancing at my five-foot, five-inch frame. He was trying to be very diplomatic.

"I could do it all right."

"Your brothers usually liked comedy roles. Maybe you could take the part of Dutchy. Of course, that would require some good acting. Your brothers could have taken that part very well. But if you would rather not try it—" He sounded as if he wanted to say, "If you're as good as your brothers, you could handle that part."

The argument was over. I was Dutchy.

. . . .

Only when I stepped from the beaten track and attempted to participate in a school activity "on my own" did I realize that maybe this "3" business was not as sweet as I had begun to imagine.

. . . .

"What do you want?" the football manager asked when I stepped up to the locker-room window.

"I'd like to check out a football uniform."

"You mean you're going out for the team?"

"Any objections?"

"No, but—oh well, here you are," he said as he threw a uniform at me.

I hurried to the shower room and pulled on my uniform. On my way to the practice field, I stopped in front of a mirror hanging near a door.

"Hot dog, 126 pounds of dynamite," I told myself, noting with pleasure that my appearance was almost as bad as that of some real footballers I had watched.

A piece of shapeless, colorless leather, which might have been a helmet at one time, gave a bullet-shaped appearance to my head. A lock of my blond hair had crawled out of the headgear and gave a delightful don't-give-a-darn attitude to my face. My normally pugged nose looked even broader than usual. My

green eyes and square jaws were neatly framed by the ear-flaps. At the waist, my speckled grey jersey was tucked in my canvas pants. The pants themselves were neatly overlapped at one side. (Size 40 pants simply aren't made for size 32 athletes.) A piece of rope was doing a noble job of substituting for a belt. It was never intended that a five-and-a-half-footer should wear those pants. The padding which ordinarily protects knees covered my shins.

Tearing myself from the mirror, I left the building and sauntered toward the field. The coach saw me walking near the sidelines and ambled over in my direction. He was wearing a wide grin.

"Well, by golly, I've seen everything now."

"What do you mean?" I asked. I had expected a somewhat warmer reception.

"A Herron in a football suit. It's unbelievable. Wouldn't you be more comfortable with a history book than a pair of shoulder pads?"

I glanced at a circle of foolish, grinning faces. The entire squad had gathered to enjoy the situation. "Aw, coach, for gosh sakes! Just because my brothers didn't play football doesn't mean I won't make a good player. I thought you liked to see new material." For the first time I felt a slight longing to break away from the Herron connections.

"It's okay with me," the coach said. "You can come out. I won't guarantee to make a football player out of you, though."

Within a week the entire community knew that "one of the Herron boys has failed to come through. Kenneth is playing football. He has broken away from family traditions."

"The old vultures," I thought. "From now on, one low mark in a short quiz or a 'don't know' in class-room recita-

tion, and I'll be pounced upon with a chorus of 'I told you so's.'"

.

Since I had stepped from my brothers' tracks to play football, it was generally supposed that I was making a clean break from my family connections in school and social life. The "Herron boys" had been considered as one group until I checked out a football uniform. From that time they were divided—the "older boys" and the "Herron ruffian." There were plenty of my "friends" who were ready and willing to give me a boost—downhill. I was not exactly encouraged by remarks such as "Well, three of a kind is too much to expect." I was expected to "hit the skids." Several proposals evidently designed to speed this action were offered to me.

.

"Listen, Ken, old boy. I know you're a regular fellow. I'll bet you don't go in for that goody-goody stuff your brothers liked, do you?" The speaker was a boy several years older than I. He slipped his huge arm around my shoulder paternally.

As he towered above me, I thought it unwise to say what I thought. I began, "Well, that depends—"

"I knew you'd see it my way. Now, I like you, and I'd like to let you in on a little money-making proposition. I have several slot-machines that we could install in back rooms of stores. We could make a nice pile of change if you want to go into this thing with me. You could even handle the collecting. It's illegal, but not a soul would suspect one of the Herron boys of being in on the scheme. What do you say?"

I looked at his arms again and squirmed. I judged it unwise to say what I really thought.

"I won't have time for anything like that," I lied.

.

A group of boys who had ignored me for years suddenly became friendly. They suggested that I go to a near-by town for a pleasant evening in a tavern.

"I don't drink. What's the use of going?" I asked.

"Don't drink?" They seemed shocked. "You're not going to be a sissy like your brothers, are you?" one of them asked.

"Where do you get that stuff?" I demanded, trying to sound fierce.

This attempt to uphold my brothers had been mistakenly interpreted as a declaration that I was no sissy. "That's the way to talk. Now, you know I never liked your brothers. Here's your chance to show them you aren't like them."

I finally saw through their little plan. "Suppose I want to be like them."

"Well, if that's the way you feel," one of them said as they drifted away. "I was beginning to think you were a half-way regular fellow, too."

.

I graduated from high school and followed my brothers' lead once more by entering the University of Illinois. During rush-week I found that my position had not changed from that of my early high-school days. I had climbed into another show ring with hundreds of judges to compare me point for point with my brothers. My first indication that the huge "3" stamped on me was going to be annoying appeared after I repeatedly had to fight for the recognition of the fact that I had a name of my own.

.

"Herron? Oh, yes. You had two brothers up here, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," I answered the fiftieth

person who had asked me the same question that particular day.

"Let's see. Both of them were called 'El,' weren't they? Elston and Elbert, wasn't it? Do they call you 'El,' too?"

"No, I'm called Ken. My middle name is Elgin, but—"

"Well, three El's. Quite an 'ell of a family, I would say."

I wanted to tell him I didn't think his joke was so darned funny. Instead I answered, "Yes, but my name is Ken. Everyone calls me by my first name."

"Come in here a minute, Little El. I want you to meet a fellow."

"Er, my name is Ken."

"Oh yes, excuse me. Joe, I want you to meet the third El Herron. You knew the others, didn't you?"

The other fellow looked me over carefully. "Yes, he looks like the other two all right. So there is another El Herron at the University?"

"Not quite," I corrected. "My name's Ken."

"Oh, I see. Well, I've got to be running along. Glad to have met you, Little El."

.

I had not been at the University long until I learned that it would be advantageous to avoid any action that would look as if I was attempting to "use" friends of my brothers to help my own cause. My brothers' records, I discovered, were to be incentives, not aids.

.

"Just a minute, Mr. Herron." One of my instructors stopped me as I was leaving a class room. "How is your brother?"

"Oh, you knew El?" I asked. "Which one?"

"The younger one," the instructor answered. "What is he doing now? Does he still live in Toledo?"

"Yes, he does," I answered, hurrying

to the door. I wanted to get to my next class.

"Come into the office sometime soon. I want to ask you about your brother and yourself."

After my next class I hurried back to the office of the friendly instructor. It was a relief to find a faculty member who actually recognized me as an individual instead of a seat number. I spent a pleasant half hour chatting about everything but the subject I was taking under the supervision of that teacher. I left the office and hurried home, pleased at finding a new friend.

"Where have you been?" asked an active member of the fraternity I had pledged.

"Why, I just had a nice chat with one of my teachers. He knew my brother well."

"Oh, tubing, eh?"

"What's tubing?" I asked innocently. It was then a new term to me.

"Apple polishing, anything you want to call it. Can't you pass the course without taking advantage of your brother's friendship with the instructor?"

"Oh, hell, I never mentioned the course."

"Of course not. It's still tubing, though. I haven't been here three years for nothing. We don't like tubing around here. It gives the house a poor name."

"Can't I even talk to my instructors outside of class?"

"Not your 'nice chats.' We don't go for that."

"Okay, if that's the way you want it," I said, resolving to bend over backwards to let everyone know that I was strictly on my own.

Striving towards this end, I have purposely avoided making several acquaintances which might have been enjoyable

and helpful. In the course of the semester, however, I have come to the place where almost as many people call me "Ken" as "El III" or "Little El." But I have found that trying to live up to a pre-established standard is a tough life.

If I hit the mark, it's "So what? It's no more than his brothers did." If I fall short in any way, I hear the old time-worn words ringing in my ears, "Uh huh, I told you there couldn't be three alike in one family. I told you so."

What I Have Inherited

JULIAN DAWSON

Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1939-1940

I AM a black man! I have inherited those things which are the heritage of every black man. I can laugh at trouble. I can feel my worries disappear into nowhere at the sound of music—my burdens are lifted and I feel as free as the birds. I am emotional; I can throw myself with complete abandon into the intoxicating rhythm of a drum. I am humble before the Almighty. This is my heritage. These things have come down through countless generations of black people. The pulsating rhythm of tom-toms which has thrown tribes of men into a fanatical frenzy during pagan rites has somehow crept into my being. The primitive creative ability and vivid imagination which were theirs are mine. That haughty pride in being black which was theirs is mine. All these things combine to make me what I am, and I cannot change.

Those dark years of our enslavement produced a race of people that are the subject of song and verse. They were crushed, beaten, and held in scorn; those proud chieftains were cruelly tortured; they were driven like cattle, abused and reviled on every hand. From the status of a free, proud race, they were lowered to that of slaves! But did this crush their

spirit? Did this dim their hopes? The black man took the insults which fell upon him and laughed at them! Some of the most beautiful songs in existence are the spirituals the negro sang when in bondage. He sang while he worked; though his body was wracked with pain, he sang!

The untold miseries which we as a race have undergone in our struggle for freedom were lightened by our deep and humble reverence for God. The faith of the negro is simple, and it is in its very simplicity that its utter beauty lies. The faith of those slaves in "de Lawhd" was unbounded. "Hebb'n" was a paradise where their simple pleasures would be fulfilled. *The Green Pastures* is an excellent portrayal of the negro's religion. This deep-rooted reverence for God and this faith in his works are as much a part of me as my arms or legs.

These various elements of my heritage have moulded my character, shaded my thoughts, and made me what I am. I am not ashamed of my race; I do not deny the heritage which is mine; I proudly proclaim to all the world that my rich heritage is deeply engrained upon my heart.

I am a black man!

It's a Game—For Boys

DENISE SNIDER

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1939-1940

AS LITTLE girls grow into big girls, they naturally become more feminine and helpless, especially around men. They scream at nothing and wrinkle their perfectly-powdered noses at even the mention of a worm or a mouse. Indeed they are so dainty they cannot open a car door by themselves or put on their own coats without help! That is all very well, for consciously or unconsciously they are winning their way to a masculine heart—and what girl does not at some time during her life strive to do that?

Just as dainty helplessness develops in a girl with the years, so heroic chivalry develops in a young man. He has not always been so courteous. There was a time when his chief delight lay in pestering little girls—doing everything to make life miserable for them, from pulling their hair or breaking their dolls to pushing them off their bicycles or switching their legs. Oh no, even the most perfect adult specimen of masculine chivalry was not always chivalrous. I know. I played basketball on a boys' basketball team for four years.

It may seem a bit unusual for a girl to be the regular forward of a boys' grade-school team; nevertheless, I was. The fact that I was a girl often made the game even harder for me than it did for the other four members of our team. The opposing team often resented playing against a girl; consequently three or four would gang up on me in an attempt to put me out of the game. They thought that since I was a girl I would be ready to give up after a few hard bumps. They did not anticipate the fact that I grew up

with boys. My three older brothers not only taught me my basketball technique, but also taught me how to receive bumps and to return them.

I could usually foretell an attack of this kind. The team first called time out. After they had all agreed among themselves for a few seconds and cast many a threatening glance in my direction, I knew the royal battle would soon begin.

Physically I was almost a match for any one of them. I was tall for my age then. Years of bicycle-riding and tree-climbing, along with regular basketball practice every day, had strengthened and toughened my muscles. But when two or three rushed me at once, the tangle of arms and legs afforded ample opportunity for an elbow to find its way accidentally to my stomach with such force that the very breath was knocked from my body, leaving me weak and sick, gasping for breath. Our captain was always quick to see these so-called accidents and call for time out. After a few words of encouragement from the team and cheers from the supporting crowd, I was ready for action again.

I had an impatient way of tossing my close-clipped head and gritting my teeth which was a sure sign that my anger was mounting, in spite of the coach's warning against poor sportsmanship. If there were a chance to scratch a hand intent upon snatching the ball from my grasp, I did not hesitate—providing, of course, the sharp eyes of the umpire could not detect just what I was doing.

I played an easy game—pivoting, turning, twisting, guarding, dribbling—for the first half and sometimes through the

third quarter. In the last quarter, the boys' endurance nearly always exceeded my own; yet I would not dream of giving up. I played until great rivers of sweat rolled down my face. My heart pounded. My lungs fairly burst. My legs almost doubled beneath me. My face was mottled from heat and fatigue. *Then* I did not care how I looked. I was playing a game. I was fighting for victory for my team and my school.

All this horrified the mothers of our community. They were sure I would ruin my health. In their time, girls sat quietly and knitted all day or spent hours preparing dainty bits of food for the family to eat. They never dreamed of participating in such muscle-straining, lung-bursting games. And to play with *boys*—it was positively shocking! They argued that I could at least wear bloomers to play in rather than the same scanty shorts that the boys wore. My mother only laughed at this. She knew her daughter was physically fit. If I must play, why hinder my movements with baggy bloomers?

I hated to think of graduating from grade school because I knew that would end my basketball career. I did not have to give up basketball altogether, however, because the Girls' Athletic Association of our high school played basketball as a winter activity. Such basketball as it was! We used six players on a team and could play on only half of the floor. We were not allowed to dribble, for that made the game too strenuous. We played five-minute quarters and rested fifteen minutes between quarters. It was disgusting! The other players were nothing but sissies! I was ordered from the floor many times for unnecessary roughness, over-guarding, and dribbling.

As time went on, I grew accustomed to this modified game. All the while I was

growing older. I rather liked girls' basketball after all. I could play and not muss my newly acquired curls. But I found myself ever so often longing for the good old days back in grade school when each game was a test of strength and skill, when we fought and fought hard, when the game was a game, not a mere fashion show.

One evening after a number of committee meetings that had lasted rather late, I wandered down to the gymnasium to watch the coach give his first team a work-out. The coach was a young man interested enough in girls' athletics to watch our basketball practice occasionally. Since he knew I was captain of the girls' team and had played basketball all my life, he asked me if I would like to dress and play a few minutes as forward on the second team against his first team. I was delighted. Here was my chance once more to play basketball the way it should be played and the way I loved to play it.

I rushed into the dressing room and jerked on shorts, sweat shirt, and gym shoes. Did I toss my head defiantly and walk into the gymnasium confident of myself? I certainly did not. Instead I walked across the room to examine myself in the full-length mirror. Were my shorts creased properly? Was each curl in place? Was I wearing enough lipstick? After I was sure I looked my very best, I walked daintily into the gymnasium and took my place ready for the tip-off.

The ball was put into action and purposely tossed to me just to see what I could do with it. Then came the first shock. Instead of snapping into action as I had back in my grade-school days, I stood perfectly still with a helpless expression on my face. Where was my basketball technique? Much to my sur-

prise, the opposing team did not make a single attempt to take the ball from me. What was the matter with this game?

I did not stop just then to consider that four years had elapsed since I had played basketball against boys. In that length of time, I had grown from a devil-may-care youngster to a fully developed young lady. It was from force of habit that I assumed the helpless expression. I could not play a hard, strenuous game against those boys. What would they think of me? I would lose my appeal. I would destroy all the feminine qualities I had worked to build up. Why didn't

they attempt to snatch the ball from me? Because now they were young gentlemen, too polite and courteous.

The shock was too much. I walked from the floor defeated. The boys' expression showed that my action was only what they expected. I was a poor helpless girl to be protected and shielded by heroes like themselves.

That was the last time I wished to play a game of basketball as I had played it in my grade-school days. I realized now for the first time that I had to give in to convention.

Faith Healing

RAY LANGEBARTEL

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1939-1940

IN NOVEMBER of 1929 an estimated one and a quarter million people passed by the grave of an obscure priest in Malden, Massachusetts. These people, who learned through the newspapers of great "miracles" accomplished there, came from all over America, believing implicitly that they would be healed of their ills by looking at Father Power's resting place. It is a striking example of the people's belief in faith cures. However, one eye-witness wrote at the time, "It is a scene that violates the most elementary principles of mental and physical health."¹ He was one of those persons who are able to see through faith healing and realize that it is really a superstition with no supernatural element involved.

If one compares the methods and powers of the faith healers with those of spiritualists, hypnotists, and magnetizers, he will be struck with the fact that

the faith healers can show no superiority over the others. All lay claim to curing the same diseases. Internal diseases such as rheumatism, tuberculosis, and paralysis are among those most frequently treated by the faith healers. But it is also true that these are the very ailments the magnetizers and other groups specialize in. Likewise, certain external diseases, mainly warts, other non-malignant tumors, and erysipelas, are handled with the same results by all.

Also, and what is more significant, the same limitations are common to all. Not one of the healers, spiritualists, or magnetizers can raise the dead, cause a lost leg or arm to grow out again, or raise the intelligence of the feeble-minded. Of the numerous feeble-minded who were led past the grave of Father Power in

¹Gardner Jackson, "'Miracles' at Malden," *Nation*, Vol. 129 (December 4, 1929), p. 662.

Malden, not one reported cure was ever proved genuine.

Although each of these "healing schools" mightily lauds its own achievements, it just as mightily belittles those of the other "schools." At times jealousy within a school even causes one healer to speak against a member of his own sect. Late in the nineteenth century Dr. Newton, a well-known faith healer, envious of the great success of one of his pupils, Dr. Bryant, declared this Dr. Bryant a mere quack and would have nothing to do with him. Why should one believe in faith healing more than hypnotism or mesmerism if the faith healers can show no more effectiveness than the others and may even take to denying the results of fellow faith healers?

It is the power of God, aided by the faith of the patient, which causes the cures, say the faith healers. They point to the verse in the Bible, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."² If that is so, why can't they cure all diseases, since it is certainly in God's power to do so? The highest authority, the Bible, relates in a number of places Christ's power not only to cure all sorts of diseases, but even to raise the dead. Matthew tells us, "And great multitudes came unto him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and he healed them."³ In the Gospel of St. Mark we are told of a leper who asked Jesus to cure him, "And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean. And as soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed."⁴ Notice that the leper (leprosy is never cured by faith healers) was healed *immediately*. He did not need to wait for a several weeks'

slow convalescence as the healer's patients frequently have to do. Luke tells us of a servant's severed ear being instantly restored by Christ.⁵ Never has a faith healer equaled this feat.

The only other people ever able to parallel Christ's accomplishments were the apostles and the saints. Thus we have the story of Tabitha as told in the Acts: "And it came to pass in those days, that she was sick and died. But Peter kneeled down and prayed; and turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes; and when she saw Peter; she sat up."⁶ Even though the apostles were blessed with this power, they rarely spoke of it in their writings, whereas the modern healers advertise to the world as much as possible.

In spite of their many limitations, the faith healers seem to succeed remarkably well at times. But if one takes the trouble to investigate thoroughly these successes, he turns up several interesting facts. He discovers that in by far the largest part of the "cures" the sickness was purely mental or caused by an unhealthy mental condition. It has been proved time and time again, so that it is now recognized as a fact by the medical profession, that many types of hysteria manifest themselves as warts, tumors, symptoms of rheumatism, digestive disorders, and even paralysis. The faith healer capitalizes on this unhappy state of affairs and very frequently brings about "cures" with the employment of the extremely potent power of suggestion. For instance, in treating for warts the healer merely tells the patient in very convincing tones to count the warts twice a day and they will soon depart. The

²Psalms 103:3.

³Matthew 15:30.

⁴Mark 1:41, 42.

⁵Luke 22:50, 51.

⁶Acts 9:37, 40.

patient believes the healer, the hysteria which was the direct cause of the warts is broken, and the warts disappear.

It is exactly the same with those cases of rheumatism which the healer relieves. In the latter half of the nineteenth century a Dr. Perkins became famous for his "metallic tractors" used especially for rheumatism. He claimed that it was the electricity in the "tractors" that benefited the patients. Another doctor, however, effectually disproved this by using wooden "tractors" painted to resemble the originals and obtaining the same results. It was evidently the same power of suggestion used in connection with warts which really aided the rheumatics. Later this same Dr. Perkins employed his "tractors" in person in a yellow fever epidemic, caught the disease, and died!

Another example of the force of persuasion is the banishing of a toothache by pressing a silver dollar wrapped in silk against the offending molar. One doctor, after driving away the pain by this method, told the patient that the reaction was purely mental, and immediately the patient's ache returned. If the cause of the ache had been purely organic and the silk-wrapped dollar had removed this cause, the ache would certainly not have returned with the mere suggestion of its being a mental reaction.

One of the less common but more spectacular of the faith healer's cures is that of paralysis and crippling due to paralysis. A heap of crutches was left at the grave in Malden by cripples who suddenly discovered that their crutches were no longer necessary to them. As many of these cases as possible were subjected to an investigation, and in each case it was conclusively shown that there was nothing organically wrong with these "cripples," and that they could have walked without their crutches at any

time.⁷ They merely lacked the will to do so. There was a much larger number of other cripples whose deformity was real and whom Malden helped not one bit. Several "cures" of paralysis at the grave were widely publicized, but it was later proved that the afflictions were due wholly to a condition of hysteria which was broken by the patient's faith in the slab of stone over Father Power.⁸ Dr. Cowles, a well-known nerve specialist of New York, made the following significant statement: "For more than fifteen years I have treated nervous fear, nervous prostration, digestive disorders, and paralysis resulting from mental conflicts, worry, etc. I could pick out innumerable cases which would appear to the layman as miracles, but which to us, who understand them, are but daily occurrences. Any one of these cases would be heralded by a 'healer' as a marvelous cure of a baffling and terrible disease. Medical men make nothing of them."⁹ This theory that many ailments are caused by the mind and cured by suggestion is not new. In 1784 in France an investigation of mesmerism was conducted by Bailly, Lavoisier, Berthollet, and Benjamin Franklin, who reported there were "no proofs of the existence of Animal Magnetism; that all the effects ascribed to it were purely owing to the power of imagination; the tendency to imitation natural to all mankind, and the mechanical influence of touching and frictions on the most sensitive parts of the body;"¹⁰

Faith healing works sometimes not only in sicknesses caused by a mental condition but also with certain specifically

⁷Jackson, *op. cit.*, pp. 662-3.

⁸*Ibid.*, p. 662.

⁹Quoted in David Reese, *Humbugs of New York*, p. 25.

¹⁰Quoted in "Episcopalian Endorsement of Faith Healing," *Literary Digest*, Vol. 75 (October 28, 1922), p. 30.

organic disorders. Healers find they have particular success with erysipelas, an infectious disease usually attacking the face. The victim calls in the healer, who prays earnestly over the patient for about a week, when—presto!—the disease suddenly disappears. Naturally the patient (and the healer) attributes the departure of the ailment to the healer's effort in his behalf. Actually it is a medical fact that erysipelas has the peculiarity of appearing suddenly, running its course for a week or two, and then dying out of its own accord. Only a small percentage of the cases prove fatal.

Tuberculosis also often responds favorably to the healer's art. This disease tends to run in cycles of apparent improvement and relapse, with each relapse sinking the patient lower than the preceding. The faith healer catches the patient right after a relapse, and the patient then seems to grow better under the curer's care until he is pronounced cured. His subsequent relapse is never told to the world but is accepted by the patient as "the will of God," brought about perhaps by insufficient faith.

A few years ago a preacher in the hills of North Carolina created quite a furor by allowing a rattlesnake to bite him and permitting no medical aid, saying that God would take care of him. His ensuing recovery was hailed throughout the United States as a miracle. However, Dr. Ditmars, the highest authority in this country on reptiles, made the following statement when asked to comment on the preacher's action: "I believe his faith and his general health will pull him

through. Faith, and the state of mind, I believe, have a good deal to do with a man's physical condition, and this man's religion has buoyed him up mentally. It is a big help. But the common belief that death from an untreated rattlesnake-bite is almost certain is erroneous. About fifteen per cent of the persons bitten by rattlesnakes die. A strong man has a good chance to recover, even without treatment."¹¹ Among the letters that the deed brought the preacher was one statement which said that God, who made the rattlesnake, also gave man the power of medicine.

Although faith healing has been proved many times over to be a superstition practiced mainly by charlatans, it still draws a tremendous following. Perhaps some day the people will learn that their ills can best be taken care of by those who are best trained for it—the doctors.

¹¹Quoted in "Takes Up Serpent—and Lives," *Literary Digest*, Vol. 118 (August 25, 1934), p. 20.

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Out of his "Atlas" physique a "Humpty Dumpty" head extended.
—SEYMOUR LAMPERT

He drank with the capacity and gentility of a sewer.—CRAIG LEWIS

Monkey Business

FRANK HONSIK

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1939-1940

"**B**E-IT Enacted, by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, that it shall be unlawful for any teacher in any of the universities, normals, and all other public schools in the State, . . . to teach the theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals."¹

This was the law that was passed by the Tennessee Assembly on March 21, 1925. This was the law that rocked the nation with a detonation as though the Rockies had exploded. This was the law that focused the eyes of the world upon Dayton, Tennessee. Soft drink and sandwich stands sprang up in Dayton. Spare rooms were cleaned, hotels were opened, and recreation halls were enlarged. Dayton literally was teeming with activity, getting ready for the great drama for which it was to be the stage.

"I never had any idea my bill would make such a fuss,"² said Mr. John W. Butler, the writer of the "Monkey Bill." Mr. Butler admitted that he was a Fundamentalist and knew nothing about evolution; he introduced this bill because he had heard that boys and girls were coming home from school saying that the Bible was all nonsense. Believing that this state of affairs should not continue, Mr. Butler wrote a bill that prohibited the teaching of evolution in Tennessee.

Strangely enough, this bill received no opposition when it was pushed through the legislature, and Governor Peay was forced, by politics, to sign it. One of the chief planks in the Governor's platform was the reorganization of the school

system. Had he objected to this bill, he would have aroused the antagonism of several of the legislators, and thus would have decreased the chances of success for several larger and more important school bills that he was planning to introduce. Governor Peay, like ex-President Wilson in his fourteen points, sacrificed the whole to save a part. He said that it would be hard to prove that the Bible and science are in conflict. He found nothing of consequence in the books being taught, and assured the people of his state that this bill would never be heard of again, and that the law probably would never be applied. This the *St. Louis Dispatch* cleverly countered with the question, "If no application is intended, why the law?"³

But this bill soon was heard of again. Dr. George Rappleyea of Dayton conceived the idea of testing its constitutionality, and telephoned John Thomas Scopes, a Tennessee high-school teacher, to lay plans for the forthcoming battle. Scopes admitted that he had used a textbook which included a passage on evolution. Dr. Rappleyea promptly swore out a warrant against his friend, and Scopes, a willing defendant from the first, was duly indicted by the grand jury for teaching evolution. The fight was on!

But before we go any further, let us pause a moment and see what were the main issues involved in this case that they should command the attention of the whole world. Let us understand from the start that the purpose of this trial

¹L. H. Allen, *Bryan and Darrott at Dayton*, p. 1.

²*Loc. cit.*

³"No Monkeying with Evolution in Tennessee," *Literary Digest*, April 18, 1925, p. 30

was not to determine whether there was or was not a conflict between the Bible and science, or whether evolution should or should not be accepted. The issues were the following: Does the law invade the fundamental guaranties of freedom of speech, and of religion? (i.e. can custom and opinion be forced upon a nation by amendment and by statute?) Should sectarian interpretations of religious doctrines be allowed to become determining factors in public education? Should the determination of public policies give way to ignorant prejudice and bigotry?

Upon hearing of the indictment, William Jennings Bryan immediately offered his services to the prosecution. His beliefs, as shown by his previous books and lectures, led him fanatically to jump at the chance to prosecute this case. Mr. Bryan admitted that he was the direct representative of the Fundamentalists at the trial. When he died, five days after the trial was over, he was planning a Fundamentalist, anti-evolution crusade to the Holy Land. He was going to climax his career by preaching a sermon from the Mount of Olives. Mr. Bryan's ability as an orator, his deep-rooted anti-evolution convictions, and his enthusiastic interest in the case fully qualified him to undertake the difficulty of the prosecution of the Scopes trial.

And the prosecution was difficult, for the defense procured the services of Clarence Darrow, the famous criminal lawyer, psychologist, and "pleader of lost causes," who, upon hearing of Mr. Bryan's entry into the case, immediately agreed to take the defense. Clarence Darrow attributed his agnosticism to his wide reading during his youth. He had written books on the controversy between the theory of evolution and the Bible, and had frequently

debated the subject. He was just as thoroughly schooled and just as sincere as William Jennings Bryan. Where could have been found two other such eminent personalities so capable of clashing in this great combat?

The local environment was a large factor in determining the technique in the presentation of this case. According to the census of 1920, the white population of Macon County, the scene of the trial, was 14,446. In the year 1922, only 13 of this population had paid income tax. Of the 95 counties in Tennessee, Macon county was rated lowest in literacy. Only 43.5% of the teachers of this county had even elementary school training, and 10.7% had absolutely none.⁴ And from people such as these, it was necessary to select a jury!

The jury was composed of ten farmers, one cabinet maker, and one wealthy landowner. One of the jurors, Jim Riley, was accepted after he had revealed that he could not read. Of these twelve men there were six Baptists, four Methodists, one Disciple of Christ, and one who acknowledged no church.⁵

Mr. Bryan attempted to show the judge and the twelve jurors, in fact the whole world, that the State of Tennessee had the right to enact and enforce John Butler's "Monkey Bill." He told the jury that the trial was being held not to determine whether the law was a good law or a bad law, but to determine whether John Scopes did or did not violate the law. He argued that the state and the people have great reserve powers, and that the power to control schools is one of them. Tennessee is capable of making its own laws, and outsiders (Mr. Darrow and scientific experts) shouldn't be

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 31.

⁵Allen, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

allowed to make or change the laws of Tennessee. "The question is: Can a minority in this state come in and compel a teacher to teach that the Bible is not true and make the parents of these children pay the expense of the teacher to tell their children what these people believe is false and dangerous?"⁶ Having shown that the defendant's counselors had no right in the first place to interfere with "Tennessee justice," Mr. Bryan reminded the court that the law forbade the teaching of evolution. That Mr. Scopes taught evolution was proved by the textbook that he was using; therefore, he violated the law.

Mr. Darrow presented his side of the case very ably. The local environment favored his opponent, for most of the jurors were church-goers and believers to some extent in Fundamentalism; some had never heard of evolution. He asked that the custom of opening the court with a prayer be suspended, but was denied. Mr. Darrow used his resourcefulness to the utmost to present an air-tight case. Had this trial been held in any other state (with the probable exception of Kentucky and Florida), it would have been practically impossible to defeat the arguments of the defense.

Mr. Darrow's arguments may be divided into four parts. He first tried to show the impossibility of getting an air-tight indictment from a law as poorly worded as this one. An indictment, in order to be valid, has to be worded very simply. He further pointed out that the caption did not agree with the statute, and that therefore one might just as well hand Mr. Scopes a piece of blank paper and throw him into jail.

The second point of the defense was that no conflict existed between the Bible and science. The Bible, it was stated, was a book of religion and not a book of

science. This book of religion has had many interpretations, and will continue to have many interpretations, but who has the right to make his interpretation law? The *Chattanooga Times* went on to say: "The whole agitation is caused by one faction of religionists who want to enforce their idea of creation, and to prevent others from presenting their idea."⁷

The defense pointed out numerous contradictions in the Bible, among others one found in the Book of Genesis. In the first chapter of Genesis, we read that man and woman were both created on the same day and that this day occurred after the plants and animals had been formed. In the second chapter of Genesis, we read that man was made of the dust of the ground, then the other plants and animals were formed and passed in review of man to be named by him. After all of these events, woman was made. "There is obvious lack of harmony between these two Biblical accounts of creation as far as details of process and order of events are concerned. They are, however, in perfect accord in presenting the spiritual truth that God is the author and administrator of the universe, that is the sort of truth we find in the Bible."⁸

Thirdly, Clarence Darrow tried to show the logical truth in the theory of evolution. Many eminent scientists from the large universities of the country were put on the witness stand and asked to explain and give evidences of the four main theories of evolution. All of the scientists were in accord in their interpretations of these theories and in the conclusion that these theories of evolution supported rather than contradicted

⁶*Ibid.* p. 66. The words of Mr. W. J. Bryan.

⁷"No Monkeying with Evolution in Tennessee," *loc. cit.*

⁸Allen, *op. cit.* p. 113. The words of Dr. Kirtley F. Mather of Harvard Univ

each other. All the scientists also agreed that the cause of education would be greatly injured if the teaching of evolution in public schools were to be forbidden.

Fourthly, the defense tried to show that the law is unconstitutional because it prevents freedom of speech and freedom of religion. Is man back in the days of the Inquisition, unable to teach the truth as he sees it without committing a crime? This law is more in breach of the spirit of the Constitution of the State of Tennessee than of the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, because the State Constitution explains in full that the freedom of speech and of religion of the people of the State of Tennessee shall in no way and under no pretense be suppressed. "Whatever may be the constitutional rights of legislatures to prescribe the general course of study of public schools it will in my judgment be a serious national disaster, if the attempt is successful, to determine the details to be taught in the school through the vote of legislatures rather than as a result of scientific investigations."⁹

On July 21, 1925, the trial of the State of Tennessee against John Thomas Scopes came to an abrupt conclusion. John Scopes was found guilty and fined one hundred dollars, but as far as significant results are concerned, the trial was a complete failure. It proved nothing about science, it proved nothing about religion, and it proved nothing about the law which it called into question. The thing the trial did do, besides producing some brilliant oratory, was to make people who were indifferent turn to one side or the other. It stimulated some to read and strengthen their beliefs in the Bible, or to read about and strengthen their beliefs in the theory of evolution.

In Tennessee the "bootlegging of evolution" began among students, who read about it when the teacher's back was turned.

The *Manchester Guardian* said that we go to Europe for old-fashioned places, but that the Europeans have to come to America for old-fashioned ideas. The Tennessee legislators, while proving that they didn't descend from apes, made monkeys of themselves. The trial turned a spotlight on the conflict of science and religion that is still raging throughout the United States. The amount of bigotry and narrow-mindedness still existing in this country, especially in small back-water towns, is indeed appalling. Ex-President Wilson expressed his surprise in a letter: "My dear Prof. Curtis: May it suffice for me to say, in reply to your letter of Aug. 25th, that of course like every other man of intelligence and education I do believe in Organic Evolution. It surprises me that at this late date such questions should be raised."¹⁰

⁹Dr. C. H. Judd, "Evolution & Mental Life," *Scientific Monthly*, Vol. 21 (September, 1925), p. 317.

¹⁰W. C. Curtis, "The Fact, the Courses, and the Causes of Organic Evolution," *Scientific Monthly*, Vol. 21 (September, 1925), p. 301.

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Hosteling—The Thrill of New Trails

MARY R. DOWLING

Rhetoric II, Theme 16, 1939-1940

THE URGE to travel is in even the most domestic-minded of us. An open road with hills or trees or water in the distance is a challenge to anyone young in spirit, romantic in inclination, and stout of heart.

Hosteling provides an opportunity to see the world with a maximum of intimacy and a minimum of expense. Technically a hostel is an overnight stopping place with sleeping, washing, and dining facilities offered to hostellers at cost. It is usually an old farmhouse or barn transformed into dormitories, kitchen, and dining hall. In charge are resident house-parents to whom the hostellers are responsible during the time they spend in the hostel. This responsibility means presenting the AYH pass (which is returned to the owner in the morning), leaving the hostel clean, and following the general rules, which include turning lights out by ten o'clock, refraining from drinking or smoking, and using the hostels only when free from infectious disease.

The AYH pass is obtained for a nominal amount from the headquarters of the American Youth Hostels, Inc., at Northfield, Massachusetts. The national directors are Isabel and Monroe Smith, who, interested in youth work and scouting, established the first hostel at Northfield in December, 1934. The idea grew out of a European trip to the International Conference of Youth Hostels during the previous summer. They studied hostels, old institutions in England and on the continent, and returned to America to establish the single hostel from which

have developed, in five years, two hundred more throughout the East, the Great Lakes region, and the Far West. Since that first year when one hundred passholders used the hostel, the number has grown to twelve thousand, and the movement has attained great popularity, especially among youths of high-school and college ages.

In its simplest sense, hosteling means oiling up your bicycle or favorite pair of walking shoes and spending a few days or a weekend biking or hiking through the countryside not too far from home. The hostels are conveniently placed fifteen miles apart in loops so that short trips are possible. Hikers cover the fifteen miles between hostels easily; the placement allows for four or five hours of walking with ample time for resting and sightseeing. Those traveling by bicycle often make a second or even a third hostel by eight o'clock (the flexible closing-hour), although such trying for distances is discouraged.

So popular has hosteling become, however, that many spend their whole summers going across the country, down through Mexico, up to Canada or Alaska, and abroad to Europe. Wherever they go—their passes are valid for overnights, although in foreign countries an extra stamp is necessary. Last year fifteen hundred AYH passes were used abroad, but this number shows a decrease from the two thousand used in 1937 when foreign war-threats were less ominous. Some of those hosteling were traveling in sponsored groups with a leader appointed by Northfield headquarters;

others were traveling alone or in two's or three's, seeing what they chose and traveling as long and as far as they liked. Although in certain regions hostellers go by horse, by boat or by skis, the most popular vehicle remains the bicycle. The only restrictive rule is that one must "travel under his own steam."

Using one's own energy for transportation of course necessitates taking the minimum of equipment. A light-weight bicycle is recommended. Into a knapsack is crowded all the baggage one will either need or care to cart about: bathing suit, dark glasses, toilet and grub kits, a change of clothes and shoes, and the official sleeping-sack required of anyone spending the night in a hostel. Hostellers are encouraged to take along cameras and sketch-books, but are warned against carrying all the comforts of home.

The actual cost of hosteling is quite low. One travels at cost; there are no tips or hotel bills, no train or cab fares. Overnights in the hostels cost twenty-five cents, plus a five-cent fuel charge for kitchen or fireplace privileges. With a dollar a day a hosteler buys food, pays his overnight and fuel fees, and, with economy, enjoys a few extras, like theaters, museums, and concerts. The sponsors suggest having a small emergency fund for "repairs, unexpected train rides, sickness, etc." The sponsored groups have the additional expense of leaders' fees, which usually amount to ten percent added to the individual cost. Besides the pass, which costs one dollar for those under twenty-one and two dollars for those twenty-one and over, a hosteler usually buys a handbook (fifty cents) which contains a list of the chartered hostels, with their location and capacities, the distances from the hostels

to food stores and churches, the local sports and points of interest, and the distances to the nearest railroad, highway, and large town or city.

The educational advantages of hosteling have been extolled again and again by educators and others interested in youth. President and Mrs. Roosevelt are honorary presidents of the AYH. Mr. V. K. Brown, chief of the Recreation Division, Chicago Park District, has said, "The romance of traveling inexpensively, the thrill of undergoing Spartan routines, of physical hardships, or at least the absence of luxury, the lure of movement, the contact with new scenes, forming new friendships, contacting fresh points of view, and developing acquaintance with the world rather than with an isolated spot—all are so vitally a part of the very spirit of the AYH that this whole proposition is more fundamental than anything which has yet been devised." On the national board of the AYH there are fifty prominent people, all of whom are interested in young people, many of whom represent national youth organizations. The president of the American Association is Mary E. Woolley, for thirty-seven years president of Mount Holyoke College.

The hostel movement is a great and growing thing. It is democratic; it has no restrictions of money, race, creed, or social standing. It not only broadens the individual and makes him more capable of taking care of himself through the "Spartan routines" and "absence of luxury," but the fellowship and camaraderie along the road also make him more tolerant of other people. That is said to be the secret of good citizenship; it is also the secret of happy living.

Major

DWIGHT GUYER

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1939-1940

IT WAS February 2, 1938. The sun shone dimly since a frosty early-morning mist had lifted. The proverbial groundhog surely saw his shadow; another small creature was seeing light of day for the first time today. A fuzzy, wobbly little black calf which bucked stiff-legged around his mother in a snow-covered lot had been born in a thickly strawed box stall in the wee hours of the morning. She had been turned out for a few minutes to exercise and to get water, and he had insisted on breaking out past the door with her, apparently not minding the cold at all. His furry coat looked like a covering of black plush carpet; his head looked heavy on his thin neck; his short legs bent like rainbows as they buckled under him in his antics. Just now he was dividing his time between jumping around in the snow, stopping stiff-legged to gaze off into the distance, and standing to be muzzled and licked by his mother's big scratchy tongue. Every time she licked him he was almost thrown off his wobbly legs.

Although his coming had been long anticipated, the birth of this fuzzy little package of Aberdeen-Angus cow-flesh caused no great change in the routine of tasks on his home farm. It was a two-hundred-thirty-acre stock farm in northern Crawford County, Illinois, known as the Seven Pines Farm, on which I was employed during the winter of 1937 and the spring and summer of 1938. There was a herd of thirty-two pure-bred Angus cows on the farm, so that, to the farm-owner and me, the birth of this calf meant only a little extra care to his

mother for a few days and another hungry mouth to let nurse night and morning. After a few scattered comments about crookedness of bone and general build had been flung at this newcomer during the first few days, he was turned with a bunch of suckling calves. They were kept in a warm well-bedded stall, and only came out morning and night to get their milk and occasionally on bright sunshiny days to romp around a lot. I had the care of the young calves, feeding them a mixture of shelled corn and oats along with good clover hay. The older of the bunch of suckling calves ate heartily and, following their example, the younger calves would start nosing in the feed trough, then take a few bits, and thus learn to eat much earlier than they would have if put in a stall alone. The last comer to the suckling stall learned to eat within a few weeks. With his mother's milk and the additional feed, his legs and ankles straightened up and his body rounded out. He had this kind of care until about the second week in May. Then the cattle were all put on the tender spring grass. His mother was turned into a large woods-pasture with the other cows, but the calves had a small pasture of their own close to the big red cattle barn. The cows were brought in every morning and evening for the calves to nurse on the increased milk flow. The calves were still fed their portion of corn and oats in an outside trough.

As the rush of the crop season came on, I saw less and less of the February calf. Once in a while in the early morning I had to carry out the corn and oats

to the calves. The warm spring rains and the grass had caused their old winter's hair to slip off, and now they looked slick and full. The Groundhog's Day calf, as he was called by my employer and me, was developing into the best individual among the male calves. We often remarked about his straight body lines, his short, stocky legs, and his thick-set body. I was keeping an eye on him because I wanted to carry a Baby Beef project in my 4-H work for 1938-39.

In October, 1938, I began to think more of obtaining this animal. I approached my employer one day and asked him blankly to let me buy the Groundhog's Day calf. He hadn't known of my intentions and at first was surprised. After hem-hawing for some time and going over his favorite blood lines, his way of passing time, he said, "Now you look around at some of the other herds in the county, and if you don't find something you like better, I may sell you this calf."

"I don't care much about the profit this time," I told him. "I've had several calves that made me some money, but I want one once that will get somewhere when I show him."

"Well, you look around some," he said, "and, doggone it, if you still want him, I'll take eleven cents a pound for him. I could get more to sell this calf for breeding purposes, but I don't want to disappoint you. Besides, the advertising, if this calf fed out well as a steer, wouldn't hurt my breeder's trade any. I don't want you to get a calf that'll lose you money because you paid too much for him as a feeder, though."

I'll always believe that he really wanted to see another one of his calves fed out as a steer, and I think he was afraid I would find something I would rather have. I wasn't. Although my

father and I looked at two bunches of feeder calves in the county, when I compared the best of the bunch to my ideal back at Seven Pines Farm, I refused to buy. I didn't try very hard to suit myself with any of these calves, because I thought all I needed to do was to go back and tell my employer I couldn't find anything that suited me better, and he'd sell me the Groundhog's Day calf. That's just what I did.

The stubborn little fellow was not yet halter-broken, but after some tugging, we got him loaded in a trailer. Since he was only nine months old, we were all surprised when he weighed six hundred and forty pounds—even his owner who had raised cattle for many years. I paid the man the price agreed upon, and the much-wanted calf was mine. When we reached home we unloaded him from the trailer, got him into the strange barn, after some high-powered coaxing, and tied him in a stall—his new home.

My brother suggested the name Major; as I had not thought of what I would call the animal that I had coveted so long, the name stuck. I kept Major in his stall for a week to let him get accustomed to the place. Here his training began when I led him out to get water. He was stubborn at first, but soon learned that he received some little reward in kindness when he obeyed. As he had just been weaned and then taken away from his old home and herd he worried continually. His outcries were sometimes so nearly human that he had the whole family in sympathy with him. When he had become somewhat reconciled to his new surroundings, I turned him out with our herd of dairy cows to run on grass a while longer. I fed him night and morning when the cows were brought up to milk. He was contented with this kind of life.

As my feed records had to be started on January 1, I decided, after about two weeks, to keep him in his stall and start to get him on a full feed of grain. All these changes went against him, but soon he took his "solitary confinement" peacefully and started to eat as I wanted to see him. By the middle of December he was eating a full feed of grain, which was for him thirteen and one-half pounds a day. A full feed of grain for cattle is two pounds a day for every hundred pounds of live weight. If you do not approach this mark gradually and cautiously, the animal will gorge, then lose its appetite and refuse to eat for several feeds, thereby losing weight rather than gaining. The secret for obtaining the greatest amount of feed consumption and a steady maximum gain is to find the amount your steer will eat without disorder and stick closely to that mark.

In the early part of the feeding period I fed shelled corn and whole oats. The whole grain developed the young animal's teeth. Since Major was getting all he wanted to eat, he did not gulp the food down, but ate it slowly and chewed it well. I supplemented the grain with a commercial mineral-protein concentrate. I gave him all the legume hay and other bulky feeds he would eat besides his grain, to increase his capacity for more concentrated feed later in the feeding period. Clean, fresh water was before him at all times. Major was a dainty eater, and I was over-anxious to see him eat ever larger amounts. Several times I "stuck" him on his feed before I learned my lesson; nevertheless, he did well on feed so I watched him gain rapidly month by month. Every day I led him out for a brisk walk to sharpen his appetite and keep him in a healthy condition. In the spring and early summer months I changed him to the coolest place in the

barn. When his winter's hair came off in the spring, I could see that he was developing and fattening into a very smooth calf. His best gains were in the month of May when he put on seventy pounds at a daily average of two and one-third pounds. In the summer he was protected from flies and other insects by an efficient livestock spray. I was so anxious that nothing be lacking on my part that I almost lived with him.

As the summer advanced and Major approached the "finished" mark, I began to prepare him for show. I had the grain that he ate crushed and added "black-strap" molasses to make it more palatable. The bulky part of his ration, such as hay and roughage, had been reduced to three pounds a day to allow for a greater amount of concentrated feeds. My mother fitted him with a blanket of heavy burlap to hold body heat. This tended to make his fat distribute more evenly over all parts of his back and hindquarters. Depressions in the fat covering had to be kneaded to loosen the skin so that the low places would fill with fat. The blanket also protected him from the insects and made his hair black and silky. His stall was darkened to keep the light from bleaching the hair on the parts of his body that the blanket could not cover. I gave him a bath with a tar soap preparation twice a week to loosen all the dirt and grease on the hair and to cause a more handsome growth of hair.

I watched show time approach with great anticipation. A week before the time, I sheared the hair on his head and on his tail above the bush close to the skin. On the evening before the great day Major was moved to the fairgrounds, where I gave him a last bath, washed the bush of his tail, and braided it tightly. When the call for the baby beef class came, I was truly proud of my Major.

He weighed one thousand and eighty pounds—every pound solid beef. He was deep-bodied, broad and straight on his lines. His neck was thick and short, and his legs were straight. He had been trained to keep his feet placed exactly underneath his body. He was so square and solid that he had the appearance of having been constructed by an architect. I had curled the hair on his shoulders and flanks, and brushed his coat with olive oil until it shone like a piece of hard coal. His hoofs had been cleaned

and polished, and the bush of his tail combed out wavy and fluffy. I led him into line, and my highest hopes were realized when I heard the University of Illinois judge say, "He's an easy first. He's got plenty of quality." My heart was in my throat when the blue ribbon was pinned on Major's halter. As I led him away (I know I was all smiles) the owner of the Seven Pines Farm stepped up to congratulate me. His smile outdid any that I could ever produce.

British War Poetry, 1914-1918

LOIS VOGT

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1939-1940

OUT OF the strife, emotional fervor, and human suffering of the World War came a collection of poetry written by the British soldier-poets which gives a coherent, touching picture of English emotions and sentiments at the time and contributes much toward an understanding of the true significance of the War in English life. At the beginning of the War, war-verse was overwhelmingly abundant, but not generally of high caliber, nor capable of surviving the test of time.¹ It was written by civilian poets who drew the picture of war from their own imaginations and not from actual experiences in warfare. Under the stress of the excitement and patriotic fervor prevalent in England during the first few months of the War, their poetic style was often forced, pompous, and sentimental; yet they served the momentary demand and need for patriotic enthusiasm and incitement.²

Among these first patriotic verses, however, there were some that expressed a sincere patriotism and concern over England's part in the conflict. These poems reflected the universal feeling of the rightness and almost sacredness of England's cause.³ One of these non-combatant poets, Laurence Binyon, expressed this sentiment in these lines from "To the Fallen":

*With proud thanksgiving a mother
mourns for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the
sea.*

*Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her
spirit,*

Fallen in the cause of the free.⁴

¹E. B. Osborn, "Soldier Poets," *Living Age*, Vol. 296 (January 5, 1918), p. 49.

²Lascelles Abercrombie, "The War and the Poets," *Living Age*, Vol. 288 (January 1, 1916), p. 15.

³Arthur Waugh, "War Poetry," *Quarterly Review*, Vol. 230 (October 18), p. 384.

⁴*Loc. cit.*

This rather detached, sentimental view of the true meaning of war did not survive after the soldier-poet's actual participation in warfare. Upon becoming involved in the horrors of war, he became conscious of his own personal part in the conflict. As a result, his poetry began to reflect a vague uncertainty, a sense of self-sacrifice, and, at times, even a sense of self-pity.⁵ However, his courage and desire to serve the country he loved dominated his poetic expression. Perhaps the best-known poem expressing this sincere devotion to the homeland is Rupert Brooke's sonnet beginning:

*If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign
field
That is forever England.*⁶

Still another expression of the poet's feeling of uncertainty combined with an almost blind sense of self-sacrifice is Robert Nichols' poem, "Farewell":

*They shall not say I went with heavy
heart:
Heavy I am, but soon I shall be free,
I love them all, but oh I now depart
A little sadly, strangely, fearfully,
As one who goes to try a mystery.*

Then in conclusion he says:

*Farewell. Farewell. There is no more
to do.
We have been happy. Happy now I go.*⁷

This sense of self-importance soon vanished amid the realities of modern warfare. The soldier-poet became wrapped up in the militaristic side of war.⁸ The horror and ghastliness of a soldier's life came home to him through his own personal experiences. For a time his poetry reflected the grimness of the conflict; then, out of this first feeling of revulsion came the realization of the

effect of the War on the lives of his fellowmen. He began to see that he was not the only one who had to endure troubles, sorrows, and sufferings. A new sense of comradeship, of the sympathy between soldier and soldier, between officer and private, became the underlying motive of many of the poems.⁹ This sentiment is touchingly expressed in Robert Nichols' poem, "Fulfillment":

*Was there love once? I have forgotten
her.
Was there grief once? Grief still is mine
Other love I have; men rough, but men
who stir
More joy, more grief, than love of thee
and thine.*¹⁰

The two short, but expressive lines from E. A. Mackintosh's poem, "In Memoriam," which was written to the fathers of his comrades who had fallen in action, express even more forcefully this same feeling:

*You were only their fathers,
I was their officer.*¹¹

In addition to these serious, emotional verses about the soldier's life, there were many songs and ballads which depicted the whimsical or humorous side of the trench life. These were, for the most part, spontaneous outbursts which were passed up and down the lines for the amusement of the soldiers. Although very few were actually written down and published, they must be noted in a full picture of the soldier's war-life.

During the months of inaction and waiting, the soldier-poet had time for

⁵*Ibid.*, p. 386.

⁶E. B. Osborn, *The Muse in Arms*, p. 3.

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 7.

⁸Arthur Waugh, *op. cit.*, p. 387.

⁹E. B. Osborn, *op. cit.*, p. xxii.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, p. 257.

¹¹*Ibid.*, p. xxiii.

reflections and dreams of his homeland. He derived new conceptions of the value of life and people from his somber hours of deliberation. Much of the poetry of this period painted remembered scenes of the English country-side, familiar places, and events in his former life. All this verse reflects the soldier's longing for home, and again expresses, indirectly, his love for his country. The closing lines of Robert Nichols' poem, "At the Wars," poignantly reflect the Englishman's deep, quiet pride in his motherland, his appreciation of the value of its beauty and the sacrifice due it.

*The gorse upon the twilit down,
The English loam so sunset brown,
The bowed pines and the sheep-bells'
clamor,
The wet, lit lane and the yellow-hammer,
The orchard and the chaffinch song
Only to the Brave belong,
And he shall find them dearer far
Enriched by blood after long war.*¹²

An outstanding characteristic of the war-poetry of England was the absence of any note of hatred for the enemy. The only abusive, vitriolic expressions of hatred for the Germans were by civilian poets.¹³ The few soldier-poets who did write about the Germans wrote more in sorrow than in anger, as in these lines from Charles Sorley's sonnet:

*You only saw your future largely
planned,
And we, the tapering paths of our own
mind,
And in each other's dearest ways, we
stand,
And hiss out hate. And the blind fight
the blind.*¹⁴

These pictures of the emotions and moods of the soldier-poet in war-time not only show the effect of war on English poets of the time and their works, but also reflect the attitudes and sympathies of the English people as a whole. The poems depicting the ghastly aspect of warfare show the people's and the soldiers' realization of the worst side of war; the more numerous poems expressing the finer ideals and emotions show the courage, spirit, and strong faith in right prevailing in the face of the troubles of a distraught period.

¹²*Ibid.*, p. 4.

¹³E. B. Osborn, "Soldier Poets," p. 52.

¹⁴E. B. Osborn, *The Muse in Arms*, p. xv.

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Routine

As production is streamlined, jobs become more and more specialized until the worker is left with one simple single movement to repeat over and over. It is impossible to appreciate the shock given the nervous and muscular system by the monotony of an "assembly-line" job unless one has actually experienced it. The same dull, deadening cadence wears at one hour after hour; the same muscles do the same thing day after day, and the rest of them never get any use; the same joints swell from overuse and the others swell because they're not used. All these things are part of a specialized job. We put men to work where steel can't do the job and forget that they are made of flesh and blood and have such things as nerves and brains.

—TOM SHIFF

The Children's Hour

SHIRLEY LANDSMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 17, 1939-1940

AT FIVE o'clock every week-day afternoon, millions of American children drop whatever they are doing and rush to the nearest radio set. Here, with feverish eyes and cocked ears, they listen for the first raucous sound which indicates that the children's hour is at hand. This introductory signal may be the wail of a police siren, the rattle of a machine gun, the explosion of a hand grenade, the shriek of a dying woman, the bark of a gangster's pistol, or possibly the groan of a soul in purgatory. Whatever it is, the significance is the same; radio has assumed its daily task of influencing children's minds and morals with blood-and-thunder effects.

The horror programs which clutter the air from five to six o'clock cover a wide range of topics, but the themes of most are similar. Emphasis is placed on gore and violence; the other ingredients necessary to dramatic continuity are presented merely as camouflage. Some of the program heroes are Texas rangers, some are cowboys, some are G men, some are police officers, but all of them are occupied with shooting their antagonists in cold blood, or with laying plans to commit mayhem at the first opportunity. Somewhere a criminal's gun is being aimed, somewhere a smuggler's plane is crashing, somewhere a village bank is being robbed, somewhere a pirate boat is sinking, and somewhere a bestial war is raging. Utilizing playscripts which are as ingenious as they are vivacious, the heroes and heroines of the children's radio hour hammer home the message of terror upon the sensitive minds of the younger generation. The results of

such ceaseless bludgeoning are apparent to any casual observer of a small child. With the aid of radio, we are doing our best to breed a race of neurotics.

The fact that children enjoy listening to the blood-and-thunder thrillers is not remarkable; indeed, their parents spend considerable time listening to "adult" programs little more mature. The fundamental evil of the current trend is that children, being immature and inexperienced, have no opportunity to exercise choice or to apply discrimination. From their earliest days they have listened to horror on the air. It is impossible for them to realize that there might be an alternative. Therefore, they flock to the radio each afternoon like urchins chasing a fire engine. In fact, many of them consider listening to the radio a duty, a responsibility taking precedence over lessons. School books are dry things. Why spend your time studying grammar when you can hear a prison siren wowl or a "Dillinger" gun roar?

Behind the juvenile radio racket lies a background of commercialism contrived by program sponsors. At least once a day each child is told to send three, six, or ten cents in stamps to the sponsor in return for which he will receive a hoodoo ring, an Oriental poison box, a police whistle, a sheriff's badge, or perhaps an up-to-date burglar's kit. With two box-tops of "Crackies," he buys a gun (harmless, of course); with three empty cartons of "Cupsies," he buys a useful rubber dagger.

Parents dismiss the juvenile radio problem, however, with a tolerant smile. "Boys will be boys," they say, or "When

we were young we read *Nick Carter* and *Deadwood Dick*, and they didn't blight our lives." But such arguments are unsound. The radio, by means of its power to play on the ear with horror effects, exercises a far stronger influence than did the dime shockers of the eighties. Today's radio gives virtually no respite. Each day at five o'clock, the same blood-curdling broadcasts quiver through the loud speaker.

Educational groups, faculty advisors, consumer councils all over the country

are conducting radio surveys of juvenile radio programs with an eye to improving them. Protests will mean nothing, however. Modern children have been raised on these bloody and noisy programs. And the sponsors are determined that as long as hack continuity writers and ham actors can grind out drama—and as long as children will send in three, six, and ten cents wrapped in a "Ploppsie" wrapper—the horror program racket will continue. Despite all protests the Children's Hour sponsors will stick to their guns.

Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Conversation at Midnight*

SALLY RHODE

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1938-1939

A GLORIFIED, dignified, stylized bull session is Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Conversation at Midnight*. It speaks of love and war, of religion and music, of politics and sports, of government and people as do men (and women too) the world over. It moves smoothly through "The Rotary Club" and "The Communistic State," sometimes stumbling into pitfalls of disagreement, but always maintaining the free and simple style of natural, normal conversation.

Though this is not a dramatic poem in the strictest sense of the word, it should be read and considered as such. No directions for the physical behavior of the characters have been given; yet one can readily picture the scene—a group of men seated comfortably beside an open fire, smoking and drinking as they talk. The group is typical; the individuals are typical—personalities, different as day and night, blended in their exchange of ideas and ideals.

Between the lines of conversation are subtle bits of philosophy that bring into its own the uncanny understanding the poet has of the strength and weakness of human nature. How true is Carl's statement:

"A thing might be beautiful as a dandelion blossom—that won't do;

*If it's common as a dandelion blossom,
you're through."*

Or this practiced reflection of Ricardo:

"If I'm sitting on a fence, it's a barbed-wire fence and it hurts me

More than it does you."

I read little poetry and understand less, but the natural, human elements of *Conversation at Midnight* would be appreciated by the most casual and ordinary reader. I found myself constantly taking mental note of Edna St. Vincent Millay's bits of sound reasoning and thinking, "That's good; I must tell Jane about it."

Mutiny on the Bounty

NORMA ADAMS

Rhetoric I, Theme 13, 1939-1940

STRANGE as it may seem, until this year I had escaped reading *Mutiny on the Bounty* or seeing it as a movie. It was of my own volition, and not under the influence of best-seller readers, that I finally exposed myself to Nordhoff and Hall's writing. For some reason I had expected *Mutiny on the Bounty* to emphasize Fletcher Christian and his wanderings to find an island suitable for permanent settlement, but this guess was wrong. As I rediscovered, for I knew it at one time, *Mutiny on the Bounty* is but one of three books which Nordhoff and Hall have written about *The Bounty* and her crew. The other two books are *Pitcairn's Island* and *Men Against the Sea*, which deal with Christian and Bligh respectively. *Mutiny on the Bounty*, the introductory book of the three, describes *The Bounty's* trip to Tahiti to get bread-fruit trees, the mutiny led by Christian, the effect of the mutiny on the seamen's lives, and the trial of the accused mutineers in England.

This book has one great fault, which is most conspicuous in the description of the mutiny. Quite oddly, the mutiny, the most important part of the novel, is described so briefly at the time it occurs in the story that it is almost over before the reader realizes what is happening. The real details are given later, but they are buried in the testimony presented by the seamen on trial in England. The mutiny is not at all exciting or dramatic. Probably the mutiny is described so sketchily because the whole story is related in restricted first person by Roger Byam, a young lad of seventeen making his first sea voyage. For a novel of this

type I do not like the subjective approach, for I feel that much action which cannot reasonably be noted by the narrator is lost and that the whole story is limited in its dramatic possibilities. Had the story been told in the all-seeing, all-knowing third person, it might have been much more gripping than it is as related, forty years after the mutiny, by an old man whose ideas and feelings have been tempered by the passing times.

Historical accuracy is the chief virtue of *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Usually in an historical novel a number of literary liberties are taken, but in this book there are relatively few. A great mass of information about *The Bounty* was gathered in England for the authors before they started working on the book, and every source was explored to find all the material available. Even a model of the ship was constructed so that all references made by the authors to parts of the ship might be carefully and accurately worked out. The authors do omit a seaman named Heywood and replace him with Roger Byam, but even Byam's life as described in the book closely follows that of Heywood. Another of the book's merits is its passages descriptive of Tahiti. Nordhoff and Hall skillfully manage to make the reader feel that he is on the island of Tahiti, and one can almost feel himself falling under the spell of the South Seas. It is almost a shock when one suddenly realizes that he is thousands of miles from the scene of the action and that only printed words are creating this feeling. After reading the descriptions of the island and following the gentle, sympathetic way in which

the authors tell of the habits and the personalities of the natives, the reader is not surprised to learn that Nordhoff and Hall make their home in Tahiti.

Though *Mutiny on the Bounty* is a fascinating tale, it is by no means a profound novel and would never greatly influence anyone. Since its main purpose is to tell a stirring narrative, it does not probe deeply into the characters of the men; only superficial descriptions of the personalities of Bligh and Christian are given. At one point in the story Byam comments to a Dr. Hamilton: "It [a certain scheme Christian had planned before the mutiny occurred] would not seem improbable if they [the jury which would hear Byam's case] knew Christian's character and the abuse he had received from Captain Bligh." I am sure that if I had been a member of the jury and had only the facts Byam presents in the book by which to judge, I would not have felt that I understood Christian or why he would have attempted such a scheme. Bligh's actions are also amazing. Though the reader is given an inkling

that Bligh is a strong-willed man who loves rules, he is represented in the first chapter as being likable and intelligent, and one certainly does not expect him to be a greedy, heartless captain who robs his own men of their rations and then feeds them food unfit for wild animals. One can hardly imagine a person as cruel as Bligh in the treatment of his men when there is no adequate explanation given for such unwarranted severity. Though the main purpose of *Mutiny on the Bounty* is not to give a character portrayal, I do feel that a little more concentration upon the men's characters would have added credibility to the story and made it a better historical account. The story gave me the impression that I was being told about events and that I was not to question why these events occurred.

I think that, in the last analysis, *Mutiny on the Bounty* may be called a success as an historical account of *The Bounty's* trip to Tahiti and the mutiny and its after-effects, but a pleasant, profitable failure as a novel.

1919

GEORGE F. ASSELIN

Rhetoric II, Theme 4, 1939-1940

ALL GREAT struggles produce their tragic aftermaths; the World War was no exception. It broke lives, wrecked futures, and wrought a general destruction of man's faith in himself. Society suffered badly enough while the actual warfare was going on; but when the fighting ceased and people were given time to comprehend their plight, the situation became even more calamitous. The immediate effects of the war con-

tinued throughout a decade. But the time of greatest suffering from the disruption of the social and economic order was the year following the armistice. About this time and its effects John Dos Passos builds a superb novel called *1919*.

Using his characteristic "newsreel" style, he gives a cosmorama culminating in the year 1919, and made up of scattered lives that were affected by the World War.

Joe Williams, a typical Yankee sailor, gets into a scrape in South America. Using a set of forged papers, he gains a berth as an able-bodied seaman on an English merchant ship and becomes involved in the war mess. He has a roaring good time in Paris, and returns to New York to spend almost a year dodging the draft before he is caught. After the fight, he becomes a good-for-nothing bum and is "tight" as often as he can get his hands on some money. Thus Dos Passos portrays the effect of the war on one man's life.

Caxton Hibbens, well-to-do young man, wangles a commission in the army in order to see the world. It is not the pleasant world of his imagination that he sees, but rather the hard facts of a world at war. Before his eyes, hitherto unaccustomed to such sights, are thrown sights of "gangrened wounds, the cholera, the typhus, the little children with their bellies swollen from famine, the maggoty corpses, drunk Allied officers chasing sick naked girls upstairs in the brothels of Saloniki, soldiers looting stores and churches, French and British sailors fighting with beer bottles in the bars." The war makes Hibbens a Communist.

These and the other tales in *1919* are told in an unusual manner, to say the

least. News bulletins, dispatches, and headlines are scattered through the book. Three or four stories are begun at the same time and continued irregularly through the entire work. The headlines serve to connect the sketches by showing how the lives of individuals are affected by various current events.

The words are vile in places—in many places—but this obscenity helps to give the novel that "illusion of reality," that "local color," which makes the book great and enables John Dos Passos so forcefully to drive home a picture of the conditions of life in a country at war. Some people may find fault with Dos Passos' many long series of incomplete sentences; but, for me at least, these make effective his portrayal of the abandonment of hope for the future that characterized the year 1919.

1919 is a newsreel picture of life in post-war America, taken by a cameraman whose eye for grim reality is not blurred by pre-war ideology. If you are fond of realism in literature, if you prefer your facts ungarnished, and if you are interested in the disillusionment of the War generation, read *1919*. If for no other reason, read it to gain a finer appreciation of the trouble in Europe today.

Book Store

At seven-thirty in the morning Mr. Dwight's book store was a model of neatness and cleanliness. As we girls who were to work as extras during the September back-to-school rush entered, we glanced about warily and found, to our satisfaction, that the place was very pleasant. The morning sun shone through the polished front windows and fell upon a neatly patterned brown linoleum floor. The books upon the shelves marched like soldiers in beautifully straight lines. Upon the supply tables yellow and white pads of paper were stacked in piles as unvarying as the bungalows of a new city suburb. Then we saw Mr. Dwight. His pale, anemic face stood out sharply from the dim mahogany shadows of the darkened back part of the store. He wafted his dry professional smile in our direction just once, then immediately seemed to forget our existence. It was Emil, the chief clerk, a handsome blond young man, who gave us our instructions. His friendly smile and assuring manner put us at ease within a very short time.—PATRICIA SIESLER

Rhet as Writ

(Material written in *Rhetoric I and II*)

Because material success is what most people are judged by, and set in judgment upon themselves, it is almost a necessity to have a woman as one's backbone. Thus giving an individual new insight and courage.

The doubtful student rubbed his chin with concentrated thoughts.

I had no time to ponder when the thirsty and hungry men brought their dry and glutinous horses in at noon.

On keeping up with the newspapers I find that nobody has seen everything in the Natural Museum. . . . The Museum has only the more finer articles and specimens showing on display to a great extent these are: things ranging from the tiniest shells and insects, to the largest, such as automobiles, railway transportation including the steam engine, and on up to the largest fossils ever found. . . . I can sincerely say that what description the papers give is nothing like really walking in the front door and coming out the back, because this, in my opinion, is the reason for the two million people that come to the National Museum every year and a number anywhere from forty-five hundred to five thousand a day—yet so little is seen of the whole.

He has a stubby turned up nose with small ears.

All forms of business would be turned over to the Government and prices would immediately soar. Food would be rationed and clothing would become more uniform.

When a labor union is mentioned, my mind is usually directed to a mental picture of street walkers with signs declaring their grievances.

He is about five feet ten and weighs around one hundred seventy pounds, and every inch is a swell guy.

The part describing the scalping of the victims by the Indians during battle is one of the most hair-raising of the many chapters in the book.

The road to Mattoon is a road that is just about straight. But you have a lot of curves in it. . . . It [Mattoon] does not have any of a college in the town, and it mostly is noted for a shoe factory which is a drawing part of the city.

She [Bessie, in *The Light that Failed*] is a dirty slum from the streets, whom Dick makes his last master piece of.

A mob consists of a highly combustible mass which needs but a spark to set it rolling into a seaming mass of inertia.

Very few men and women who remain unmarried fail to regret the fact that they remained single at some time or other during their life.

Romantic love is only an optical illusion that we human beings strive for all our lives, but in reality is only a fantastic dream that we all desire. . . . Only after marriage does one see each other realistically.

Honorable Mention

JOHN GEORGEVICH—My Vision of a Dog's Den

HENRY GRAY—The Court Parade

ROBERT HICKFIELD—Build the Mathematics

F. H. LEWIS—*Recessing for the Stars* by Nona Lewis

M. S. LESSER—Comparing the Virtues of Propaganda

ORLA NORTHBROOK—Modern Art

DOROTHY NEWAL—Modernism versus Realism

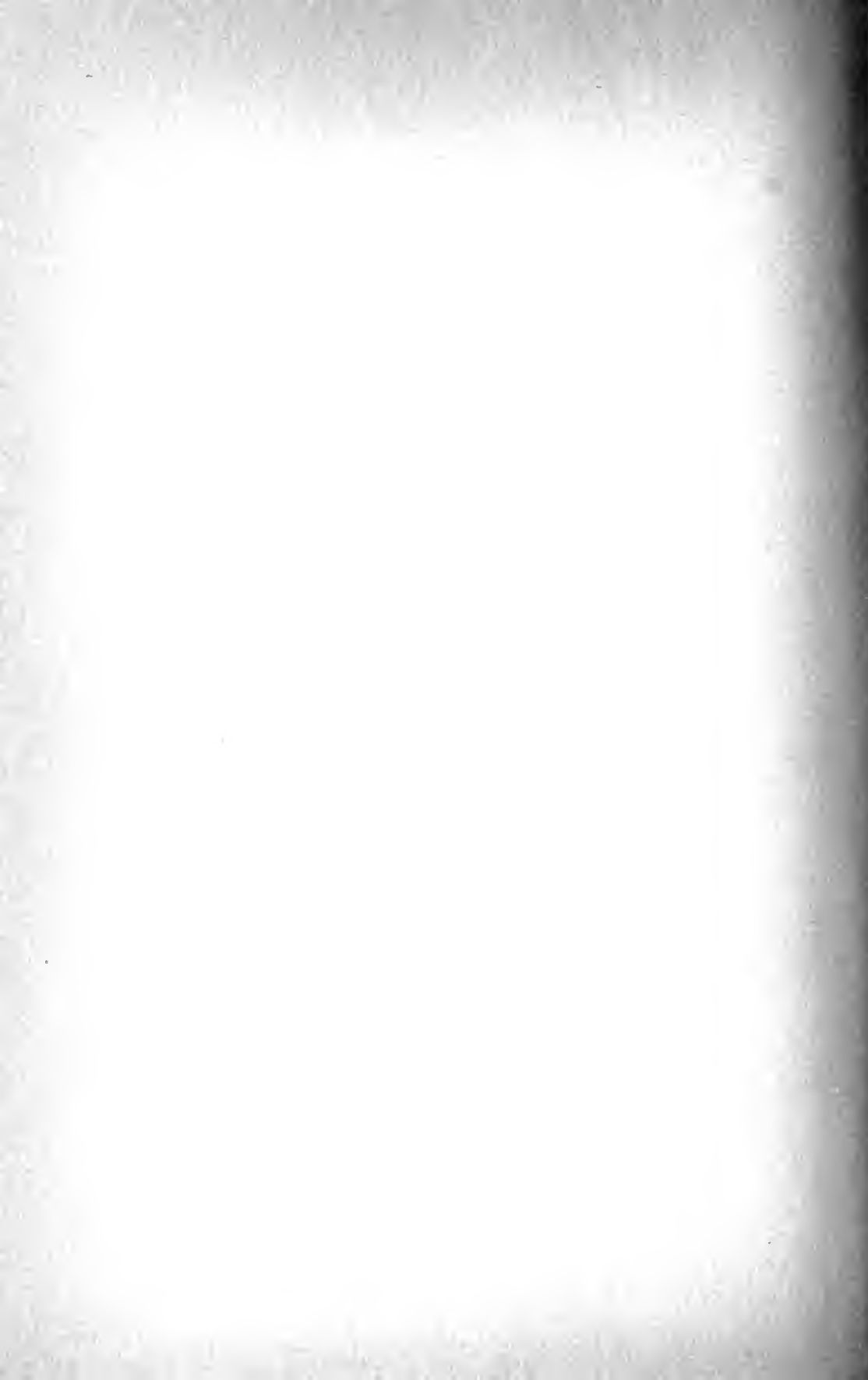
MARY O'CONNOR—In Defense of Hippocampus

KATHERINE PENLAND—The Springfield High School Camera

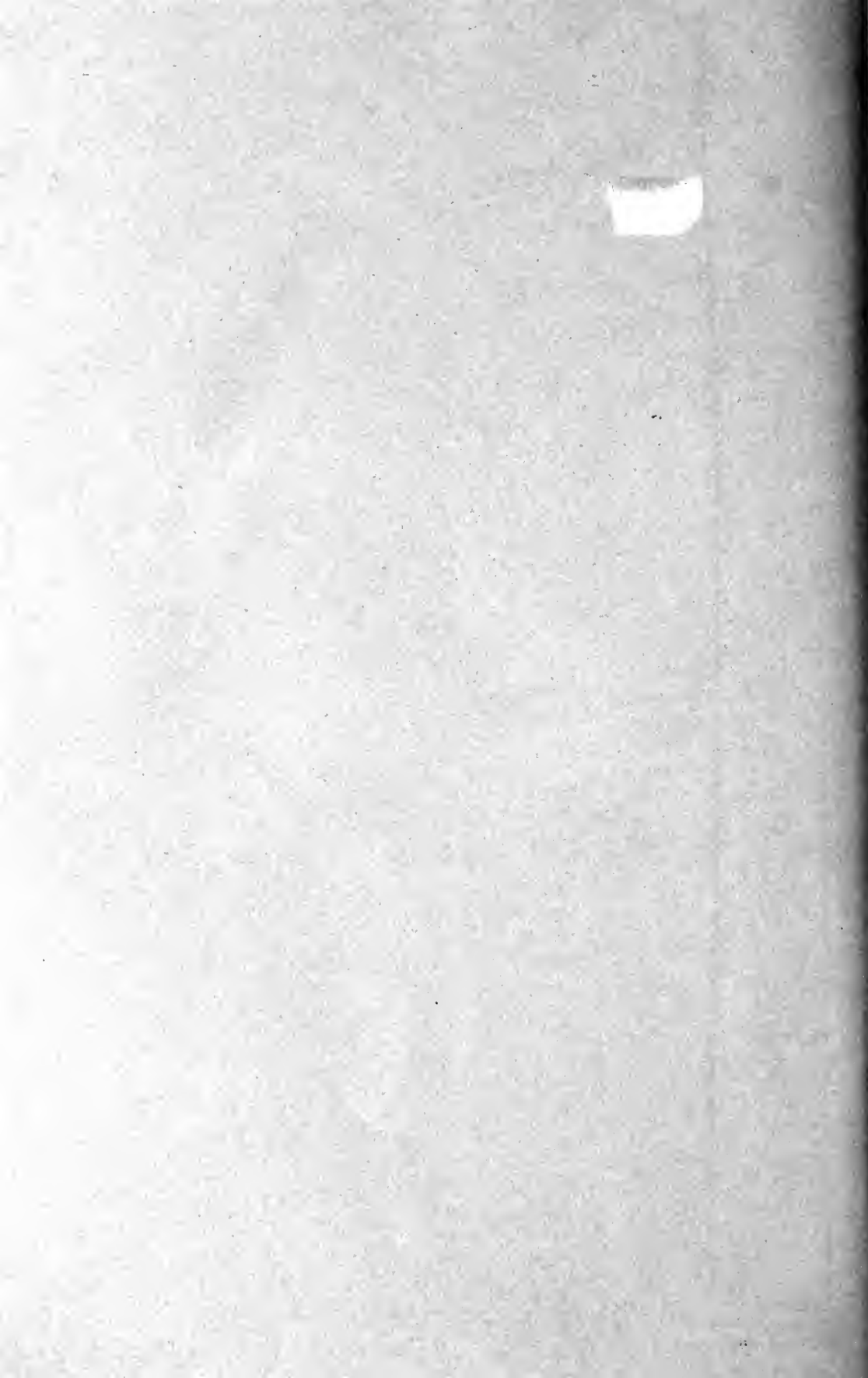
ALBERT SANFORD—The Native Japanese House

WILLIAM P. SHANTO—Sex Reels Its Ugly Head

DEANE WHITE—Backward Glimpses







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